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J. H. JESSE'S WORKS

GEORGE SELWYN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

WITH MEMOIRS AND NOTES

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME THE THIRD

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WITH MEMOIRS AND NOTES

BY

JOHN HENEAGE JESSE

WITH FIVE PORTRAITS AND ONE ILLUSTRATION

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOLUME THE THIRD

LONDON
"*Fell senseless.*"
Original etching by Adrian Marsh
14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND
MDCCCCI

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GEORGE SELWYN

AND

HIS CONTEMPORARIES

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GEORGE SELWYN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

Gilly Williams to George Selwyn.

L'HÔTEL DU PARC ROYAL, Dec. 13, 1770.

DEAR SELWYN: — I am vastly obliged to you for your letter. You cannot imagine how happy I always am to hear from England, especially the kind of news you write me. People are very good to endeavour to account for my journey to Paris; I am sure I have not been very well able to account for it myself. I am very glad to hear that Harry St. John goes this way to Minorca. I am afraid he will be very unhappy, but absence, perhaps, may be a good thing for him. I do not suppose, however, that he will set out unless war is declared. Within these three days, a report has got about that war was declared in England on the 5th, and that I brought this news over.

Madame du Deffand is very well, and desires

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me to tell you that she is convinced you have a heart inaccessible *à l'amitié*. She seems to like me rather better than she used. I do not mean that she ever had an aversion to me, but I always found myself treated in that set, as a *jeune garçon qui n'avoit point encore l'habitude du monde*. Faith! there may have been some ground for it. I mean to invite myself to meet her on Sunday at Lord Harcourt's,[1] and I am to hear the *messe de minuit* at her house.

There is the devil to pay here between the king and the Parliament. The king held a *lit de justice* last week, in order to cause an edict to be registered, which the Parliament has refused to register. The edict was to restrain the privilege of remonstrating in Parliament. They yesterday sent the *premier president* to desire the king to annul the edict, or accept of all their resignations. The king's answer is not yet known.

P. S. The king has refused to give an answer till the Parliament *ait repris ses fonctions*.

[1] Simon, second Viscount, and first Earl of Harcourt, was twenty-seventh in paternal descent from Bernard, Lord of Harcourt, in Normandy. In 1751, he was appointed governor to George the Third, then Prince of Wales; in 1761 he was nominated ambassador extraordinary, to demand the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz in marriage for that monarch; and in 1772 was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He lost his life, on the 16th of September, 1777, by falling into a well in his own park at Nuneham. His titles became extinct in 1830, on the death of his second son, William Harcourt, third earl.

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The Hon. Henry St. John to George Selwyn.

PARIS, December 22, 1770.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I arrived here at five o'clock in the morning, last Sunday; had a fine passage of less than three hours; and travelled with the Prince de Nassau from Calais, without stopping till we got here, in the most abominable weather I ever saw. It scarce ever ceased raining during the two nights and one day we were on the road, and the servants were half dead with the soaking and fatigue they underwent.

I must tell you a droll accident we met with on the road. The prince and I were asleep in the chaise, and were waked with the noise of something cracking. On looking out of the window we found ourselves *accroché* to a wagon, with the wheel of our chaise buried in a large box that hung over the wagon. By the excessive despair and misery which the poor wagoner testified, on this unlucky rencontre, I guessed we had done some great mischief; and, on inquiry, found the wagon was loaded with glasses for Monsieur de Guigne in England, and that our wheel had run so deep into the box that we must have destroyed two or three at least, and we were half an hour before we could disentangle ourselves. I was heartily tired of my *compagnon de voyage*, and glad to get rid of him.

I have executed your commissions to the best of my power, and with great pleasure. Madame

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Poirier says your tables will be ready in a fortnight, and sent you without fail. I have bought just such a pair of stone buckles as you wanted, at Tenière's, and I think your nightgown, *à dauphine*, is pretty; it is of the colours you desired, and costs five louis and a half. Monsieur l'Auguste says you are very capricious in having refused having the box made so long, and at last determining on it. He says he cannot possibly make it in less than three months, having so much business on his hands, and that he will give you a *lettre d'avis* before he sends it to you. Chevalier Lambert has orders to pay all these things; your box, he tells me, will cost about sixty louis.

I beg you will give my best compliments to Lord March, and tell him I have obeyed his orders in regard to his coat. I have chosen a pretty silk, as I think it, and a chenille embroidery, *analogue* to the *fourrure*, with olives, etc.

Lord Robert does not know where he shall go, and is loaded already, he says, with commissions. I carried Madame Fagniani's letter to Madame Thierz, *marchande de gaze*. She said she could not make the *gaze*, according to the pattern she sent, in less than six weeks or two months; I did not, therefore, order it to be made, not knowing whether Madame Fagniani could wait; so that, if she chooses to have it made, she may by writing two words to the *marchande*. You will inform Lord March of this, as he gave me the commission.

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Nobody whom I know is here but Lord Robert, and the great Earl of Farnham, who told me yesterday he had resolved on staying here till next March. He talks much of the *accueil* he receives in this country, and is determined not to protect Madame du Barry [1] too much, for fear of giving jealousy to his friend, Monsieur de Choiseul.[2] War is not believed in here as much as at London. I

[1] The celebrated mistress of Louis XV. This beautiful woman (who, previous to her becoming the royal mistress, had led a life of profligacy in Paris) was a person of mean birth, and had recently been under the protection of the Comte du Barry, who, in order to advance his own fortunes and those of his mistress, had contrived to have her thrown in the king's way. She shortly obtained so great an influence over her royal lover that he consented to receive her publicly at court. In order, however, to effect this purpose, it was necessary to confer on her a certain rank by marriage; and, accordingly, Du Barry produced his younger brother, Count Guillaume du Barry, who was complaisant enough to lead her to the altar, at the expense of his own degradation. Horace Walpole, who saw her in September, 1769, in the royal chapel at Versailles, observes: "Madame du Barry arrived over against us below, without rouge, without powder, and indeed *sans avoir fait sa toilette;* an odd appearance, as she was so conspicuous, close to the altar, and amidst both court and people. She is pretty, when you consider her; yet so little striking, that I never should have asked who she was. There is nothing bold, assuming, or affected in her manner. Her husband's sister was along with her. In the tribune above, surrounded by prelates, was the amorous and still handsome king. One could not help smiling at the mixture of piety, pomp, and carnality."

[2] In the course of this month the Duc de Choiseul, by means of the intrigues of Madame du Barry, was driven from office and power, and ordered to retire to his château at Chanteloup.

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never remember being so discontented in mind, in my whole life, as I am at this moment. However improper such language may be from a military man, I pray for a peace, and a quick return to England. I wait only for my baggage from Calais, and intend setting out on my melancholy journey quite alone, next Tuesday. It will take me near a fortnight going to Marseilles; then comes the melancholy passage to Mahon; then the charming *séjour* of Minorca; so that I have an agreeable series of pleasures before me.

Sunday night, December 23d.

The post goes to-morrow, so I must close my letter. My intention is still to set out on Tuesday, provided I hear to-morrow from England.

Nothing remarkable since I wrote the above, so adieu, my dear George.

Ever yours sincerely,

H. St. John.

The Hon. Henry St. John to George Selwyn.

Mahon, February 19, 1771.

My dear George: — Your last letter came very opportunely, and brought me the most acceptable news I ever had, — that of peace. You may probably have expected to see me in England by the time you receive this; but

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my governor, Jack Mostyn,[1] has desired me to put off my departure till another packet (about a month, perhaps), till he has a second confirmation of the peace, and thinks himself at liberty to grant leave of absence to officers under his command. As I am now secure of going home, I do not grudge staying here a little longer, though I pass the dullest life possible, and long impatiently to be among my friends again.

Our present governor talks of staying here some years. He has found out the sweets of his government, and intends to enjoy them, though at the expense of leaving old White's, which you know was his darling pleasure. In lieu, however, of that loss, he has established a White's in this town, called a whist club, which meets every evening, of which I am the president for the first week, in order to regulate forms, etc. It is composed of the officers of the garrison; and, what happens to be droll, the man at whose house we meet happens to be called White. *Entre nous*, it is thought very properly by the gentlemen of the garrison, that he had better have assembled them every evening at his own house, where it has always been customary for governors to see company every evening, than to meet them at a public-house, where every officer pays for what he wants, as well as the governor.

[1] Lieut.-Gen. John Mostyn. He was advanced to the rank of general in May the following year.

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Johnston and Lady Cecilia, the deposed grandees of this island, bear, and indeed are forced to bear, their being superseded, with better temper than I could have suspected; but he has got a regiment of dragoons given him, to make up for the loss of the government. I have given you more than I believe you desire of Minorca news; but, did I not send such sort of stuff, I should have little to say. I have enjoyed very good health here, and the climate is very fine, though I frequently complain of its being too hot even at this time of year. We have natural roses in profusion, and yesterday I ate very fine green peas.

We have Lord George and Lady Louisa Lennox[1] here, who seem to like this place exceedingly. She lives among the officers, — the only woman, and has more of the man than the woman in her manner of life. That sort of indelicacy suits very ill with any woman, and less so with a woman of fashion. She is, however, in general, popular and well-liked, from her affability and good humour. I am on a civil and good footing with them, but I avoid intimacies.

We have had a report here, but God forbid it be true! that, notwithstanding the pacification

[1] Lord George Henry Lennox, a general in the army, was second son of Charles, second Duke of Richmond. He married, in 1759, Louisa, daughter of William Ker, fourth Marquis of Lothian, by whom he was the father of Charles, who succeeded in 1806 as fourth Duke of Richmond.

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lately signed by us and Spain, there is a probability of a rupture; but I do not believe it, after the formal declaration of peace made by our ministers to the Parliament. How are people pleased with the terms in England? I mean the majority, and not the *canaille*.[1] I suppose there scarcely remains a shadow of an opposition, after taking so many of them into place. Great preferment in the law; but I hear of none in the military, or at court, which would more immediately interest me.

I live, as I have now lived this long time, upon hopes; I wish I had something more solid; but, at this instant of time, I am so happy with the prospect of being in England in two months, that I scarcely think of other disappointments. I think I may probably be at Paris, if no unforeseen accident occurs, about the middle of April, where I shall be glad to receive your commands. Adieu, my dear George. You say a hundred flattering things of me, which I can assure you are very satisfactory to me, though I cannot think I deserve them; but I should not enjoy those sentiments you express for me, were I not satisfied you

[1] The famous dispute between England and Spain, relative to the Falkland Islands, had recently been brought to an amicable termination. However, in consequence of the Governor of Buenos Ayres having subsequently despatched an armed force to dispossess the English of Port Egmont, it was generally apprehended in England that our peaceable relations with Spain would be again disturbed, and that war would be the infallible result.

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knew I entertained the same friendship and regard for you, which I profess I do and always shall.

Yours most affectionately,

H. St. John.

The Right Hon. C. J. Fox to George Selwyn.

Kingsgate, August 23, 1771.

Dear George: — I am excessively concerned at poor Keber's melancholy end. It is very well Lady Carlisle was not more frightened, and indeed she showed more than common resolution in not being so, for I can conceive nothing more shocking.

My father continues much the same. He desires me to tell you there is a statue here very like Lord Gower, and not the less so for being good for nothing. He was troubled with a tooth-ache soon after I wrote to you last, which gave him a good deal of inconvenience; but that is now gone, and I really think him very tolerably well, and more cheerful at times than I have seen him for a great while. The cause you assign for his being in better spirits, and what follows in your letter, look as if the flattering scheme you practised upon me at Castle Howard was not over; but you know I declared my opinion upon that subject, and the oftener you play me that trick the better I shall like it.

Stephen and Lady Mary have by this time left Spa for Strasburg, where they leave Harry,[1] and

[1] Younger brother of Charles Fox.

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then proceed to Paris. Pray remember you promised to let me know whenever Lady Carlisle is brought to bed. You had better direct to me at the Admiralty.[1] My love to Carlisle, and tell him we have a cricket party here, at which I am very near the best player, so he may judge of the rest.

I am reading Clarendon, but scarcely get on faster than you did with your Charles the Fifth. I think the style bad, and that he has a good deal of the old woman in his way of thinking, but hate the opposite party so much that it gives one a kind of partiality for him.[2] My best respects to Lady Carlisle. I am, my dear George,

Yours, ever most affectionately,

C. J. Fox.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

WHITE'S, Monday night, past 11 o'clock.

[25 Aug., 1771.]

Last night Madame Fagniani was brought to bed of a girl.[3] They wished it had been a boy; however, *cette petite princesse héritéra les biens de la famille;* so that they are all very happy. She is vastly so to have it all over, and to find herself quite well after having suffered a great deal, which

[1] Charles Fox was at that period a lord of the admiralty.

[2] This is a very curious passage from the pen of Charles Fox.

[3] The present Marchioness of Hertford, and the child in whose welfare and happiness the affections of Selwyn were afterward so deeply and mysteriously engaged.

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I believe women always do on these occasions, but particularly with their first child.

I dined to-day with the Spanish ambassador. Pembroke, Hamilton, and myself were the only Englishmen, and Mrs. Hamilton, and the beautiful Mrs. Matthews, and Madame Pouskin, the women; the rest, foreign ministers. I saw Lady Townshend the other day airing in Hyde Park. She made a great many inquiries about you, with all the usual affectation. She says that you will perform Doctor Hunter's [1] part better than you would Lord Carlisle's.

Poor James is confined with an inflammation in his gums, that gives him a great deal of pain. I have had something of that sort, though without pain, which put me in danger of losing two of my fore teeth. I have given March fifty guineas to cure me, which he promises to do, and I believe will perform. As I consider this a very serious thing, I shall give him a fair trial, and as I find myself much better, I have no doubt of getting perfectly well, though I have been very much alarmed, and not without reason. Pray make my best compliments to Carlisle; I am sorry to hear that he has had such bad success at York. Adieu, my dear George.

Yours very sincerely and affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

[1] Dr. William Hunter, the celebrated anatomist and surgeon-accoucheur. He died on the 30th of March, 1783. In his last

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P. S. Lord Harrington is returned. The water at Paris almost killed him; he thinks, if he had continued there, that he certainly should have died.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Selwyn.

[The identity of "Raton and Rosette," in the following lively letter, at first somewhat puzzled the editor; indeed, he was compelled to exercise his ingenuity for a considerable time before he discovered that the hero and heroine of the piece were, in fact, the respective dogs of Selwyn and Horace Walpole. It was, perhaps, rather a curious coincidence, that a light dramatic entertainment, entitled "Raton et Rosette," had recently been produced at the Comédie Italienne at Paris. A printed copy of the *Journal des Spectacles* for 28 August, 1771, was enclosed in Walpole's letter, in which, under the head of "La Comédie Italienne," appears the following lively bill of fare:

RATON ET ROSETTE,
Parodie rémise au Théâtre,
Avec ses Agrémens;
Précédée DU MARÉCHAL.
On prendra 6 liv. et
Demain la troisième Réprésentation
Des DEUX MILICIENS,

moments he observed to his friend, Doctor Combe: "If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die."

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Comédie nouvelle en un Acte.
Suivi d'un Divertissement,
Précédée
Des INTRIGUES D'ARLEQUIN,
Pièce Italienne.
On commencera à cinq heures et un quart.]

STRAWBERRY HILL, Sept. 9, 1771.

Who would ever have thought that Raton and Rosette would be talked of for one another? But neither innocence nor age are secure! People say that there never is a smoke without some fire: here is a striking proof to the contrary. Only think of the poor dear souls having a comic opera made upon their loves! Rosette is so shocked that she insists upon Raton's posting to Paris, and breaking the poet's bones; *sauf à les ronger après.* If he is a *preux chevalier*, he will vindicate her character, *d'une manière éclatante.* Do not tell me that you are lying-in and cannot spare him; I am sure you are so fond of your little girl, that you will not miss him.

Have you heard the last adventure of the *fiancée du Roi de Garbe?* She was seven years and a half at sea; the captain of the packet-boat is tall, comely enough, and a very shark on such an occasion. He snapped her up at once as voraciously as she did John Harding. They passed a week together at Calais, and he then consigned her over to a marching regiment at Ardres. Alfieri told this story himself to Monsieur Francès, from whom

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I had it fresh.[1] Alfieri's sentiments, that had resisted so many trials, could not digest this last chapter; he has given her up. I wish, when she has run the gauntlet through all the troops on the road to Paris, she may replace Madame du Barry, and prove *la fiancée du Roi de France.*[2]

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

LORD GRANTHAM.

THOMAS ROBINSON, second Baron Grantham, was born at Vienna, November 30, 1738. In 1761 he was employed as secretary of the embassy at the congress of Augsburg; on the 1st of October, 1766, he was appointed a commissioner of trade and plantations, and, at the period when this letter was written, was ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary at the court of Madrid. He subsequently succeeded Fox as secretary of state for foreign affairs in 1782. By his wife, Jemima, daughter and coheir of Philip, second Earl of Hardwicke, he was the father of Thomas Philip and Frederick John, the present

[1] Alfieri had recently visited England, where he had distinguished himself by his numerous gallantries.

[2] Walpole, of course, alludes to La Fontaine's lively tale, "La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe," in which *la fiancée* meets with several piquant and not very creditable adventures, on her way to meet *le Roi de Garbe.*

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Earls De Grey and Ripon. Lord Grantham died on the 20th of July, 1786.

Lord Grantham to George Selwyn.

ESCURIAL, 31st October, 1771.

DEAR GEORGE:—I am delighted with your account of Carlisle and his family. You are pleased to call yourself an old Hun; be it so; but I am glad you told me the little girl was handsome; more because it is a proof of her health, than any pledge of future beauty. The very post before I received yours I had written to Carlisle. I hope he will sometimes let me hear from him, and I shall in my next desire him not to let you be idle. Thank you for thinking of fixing some scheme of rotation at the club, for writing to me.

I really wish to know the true story of Richard's[1] winnings, and why they are to be concealed, unless the loser is afraid of his father, and the winner of his creditors. I fear James is not well; he does not give a good account of himself.

You ask me if there are good prints of Penoushen. I believe not, except you like saints, of whom there are innumerable, and there is one just published of the venerable Palafox, who expects to be called up to that house very soon. The *nourriture*, which you hope agrees with me,

[1] Probably General Fitzpatrick.

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is much better than I expected, and, what is remarkable, the sea-fish is as fresh here as on the coast. What does St. John do about Miss Kennedy?[1] Your account of Harry pleased me much; pray give my compliments to him. Believe me,

Most sincerely yours,

GRANTHAM.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

Friday [Circ. Nov., 1771].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — We shall leave this place in about three weeks. I can assure you it will give me great pleasure to see you again. I think I can account for your headache after Lord Clermont's[2] dinner. I suppose, while they are talking of horses, you drank all the red wine within your reach. I have made Mr. Car, of York, give me a plan for stables, of a very different kind from that of Mr. Chambers in point of expense.

This fine weather agrees with us all, particularly the little girl. I hear Mr. Delavel met the Duchess of Cumberland at Calais, and kissed her hand. She said it was disagreeable at first, but she should soon

[1] This is apparently an allusion to the sister of the unfortunate Kennedys, in whose fate Mr. St. John had interested himself.

[2] William Henry Fortescue, Earl of Clermont, in Ireland, Knight of St. Patrick, and governor of the county of Monaghan. He was born August 5, 1722, and died at his house on the Steyne, at Brighton, September 30, 1806.

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be used to it. Everybody here desires to be remembered to you. I am,

Yours most affectionately,

C.

[The Duchess of Cumberland, alluded to in this letter, was Lady Anne Luttrell, daughter of the Earl of Carhampton, and widow of Christopher Horton, Esq., of Catton, in Derbyshire. She was married, on the 2d of October, 1771, to Henry Frederic, Duke of Cumberland, brother of George the Third. Their union was first announced to the world in the public journals of the day, and caused so much annoyance to the king, that he immediately issued an order, forbidding the duke and duchess to appear at court. A bill was subsequently passed, which precluded any member of the royal family from contracting marriage under the age of twenty-five without the permission of the sovereign; nor after that age, unless with the joint and express sanction of the sovereign and both Houses of Parliament, to whom the law compelled them to give due notification.]

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

[1771.]

My dear George: — I have been out shooting till my hand shakes, so that I can hardly hold the pen. I think Lord Robert's affair will be kept secret if he manages well, though too many people

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know it, not to have fears for him. The first word I saw in your letter this morning was "hazard," which made me tremble. Little Caroline[1] is very well, and shall thank you, as soon as she is able, for all your kindness to her. Did you see the advertisement in the papers to desire Lady Harrington would not disturb the audience at the playhouse with her snuffling gabble?

Lady Louisa is in doubt, whether she shall begin reading Locke, Blackstone, or Eden, on the penal law. Lady Carlisle, Hare, etc., desire their compliments to you. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately, etc., etc.

[Charles James Fox, of whom an interesting notice will be found in the following letter, was at this period rendering himself no less an object of wonder and curiosity by the display of his extraordinary talents than by his wild profligacy and reckless extravagance. Gibbon, in a letter to Lord Sheffield of the 8th February, referring to the debate in the House of Commons relative to relieving the clergy from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, observes: "I congratulate you on the late victory of our dear mamma, the Church of England, etc. By the bye, Charles Fox prepared himself for that holy work, by passing twenty-two

[1] Lady Caroline Howard, Lord Carlisle's eldest child; the present Dowager Lady Cawdor. She was born September 3, 1771.

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hours in the pious exercise of hazard; his devotion cost him only about five hundred pounds an hour, — in all, eleven thousand pounds." Horace Walpole also writes to General Conway, on the 22d of June: "I do not think I can find in Patin or Plato, nay, nor in Aristotle, a parallel case to Charles Fox; there are advertised to be sold more annuities of his and his society, to the amount of five hundred thousand pounds a year! I wonder what he will do next, when he has sold the estates of all his friends!"]

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Nothing that you can tell me of Charles can surprise me. When he is so perfectly neglectful of his own affairs, it is not to be expected that he will have attention to those of his friends. I am a little out of humour with him for not having taken any notice of a paper I gave him before I left town. It is in relation to Morpeth, and he knows that it is of serious consequence to me. We seem to be settled here for life. Ekins is a great comfort to me. Lady Carlisle and Caroline are both the better for this air, sharp as it is.

I read Tacitus with Ekins.[1] His partiality would

[1] The Rev. Jeffery Ekins. He had been Lord Carlisle's tutor, and long afterward lived on terms of intimacy with him. Some letters and notices of him will be found in the course of the subsequent correspondence.

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persuade me that I had not forgot his former instructions. I believe he is too honest to flatter, but I know he loves me too much to have an unprejudiced opinion about me.

I have been all day out shooting. I have ate the more for Conty's arrival, and have drank with Ekins all the wine upon the table, in order to keep the gout off his stomach; you will imagine, therefore, that I am rather inclined to sleep, which I have opposed to tell you how much I love you, and how very earnestly I wish to see you. I think it would have been rather hard upon us to have had two monsieurs instead of one this Christmas. Little Caroline shall say "George" before we meet. Lady Carlisle desires to be remembered. I am, my dear George,

Yours, etc., etc.,

CARLISLE.

Viscount Bolingbroke to George Selwyn.

Lord Bolingbroke is so well acquainted with Mr. Selwyn's politeness and desire to make people happy, that he thinks it incumbent on him to inform Mr. Selwyn that two of the most agreeable vagabonds in this world may be made happy, by partaking of Mr. Selwyn's turkey, next Wednesday. He need not inform Mr. Selwyn that their names are Charles and Richard.[1]

[1] Apparently Charles Fox and Richard Fitzpatrick.

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The Earl of Carlisle to George Selywn.

CASTLE HOWARD, Sunday.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I was made very happy to hear this morning that you approved of my conduct, not only in regard to a certain affair, but the manner in which the narrative is drawn; and also that you found it in all respects consistent with the relation I had always given you.

I agree with Charles (and I think my behaviour proves that I have made a great difference) that this is not to be treated like a debt incurred later in life; but I only want to know in what light I am to regard that transaction. You seem to understand me so well, and as you are as much master of the affair as I am, I need not bore you any more upon this subject.

It gives me great pain to hear that Charles begins to be unreasonably impatient at losing. I fear it is the prologue to much fretfulness of temper; for disappointment in raising money, and any serious reflections upon his situation, will (in spite of his affected spirits and dissipation, which sit very well upon Richard) occasion him many disagreeable moments. They will be the more painful, when he reflects that he is not following the natural bent of his genius; for that would lead him to all serious inquiry and laudable pursuits, which he has in some measure neglected, to hear

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Lord Bolingbroke's applause, and now is obliged to have recourse to it and play, to hinder him from thinking how he has perverted the ends for which he was born. I believe there never was a person yet created who had the faculty of reasoning like him. His judgments are never wrong; his decision is formed quicker than any man's I ever conversed with; and he never seems to mistake but in his own affairs. It is fair to think that he will not give his reason fair play in his own case. It seems to be very extraordinary that he can make his understanding useful to the whole world, but will not upon any account permit it to be of service to himself; and for his own private affairs he borrows one of some of the fools who tell him it is impossible but that, any morning he chooses, he may set his affairs right again. When he tells you that he will not talk to you upon his circumstances, he is certainly right; for if your head is not so much heated with chimerical schemes as his own, or if you are not prepared to hear of enchantment and miracles, you will never enter into his manner of reasoning, or derive any comfort from those resources which he brings into his picture. These he would willingly think are very near and on the foreground, but which to every other eye must appear flung far back in the distance.

I have been attending little Caroline to her bed, which she does the honours of very divertingly.

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I thank you much for Stuart's book; it appears very conclusive, if there was no other side of the question. I think Lord M.[1] a dirty dog, and I dare say twists the law about like a turnstile, as it is most convenient for his conduct and proceedings; but I cannot but say it is a little hard, but that any speech in Parliament should draw upon the speaker of it an answer after three years' consideration: I think if Lord M. answers it, he is not bound to do it under six years.

Adieu, my dear George; I have written a very dull letter. I sometimes am determined never to think about Charles's affairs, or his conduct about them; for they are like religion, the more one thinks, the more one is puzzled. The common way of acting, both in regard to our friend and religion, is to cut the matter short; to be perfectly indifferent what happens to the one, and to disbelieve everything in regard to the other. I am sure you know I love him too well to adopt the first, and I hope you will not think I can't, when I tell you the last is very far from my real sentiments.

Yours, etc., etc.,

CARLISLE.

P. S. Little Caroline will travel with us to London. I mean this as a temptation to you to come down, or at least to meet us.

[1] Apparently Lord Mansfield.

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The Hon. Henry St. John to George Selwyn.

DANY PARK, January 3 [1772].

DEAR GEORGE: — Your very obliging letter I have received, and thank you for it very heartily. You must know I can spend no hours more agreeably than those I pass with you and Williams, and it is a pleasure to me to remember those that are passed. You send me a melancholy reflection, that you believe we shall not often meet. I comfort myself with hopes, and the distant prospect of an interview in September is pleasing to me. By living altogether in the country I am become acquainted with temperance, chastity, and sobriety, and consequently enjoy perfect health; and the state I am in (laugh at me if you will) affords me perfect happiness.[1]

Though I am happy in my retirement, yet I am no churl to the world, and should be extremely glad to pass some social hours with my former friends in it, if my friends would permit me to make the excursions you point out. My dear George, you remember when Charles Townshend put his foot on the first step of preferment, he proposed taking me in his hand. In all these changes and resignations, can you give an old friend a lift into £400 or £500 a year? Then

[1] Colonel St. John had married, August 31, 1771, the eldest daughter of Col. Thomas Bladen, sister to the Countess of Essex.

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will I rejoice with you, and, without it, I yet hope to laugh with you, for I am, with great truth,

Most affectionately yours,

H. S.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

February [1772].

My dear George: — I thought that I should have heard from you before this. I set out on Friday or Saturday for Newmarket. I intend going to Rigby's for Ipswich races, to meet the Duke of Grafton, Vernon, Panton, Bunbury, etc. We all go on Thursday se'night to Euston, and the week afterward to Newmarket, for the July meeting.

There is no news. Everything is much as you left it. The Fish says that Colonel Crawford continues to lose, and that he complains he has no money, nor anything now remaining of all his riches but bad debts.

Adieu, mon cher ami. Let me hear from you what you are doing, and how you are. The Spanish *ambassadrice* breakfasted at my house this morning, and went with me to see the Queen's House, which was a great bore, but they liked it. I hear that Mrs. St. John is *enceinte.* I will write to you from Newmarket when I return, and may, perhaps, make you a visit at Matson. Adieu.

Almack's, Monday, after dinner.

At dinner, Lord William, Sir W. Boothby, Lord George Cavendish, and myself. Bunbury gives a

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dinner to-day to the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Melbourne.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, July 12 [1772].

DEAR GEORGE:—I am very sorry we shall not have the pleasure of your company at Castle Howard so soon as we expected, but I hope Mr. Hawkins will not detain you any longer. I have not seen or heard from Hare [1] since I left London, which surprises me much. What is this melancholy event in Fitzwilliam's family? [2] I have heard nothing of it. Perhaps Hare may be there, and may be of use to him in case anything has happened; but then I think he would have written to me. His sisters were ill when I was at Milton.

Lady Carlisle, by Lady Gower's advice, begins to have thoughts of lying-in at Castle Howard. The journey may do her harm at that hot time of the year. It will be fixed by the time we see you. Pray remember me to Harry St. John. He knows how much I am interested about him, and how sincerely he has my wishes for his happiness. I am sure nobody deserves to be happy more than he.

[1] James Hare, the "Hare with many friends." He was a contemporary of Lord Carlisle and Fox at Eton, and, in early life, was thought to give promise of greater talent than even Fox himself.

[2] The editor has been unable to discover that any "melancholy event" occurred in Lord Fitzwilliam's family at this period.

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I have hung up all my ancestors in the gallery. Some of them, like Lady Falmouth's, have been hung up before.[1] I should be glad the *vin de grave* might be sent to Castle Howard as soon as convenient. I am, my dear George,

Yours, etc.,
CARLISLE.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, July 16 [1772].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I cannot help owning that your letter, which I had this morning, gave me a little vexation; I mean that part of it which relates to Hare. When I left town, he seemed very desirous to come early to Castle Howard, and it really appeared to be his own choice to come. Then, and not before, I told him that it would be particularly agreeable to me this year, as Lady Carlisle's situation would make me want a companion in my rides and walks. I was very cautious to urge this before, as I thought his friendship for me might induce him to put off something that might be more agreeable to him. As for Storer,[2] the case is very different. He

[1] Hannah Katherine Maria (daughter of Thomas Smith, Esq., of Worplesdown, in Surrey, and widow of Richard Russel, Esq.), married, in 1736, Hugh Boscawen, second Viscount Falmouth. The point of Lord Carlisle's pleasantry, as regards Lord Falmouth's ancestry, is not clear.

[2] Anthony Morris Storer, the intimate friend of Lord Carlisle, and his schoolfellow at Eton. Both Hare and Storer will be

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never gave me reason to expect him at any particular time. I hope in general I am not troublesome to my friends in these matters. If I am, it is you that spoil me by your attention. I trust you will not mention this to anybody. If I did not think Hare was set out, I believe I should keep this to myself till I saw you, lest you should endeavour to bring him contrary to his inclinations, which would be the last thing I should desire. I fear you will think me too eager in what may appear but a trifle, but the idea of being neglected by one whom I have always looked upon and always treated as the warmest friend, is very painful to me, and the more I consider it the more disagreeable reflections I find attend it. Perhaps this is the first time that Hare has had an opportunity, by a little attention, of returning the civilities that Lady Carlisle and myself have been always anxious to show him. But I will say no more about it, nor would I have said so much, if I had not been sure you will not hint it to any person breathing.

I hope you will not put off your journey. I shall expect you on Monday; not that I should judge you so severely if you did not come, for I am sure your inclination is to come here. Perhaps my manner of life, spending some hours of every day alone more than I have been accustomed to, may

found playing conspicuous parts in the course of the subsequent correspondence.

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make anything of this kind appear rather in blacker colours than it would at any other time. I hope it is an imaginary vexation; if so, a little conversation with you will be able to dispel it; but, both in love and friendship, if you once pierce the skin you cannot avoid making a very painful wound.

You may be quite sure I shall do nothing more to the wing. It makes a very good lumber-room. I have hung up all the old portraits in it, to the great delight of Sheperdson. I think I have bored you enough. I could not help it, because my heart is full. I am, my dear George,

Yours most sincerely,

CARLISLE.

The Hon. General Fitzpatrick to George Selwyn.

DEAR GEORGE: — I am very sorry to hear the night ended so ill; but, to give you some idea of the utter impossibility of my being useful upon the occasion, I will inform you of the state of my affairs. I won four hundred pounds last night, which was immediately appropriated to Mr. Martindale, to whom I still owe three hundred pounds, and I am in Brooks's book for thrice that sum. Add to all this, that at Christmas I expect an inundation of clamorous creditors, who, unless I somehow or other scrape together some money to satisfy them, will overwhelm me entirely. What can be done? If I could coin my heart, or drop

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my blood into drachms, I would do it, though by this time I should probably have neither heart nor blood left. I am afraid you will find Stephen in the same state of insolvency. Adieu. I am obliged to you for the gentleness and moderation of your dun, considering how long I have been your debtor.

Yours most sincerely,

R. F.

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn.

(Translation.)

31st July, 1772.

MY VERY DEAR AND RESPECTABLE FRIEND:— I cannot find terms sufficiently expressive to thank you for all your kindness, and more particularly for the pains you take in regard to my daughter. I can assure you that nothing is more sensibly felt by me than the proofs of friendship which I have received from you on this occasion. The more I know the world, the more I perceive the difficulty of finding a person who resembles you, and I consider myself the happiest of mortals, solely from the happiness I have had in forming your acquaintance, and obtaining your friendship.

I am enchanted in learning that my daughter is in good health, though I fear she will suffer much in cutting her teeth. I venture to beg of you to continue to give me tidings of her, as without your kindness in writing to me from time to time I

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should have been ignorant, for the last three months, of the fate of *ma petite.* My lord, on his part, is a little indolent, but I forgive him this little fault on account of the many good qualities of his heart, which he has to counterbalance it.

I hope that your health is good. Pray present my compliments to Lord March, and tell him that I expect to hear from him. Preserve your friendship for me, and do not forget the most grateful and affectionate of all your friends, who makes it her duty and pleasure to be

Your very sincere servant and friend,

COSTANZA FAGNIANI.

Lord Grantham to George Selwyn.

ST. ILDEFONSO, 2d August, 1772.

DEAR GEORGE: — I have two very kind and long letters from you unanswered. Let me first give you joy of your recovery from your very disagreeable and dangerous illness; and secondly, entreat you to forgive my long silence. I address this at a venture, not knowing your summer plan, or how far it falls in with Carlisle's tour. I beg, if Carlisle does not send me his printed verses, that you will; you may easily contrive to have them conveyed to Paris, and from thence, if recommended to Masserano or Fuentes, they will find their way here directly. I have sent for Fielding's works; for "Tristram Shandy;" and have even spoken about a set of Hogarth's prints; so precious do I hold

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English humour to be, especially in a place where a hearty laugh is really a cordial. This language I may freely hold to you now, as you are more of a "John" than I remember you formerly.

We are now without any English here, those who passed the winter and spring here being gone. I was much disappointed at Lord Beauchamp's and Conway's dropping all thoughts of a visit to Spain. All I can promise a visitor is a hearty welcome and a new scene, which I can now pretty well judge of, being within a very few days of finishing my first year in Spain. The time, though spent without any *agrément*, has not appeared long. Our vagabond life has served to make it seem shorter, and, upon the whole, we have been well informed of almost everything that has happened to, or related to, those whom we are most anxious about; and here again I must repeat to you how sensibly I am obliged to you for collecting everything of that kind in your letters to me.

This place we are now at is, in my opinion, very fine indeed; surrounded with woods and rocks, and watered with streams as crystalline as any poet could fancy or describe. We live in a small farmhouse, and can go as far as eight covers with Staffordshire ware. The ministers keep public tables, but they are only resources where one has no house or household. These I pay a proper attention to, but dine at home three times a week at least. It does not become me to speak of my

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own table, but I may go so far as to say I like my own cook better than anybody else's.

A nephew of the Neapolitan ambassador here goes away to-night, and will soon be in England. He is a Prince Raffadali. Some months hence I shall probably trouble some of my friends with recommendations of Count Fernan Nunez, to whom I shall with pleasure do any good office; you will perhaps call this a retainer. I hope you will know him. I am very likely to trouble March upon this account. I beg my best compliments to him. I was not at all surprised to hear from you that you had received real marks of his friendship for you during your illness. We have here a Duc d'Havre and a M. Montpelier; the former has Flemish relations here, and is himself a grandee, and a bore. He is nephew to the Prince of Croy, — but I beg pardon for telling you who any Frenchman's uncle is, as you have their genealogy by heart.

At this time of the year I can say nothing of the club, who are probably dispersed and distressed all over the face of the country. Whatever scattered anecdotes you can pick up of them I shall be very glad to have. I beg occasionally to be remembered to any of them, and to assure you that one of the pleasures which I look forward to is that of seeing them altogether again. If you lived in this country you would not think this a great compliment; but you may be assured that,

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even in England, I rejoice at every occasion in which I can tell you how sincerely I am

Yours,

GRANTHAM.

P. S. My brother desires his best compliments to you.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Selwyn.

YORK, Aug. 12, 1772.

DEAR GEORGE: — I love to please you when it is in my power, and how can I please you more than by commending Castle Howard? for though it is not the house that Jack built, yet you love even the cow with the crumpled horn that feeds in the meadow that belongs to the house that Jack's grandfather built. Indeed, I can say with exact truth, that I never was so agreeably astonished in my days as with the first vision of the whole place. I had heard of Vanbrugh, and how Sir Thomas Robinson and he stood spitting and swearing at one another; nay, I had heard of glorious views, and Lord Strafford alone had told me I should see one of the finest places in Yorkshire; but nobody, no, not *votre partialité*, as Louis Quatorze would have called you, had informed me that I should at one view see a palace, a town, a fortified city, temples on high places, woods worthy of being each a metropolis of the Druids, vales connected to hills by other woods, the noblest lawn in the world fenced by half the horizon, and

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a mausoleum that would tempt one to be buried alive; in short, I have seen gigantic places before, but never a sublime one. For the house, Vanbrugh has even shown taste in its extent and cupolas, and has mercifully omitted ponderosity. Sir Thomas's front is beautiful without, and, except in one or two spots, has not a bad effect, and I think, without much effort of genius, or much expense, might be tolerably harmonised with the rest. The spaces within are noble, and were wanted; even the hall being too small. Now I am got into the hall I must beg, when you are in it next, to read Lord Carlisle's verses on Gray, and then write somewhere under the story of Phaeton these lines, which I ought to have made extempore, but did not till I was half-way back hither:

> "Carlisle, expunge the form of Phaeton;
> Assume the car, and grace it with thy own,
> For Phœbus owns in thee no falling son."

Oh, George, were I such a poet as your friend, and possessed such a Parnassus, I would instantly scratch my name out of the buttery-book of Almack's; be admitted, *ad eundem*, among the Muses; and save every doit to lay out in making a Helicon, and finishing my palace.

I found my Lord Northampton:[1] his name is on his picture, though they showed me his nephew

[1] Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, so celebrated for his share in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, died June 15, 1614.

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Suffolk's portrait, who was much fatter, for his. There is a delicious whole-length of Queen Mary, with all her folly in her face and her hand, and a thousand other things, which I long to talk over with you. When you write to Spa, pray thank Lord Carlisle for the great civilities I received here. The housekeeper showed me and told me everything, and even was so kind as to fetch Rosette a basin of water, which completed the conquest of my heart. Wine I was offered, and fruit was heaped on me, and even dinner was tendered; in short, I never passed a day more to my content. I only wanted you, and I should have been as happy as I was at Iceaux; you know my ecstasies when I am really pleased. By the end of next week I shall be in town, and hope to find you there, that we may satisfy both ourselves with larger details.

When I mentioned the attentions paid to me, I am ungrateful to forget the sun, who was complaisance itself, shone all day, gilt an hundred haycocks that were spread over the great lawn, and illuminated the mausoleum during my dinner. And now, will you tell me that Lord Carlisle is not nearer related to him than some folks thought? Let me tell you, this is much better authenticated than his lordship's priority to Howard of Corbie, in which you are mistaken, and so good night.

Yours most cordially,

HOR. WALPOLE.

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The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Selwyn.

Monday night, 9 o'clock.

DEAR SIR: — I am so much enjoined silence, that it is the more necessary for me to speak to you. I am utterly incapable of writing to Paris: I have nobody to write for me, and am not allowed to dictate above two or three lines. It would oblige me infinitely if that might be to you, either at the beginning or end of your letter, if you write to-morrow. One at noon, or seven in the evening, are the cleverest hours for me, — but I must not choose.

Yours, etc., H. W.

To G. A. Selwyn, Esq., Chesterfield Street.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Selwyn.

DEAR SIR: — As I have more gout to-day, and am not able to stir out of my bedchamber, which is up two pair of stairs, and where it is not proper to receive her, I must decline the honour you flattered me with of seeing Lady Holland, till I can get down-stairs again; but I hope that will not hinder you from calling on me, whenever you have nothing better to do.

Yours, etc., H. W.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, Friday [1772].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I intended writing by the last post, but was so tired with hunting that I

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was not able. I must thank you for two letters, one of which I received this morning. Hare left us last Wednesday; probably you will have seen him by this time. I have not yet been able to fix the day that I shall leave Castle Howard, but I believe about the 8th. I shall stay a week in town, and then return.

Lavie has given himself a great deal of trouble in examining the causes of my expenses, and I hope I shall have the resolution of acting up to the plan of economy that we have settled. He assures me that I can afford to spend from twelve to fourteen thousand pounds a year, and I think that ought to satisfy me. I will talk more upon this subject when we meet, if you like to be bored.

I enclose you the French ambassador's last letter, which I see no necessity of answering, as the correspondence could only terminate by one of our deaths if we were to continue writing. If you think it right to say anything to him about it, pray make a speech for me.

I do not like to hear you talk so much of hazard. If you hover round the table, I am afraid Harrington's crooked fingers will lay hold of you. Pray let me know how Richard moves. I am not curious about all his motions, though some of them are pretty extraordinary, but perhaps he is the seconder; then my pun is lost.

Nothing will surprise me about Lord H.; not if he were to come upon the turf, and be a con-

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federate with black Pigot. Do you take care of yourself? or do you sleep between two doors, drink all the red wine you can get, and eat all the nastiness in London? Pray go home soon; kiss Raton; and mind every word that Alice[1] says.

Little Caroline is very well, and by the time you see her she will have added to her collection at least four words. She deals chiefly in monosyllables at present, though not indecent.

I am, my dear George, yours most affectionately,

CARLISLE.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

[Henry Thomas, Lord Stavordale, to whom there is a reference in this letter, was the eldest son of the first Earl of Ilchester, and first cousin to Charles Fox. He succeeded as second Earl of Ilchester in 1776, and died September 5, 1802, at the age of fifty-five. Lord Stavordale is thus apostrophised by Lord Carlisle, in his verses "On his Schoolfellows at Eton:"

"Well-natured Stavordale! the task is thine
Foremost in pleasure's festive band to shine;
Say, wilt thou pass alone the midnight hour,
Studious the depths of Plato to explore?
To lighter subjects shall thy soul give way,
Nor heed what grave philosophers shall say:
The God of Mirth shall list thee in his train,
A cheerful votary, and the foe of pain."]

[1] An old and faithful servant of George Selwyn.

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CASTLE HOWARD, January 19 [1773].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I return you the Duke of Orleans's letter, which in my opinion has no merit but in being the Duke of Orleans's. I hear Charles [Fox] cannot go to perform his part at the Winterslow play on account of his eyes: I am afraid his eyes are otherwise employed. When you see him, pray press him to write to Lord Stavordale. If you are serious with him, he must sacrifice two minutes and a half to writing, folding up, and sealing, etc.

I shall be obliged to you if you will direct the enclosed to Lord Grantham, and send it to the secretary of state's office. If any of the Frenchmen inquire after me, pray tell them you expect me soon in London; not that I believe they would come here out of friendship for me — I am not so vain; but God knows what they might do from folly, and ignorance of the distance. At present I see nothing that is likely to bring me to town for these six weeks. The weather is terrible. I read a good deal; not from affectation, but from necessity.

The more I live, the more I think I shall alter my way of life very essentially for the future. I feel here more ambition than at Almack's, among a set of people who seem to have none, except Charles, and he seems to have as much in ruining himself as in any other pursuit. With Ekins's assistance, I got through a good deal of Tacitus. His language is good for a dead author; but, for

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a living one, there is nothing like little Caroline's eloquence: you will be both edified and amazed when you see her. Her words come faster than her teeth, for she has been uneasy for some time, without producing any new ones. I am, my dear George,

Yours, etc.,

CARLISLE.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

WARE, Wednesday afternoon.

I came yesterday from Newmarket, and lay at Calvert's, to hunt this morning. I have now just dined, and am waiting till Panton is dressed, to set forward for London. I should have written to you from Newmarket, but I did not know where to direct.

Orford has had many applications for the deputy-rangership, and one from the Duke of Gloucester. But he intends to give it to Shirley, which he has told his Royal Highness: so far that is settled; but you do not know what is likewise settled, which is, that you are to have the house, provided his Majesty approves of it, which I am sure he will.[1] I imagine that Orford

[1] Lord Orford was ranger of St. James's and Hyde Parks. The house here alluded to was probably the charming residence in the Green Park, recently occupied by Lady William Gordon, and which has been pulled down within the last few months (1843). Lord March's house in Piccadilly was situated nearly opposite to it.

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means that you should give Shirley a hundred: by that means Orford gives him two hundred a year, which will be very convenient to him, as he is quite undone. You cannot think how happy I am that you are to have a house, and so pretty a one, so very near mine; it is, you know, what we have both wished so much. Orford was vastly obliging, and expressed a great deal of pleasure in having an opportunity of obliging both you and me.[1]

You think much too seriously concerning what you talked to me about when we parted. It is impossible that the D. of G.[2] can mean to deal hardly by you. He can have no motive for so doing, but on the contrary, I am sure his inclinations must be to show you favour. I think, therefore, that you see all that business with a great deal too much warmth, and quite in a wrong light, and I am persuaded it will end well. The chaise is ready, — I shall add a word or two when I come to London.

Past seven; just going to Lady Harrington's. I go to-morrow morning to examine the house; I am sure I shall look at it with more pleasure than I have ever done before. I want to see how long

[1] George Selwyn appears to have been disappointed in obtaining the house in question. His only London residences, during nearly half a century, were in Chesterfield Street and Cleveland Row, in the latter of which he died.

[2] Apparently the Duke of Grafton.

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it will be before you can get into it. It is a charming house; how everybody will hate you for having got it. Adieu, my dear George. I have lost my money, but that is nothing; I shall win some other time. Pray do not plague yourself about imaginary evils. It is time enough when they really happen. Good b'ye to you.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, January 29 [1773].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — If I was once to begin thanking you for the kindness which you show to me upon all occasions, all my time would be employed in acknowledging your goodness. But do not think I am the less sensible of your friendship because I do not write an essay *de amicitiâ*.

I think we shall remain here about five weeks, when the travelling will not be in the least dangerous. I am afraid you will have formed such extravagant ideas of little Caroline's improvements that you will be disappointed; but I do assure you she is yet unacquainted with Madame de Sévigné, and therefore will not be able to answer any questions concerning her.

Tell Hare I thank him for his letter, and also thank Charles for the tideman's place. I think it will be hard upon Charles, if Lord Holland will not do something more for him, as he exerts himself so much for Stephen, who has had an immense estate, his debts paid twenty times, and will have

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a great augmentation after Lord Holland's death; though I fear Charles's attention will not entitle him to any very extraordinary favour from his father. I am, my dear George,

Yours, etc.,

CARLISLE.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, Tuesday [Circ. Feb., 1773].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I am very glad that you mistook the post day, as I believe by that means I got another sheet of paper. It is very difficult to say how far people's absurdities will carry them; but if the report is true about Col. K. and Lord L., I think the colonel will not be easily outdone. He shall be at the head of my list.

Indeed, Charles must take care of himself. He has very bad humours, which require great attention, or they will make his life miserable. As he is so careful in every other part of his conduct, he will not be consistent with himself to neglect his health. If there should ever be any change for the better in his circumstances, Hare will not lose that opportunity of speaking seriously to him about that business. I have also desired him not to forget it, if ever Charles should talk to him about his circumstances; he may then introduce it in conversation. But what he says is true, it would be useless to torment him about it when he has not a guinea; so there it ends for the present.

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Orford's death would have corresponded with his life. He has lived like no other person, and I believe no man of fashion ever went out of the world before by the itch; I mean on this side the Tweed.[1]

Caroline has got a little dog which gives her great delight, though it flings her down and steals her bread. Pray take care of your cough. I am curious to see the letters of Stewart.[2] The Duke of Orleans's letter, which you made me send you back with so much care, was in the newspapers the day after. I have my doubts about the verses you mention of Lady O. I think she is a foolish woman, and can do nothing but cant and lie.

Lady Carlisle charges me always to say something to you that is kind, which I commonly omit, from jealousy. I am, my dear George,

Yours, etc.

LORD MACARTNEY.

Sir George, afterward Lord Macartney, now principally known from his famous mission to China in 1792, was born in 1737. In 1764 he was appointed envoy extraordinary to Russia, and afterward successively held the appointments

[1] George, third Earl of Orford; he survived till 5 December, 1791.

[2] The well-known "Athenian Letters."

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of secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Governor of the Caribbee Islands, President of Madras, and ambassador to China. After his return from the latter country he was advanced to an earldom, and was subsequently appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. In 1797 he returned from the Cape, in consequence of ill health, and died March 31, 1800. For his success in public life he was chiefly indebted to the kindness, and high opinion formed of his talents by Lord Holland.

Sir George Macartney to George Selwyn.

BATH, Tuesday morning.

DEAR MR. SELWYN: — I arrived here yesterday to dinner, where I had the pleasure of finding both Lord and Lady Holland, though by no means so well as I wished, yet not so ill as I expected. Lord Holland does not seem to be much altered, either in his looks or his health, since I saw him six months ago; only his appetite is rather less. His mind is weak and languid, like his pulse, but at times appears to recover itself, and to be quiet and strong. His speech and memory are impaired, but I think his apprehension is perfect. Poor Lady Holland is a good deal changed: she is grown thin, and looks ill. Her whole nervous system seems strongly affected: the least trifle alarms her, and in the midst of the most cheerful discourse she often bursts out into an involuntary effusion of

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tears. She tells me, however, that she thinks herself better within these few days; and, notwithstanding the symptoms I have mentioned, I do not find that her case has been regarded as immediately dangerous. She herself does not apprehend much, but she complains a good deal of what she feels; and without doubt, poor woman, her sufferings must be great indeed. She goes out in her chaise every day, and both she and Lord Holland propose to set out for London in the latter end of next week, or the beginning of the following.

Harry [Fox] is here, but goes away to-morrow. Charles went the day before I came. Lady Holland tried the waters, but they heated her so much that she was obliged to leave them off. Bath is quite full. The Northumberlands, Holdernesses, and Carmarthens, are the principal persons of the drama. I shall return as soon as I can, and hope to see you in the beginning of next week. I am, with great truth and regard, dear Selwyn,

Very sincerely yours,

G. M.

[Lord Holland died on the 1st of July, 1774, in the sixty-ninth year of his age. It has already been mentioned that when he was dying George Selwyn called at Holland House and left his card. It was carried to the dying statesman. Glancing at it for a moment, he observed, with a mournful pleasantry: "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him

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up: if I am alive I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead he would like to see me." Lady Holland survived her husband only twenty-three days; and only five months afterward, December 26, 1774, died Stephen Fox, who had succeeded his father as second Lord Holland.]

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

Sunday [February, 1773].

Indeed, my dear George, your letters are always welcome to me, but the length of these last has been particularly so, for in this rainy, dismal weather the attentions of our friends make a stronger impression upon us, and one feels more obligation to them for their goodness.

I think I shall leave Castle Howard about the middle of next week. Though I understood from you that the other two hundred pounds was not to be paid till a year from the time I gave the bond; yet, it is the same thing, as I must get the money from some soft-hearted Christian, for I hope not to have anything to do with the Jews. I hope, in the course of next year, to be able to discharge all my foolish contracts, by some fine schemes Lavie and I have for that purpose. Do not be alarmed with the sound of cutting wood; not a tree about Castle Howard. But in other parts of my estate there is a great deal, which it is a folly to let stand and rot. So much for our affairs. I am very happy to hear what you tell me about Charles.

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The point that Lord H.[1] makes about being an earl seems to be very childish. Is Tatty Upton[2] to be made a duke or a marquis?

Pray tell Charles what pleasure his promotion gives me. As to his giving himself airs about being only in the treasury before he is of age,[3] I believe he thinks he ought to have been a Privy Councillor when he was at Eton. Little Caroline is very well, and is every day more entertaining. I hear Meynel has been almost killed while hunting. I hope he is better. When he is hunting he forgets he is on horseback. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately,

CARLISLE.

BISHOP WARBURTON.

WILLIAM WARBURTON, afterward Bishop of Gloucester, was the son of an attorney at Newark-upon-Trent, and was born December 24, 1698. He originally followed the profession of his father, but finding it equally wearisome and unprofitable,

[1] Apparently Lord Holland.

[2] Probably Clotworthy Upton, Esq., created Baron Templetown in 1776. He died 16th April, 1785.

[3] Charles Fox was appointed a lord of the admiralty in 1770, almost immediately after he had come of age; but he was not appointed a lord of the treasury till 1773, when he was in his twenty-fifth year; Lord Carlisle's remark, therefore, requires some explanation.

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he entered into holy orders, and in 1727 was presented by Sir Robert Sutton with the small vicarage of Gresley, in Nottinghamshire, and, in the following year, with the living of Brand Broughton, in Lincolnshire. In 1746 he was chosen preacher of Lincoln's Inn, but notwithstanding his great learning, and the services which he performed in the cause of religion and literature, it was not till late in life that his talents were adequately rewarded. In 1753 he was appointed Prebendary of Gloucester; in 1754, one of the king's chaplains; in 1755, Prebendary of Durham and Dean of Bristol; and in 1757, Bishop of Gloucester. Strange as it may appear that there should have existed any reciprocity of feeling between Warburton and Selwyn, — the one the haughty and overbearing controversialist, the other the votary of wit and the gaming-table, — yet Warburton was fond of unbending in private life, and is not unlikely to have taken delight in the social humour of Selwyn, and the fund of anecdotes with which his memory was stored.

Craddock describes Warburton in his memoirs, as warm, witty, and convivial. "Hurd," he says, "used to wonder where Warburton got the anecdotes with which his conversation and writings frequently abounded. 'I could readily have informed him,' said Mrs. Warburton to me; 'when we passed our winters in London, he would often, after his long and severe studies, send out for a

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whole basketful of books, from the circulating libraries; and at times I have gone into his study, and found him laughing, though alone; and now and then he would double down some entertaining pages for my amusement.'" The following letter may be regarded, perhaps, as a tolerable specimen of Warburton's style; which, according to Doctor Johnson, was "copious without selection, and forcible without neatness; he took the words that presented themselves; his diction is coarse and impure, and his sentences are unmeasured." His death took place at Gloucester on the 7th of June, 1779.

Bishop Warburton to George Selwyn.

GLOUCESTER, 13th June, 1773.

DEAR SIR:—This trouble is occasioned by a favour I have to ask you.

My wife now giving us some hopes of a recovery from a very dangerous illness, is advised by her physicians to lie out of this place now and then, for a change of air; and Matson is a place she most fancies. Your servant acquaints us that you are expected down there very shortly; so that my wife begs you to acquaint us, with all freedom and sincerity, when you propose to come to your own house, that she may make use of this liberty, which she requests, if it be convenient to you to grant it, either before you come down, or after you have left Matson; that you may neither hasten nor retard your intended visit one day on her account,

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which would deprive her of all the satisfaction and use that her physicians propose from her little occasional excursions thither. I have the honour to be, dear sir,

Your very faithful and obedient humble servant,

W. GLOUCESTER.

MRS. WARBURTON.

MISS GERTRUDE TUCKER, who in 1745 became the wife of Bishop Warburton, was the niece of the celebrated Ralph Allen, of Prior Park, near Bath, the friend of Pope :

> "Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
> Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

An anecdote, worth recording, is related in connection with Warburton's marriage with this lady. Pope was on a visit to Allen at Prior Park, when a letter was one day put into his hands, which appeared to cause him some embarrassment. Allen making some inquiry as to its contents, Pope informed him that the letter was from a "Lincolnshire parson," to whom he was under some obligations, who proposed to be with him in a day or two at Twickenham. The difficulty was immediately obviated by Allen, who suggested that the "Lincolnshire parson," who was no other than Warburton, should be invited to Prior Park, adding, that a carriage should meet him at Chippen-

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ham. The plan was approved of by Pope, and the invitation accepted by Warburton. The latter arrived in a few days, and shortly afterward succeeded in gaining the affections of Allen's niece, Miss Tucker, in right of whom, after their marriage, he subsequently succeeded to the possession of Prior Park, and to the bulk of Allen's property.

Mrs. Warburton to George Selwyn.

MATSON, June 30, 1773.

SIR: — I am infinitely obliged by your goodness in lending me your house. The fine air I have breathed at Matson seems to have perfectly restored me to my health; and though I am in the highest degree sensible of your extreme politeness (expressed to me in your note), I must not be encouraged by it to trespass further upon your indulgence than is necessary, nor to keep you in suspense, since I propose setting out next Monday upon a little journey, and to leave Matson, free and unencumbered, to the disposal or use of its true and lawful master, whom I fear I may have already interrupted in his intentions of being here.

I cannot sufficiently express how much I am thankful. It is all you can have from me, but the bishop orders me to assure you of his being entirely at your command. I have the honour to be,

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your much obliged, and most obedient humble servant,

GERTRUDE WARBURTON.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

WAKEFIELD, Friday morning.

On Wednesday we had a party to see Wanstead. We dined at the Spread Eagle upon the Forest, and at our return home, between eight and nine, we saw a most violent fire that had just broken out in Marylebone Street, at the upper end of the Haymarket. It lasted till one in the morning, and has burnt a great many houses. I never saw anything so violent, and the crowd of people in the streets all around was beyond conception. The fire burnt with such fury that no one could have any idea how far it would go.

We went afterward to sup with Lady H.[1] as usual, where your letter was brought me. I am glad to find you are safe and well at Castle Howard, and in possession of your pony. I hope you will make use of him, for you want riding and exercise. Whether I shall be at York or not, I do not know; but I should like to be there more for the pleasure of going to Castle Howard, than anything else.

Lord Bute was at the levee on Wednesday, and yesterday at the drawing-room. Lord Villiers tells

[1] Apparently Lady Harrington.

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me that he looks very well, but rather thin. I have not seen him, but I called at his house, and saw his *valet de chambre*, who lived with mad Scrope, who has something of the manner of your Swiss you got from Williams. Upon my asking him after Lord Bute, he said, "Heaven be praised, we have brought his lordship safe home." [1] I have not seen Raton, but I sent yesterday to take leave of him before I left London, and he was perfectly well. My best compliments to your landlord. Farewell, my dear George.

LORD AUCKLAND.

WILLIAM EDEN, so celebrated for his political talents, and for his defection from the standard of Fox to that of Pitt, was educated at Eton, and afterward at Christchurch College, Oxford. He was called to the bar in 1769, and in 1778 accompanied Lord Carlisle on his mission of peace to America. Between the years 1785 and 1789 he filled successively the appointments of ambassador to France, Spain, and the United Provinces; in the latter year he was created Baron Auckland in Ireland, and in 1793 was advanced to an English peerage. He married Eleanor, daughter of

[1] John, the celebrated Marquis of Bute, survived till the 10th of March, 1792.

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Sir Gilbert Elliot, and sister to the first Earl of Minto, and died May 28, 1814.

William Eden, Esq., to George Selwyn.

Monday, August 19th.

MY DEAR SIR: — I intend to rub off the rest of the circuit by an adjournment on Wednesday next to York races, and am inclinable, at the latter end of the week, to indulge a wish to pay my respects to Lord and Lady Carlisle. I shall be decided in this purpose, if you will be so obliging as to inform me by a line directed to York, that you still continue at Castle Howard, and that the place is not crowded with company.

I observe in this day's paper, that a gentleman of the name of Soame is just dead. He was one of the commissioners of bankruptcy. His office was about £160 a year, and would suit our friend Hare exactly, as an introduction or stepping-stone to something better. It is in the disposal of Lord North, and if Lord Carlisle and Charles Fox, or either of them, will make the application, it will probably succeed. At the worst, a refusal will be attended by general professions, and I shall have it in my power, and shall be glad to furnish them with earlier notice hereafter. Pray urge this matter, and believe me

Your very sincere humble servant,

WM. EDEN.

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The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, Tuesday.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I long very much to be acquainted with every part of your affair and negotiation with Lord North; but as the particulars may not come within the compass of a letter, I must be contented to wait till I have the pleasure of seeing you. I am sure you know that you cannot have anything of this kind upon your mind that I do not share your anxiety; and that I feel as much resentment when you feel yourself ill-treated as if I had all the information in the world upon the subject. This, perhaps, is not very just, but it is very natural. I cannot think that you lost anything in not having seen Lord North, as, in a cause between Lord North and Selwyn, I fear he would not have exerted himself much in your favour.

In regard to myself, I have not changed my opinion for going abroad in the manner I mentioned. It would be laying the axe to the root of the evil. Nothing but the losing you for some time has ever staggered me, and impeded my taking more serious methods for bringing it about.

To ask such a thing, and be refused, would be exceedingly disagreeable, and to be treated as if I had asked a very great favour would be equally so. I agree with you that no step ought to be taken

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but with Lord Gower's advice. I should even like to try the ground there before I entirely explained myself, but that will be too difficult. I can see no harm in writing to him, as he has always been very good to me, and I am certain would do anything to promote mine and Lady Carlisle's interests; especially as these plans, if rightly executed, are calculated as much for her future ease and comfort as my own. I think, then, I shall write to him, only requiring from him secrecy and no concealment of his opinion. If I do, I fear there will not be time to wait for your sentiments, but from your letter this morning, I think you will not disapprove of my taking this step.

The times will mend, and if this scheme should take place, it will enable me to return to you with that peace of mind, and with that arrangement of my affairs, that it will not be in the power of fortune to interrupt that attention which I so justly owe you, for the very extraordinary marks of friendship I every day receive from you. I call them extraordinary, for, without drawing any comparisons, indeed they are so. I am, my dear George,

Yours most sincerely,

CARLISLE.

P. S. As you have never mentioned March's name, I should almost fear he did not approve of our way of thinking and acting in Fox's affair.

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I should be very sorry for being obliged to differ from him in opinion, as I respect him both as a man of honour and sense.

THE HON. THOMAS DE GREY.

[THE HON. THOMAS DE GREY was the eldest surviving son of William, first Lord Walsingham. He was born on the 14th of July, 1748, and married, on the 30th of April, 1772, Augusta Georgina Elizabeth, daughter of William, first Lord Boston. In 1774 he was returned to Parliament as member for Tamworth, in Staffordshire, and in 1780, for Lestwithiel in Cornwall. In 1775 he was appointed a groom of the bedchamber to George the Third; and in June, 1777, was nominated a commissioner of trade and plantations. He was subsequently under secretary of state to the celebrated Lord George Germaine, and, after his elevation to the peerage, sat for twenty years as chairman of the committees of the House of Lords. He was also a Privy Councillor and member of the Royal Society. His death took place on the 16th of January, 1818. He was father of George, third Baron Walsingham, who was burnt to death with his lady in Harley Street, under very frightful circumstances, in April, 1831, and also of Thomas, father of the present (fifth) lord.]

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The Hon. Thomas de Grey to George Selwyn.

HEDSOR, 30 October, 1773.

SIR: — I have been very uneasy at the great delay in this matter, but it is not my fault, and I dare say it is owing to Lord North's want of time.

The paper you mention I have not received, but if I had had it, I should not think myself at liberty to communicate to you, because Lord North wished to alter it before I sent it, and therefore it certainly did not speak his lordship's sentiments. I returned it to Mr. Robinson for my lord to peruse, and Robinson said he would send me an answer that evening: I received none. I sent on Tuesday evening to remind him. He said he would mention it to Lord North on Wednesday. I stayed in town all Wednesday, on purpose to receive it, but none came: I sent to your house on Thursday to know where you was to be found in case I received it, and have been in constant expectation of it ever since: the moment I have it, I will transmit it to you. I looked for you in the drawing-room, the first moment I could get away from the king's rooms, but you were not there; and I thought it would be absurd to wait upon you when I had evidently nothing to say, and when I expected the letter every day.

I thank you for your great politeness and candour in this affair. If you are so good as to

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express yourself unfortunate at not seeing me before I left town, upon mere ceremony and punctilio, I hope to have the honour of being always so much your friend as that we may be on no terms of ceremony with each other. If you mean that you had any business which you had rather communicate by word of mouth than by letter, I beg you would believe me ready at a moment's warning to obey your commands or summons, without looking to the success of the event; being with great truth,

Sir, your most obedient and obliged servant,

THOMAS DE GREY.

Your letter is dated 28th, but I have received it only this moment.

Saturday.

The Earl of Carlisle to Lady Holland.

CASTLE HOWARD, Dec. 5, 1773.

MADAM: — I hope your ladyship will excuse the liberty I take, in giving you the trouble of a letter upon a subject which I am sensible does not immediately relate to you, and which I ought more properly to have addressed to Lord Holland, had I not been apprehensive that a letter upon business, in his present situation, might be ill-timed. I must, therefore, rely upon your goodness to communicate the following contents, and shall

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not pretend to dictate either the time or manner to your ladyship's discretion.

Being, as you know, security for a considerable sum, borrowed for the use of my friend Charles, and understanding that there is now a negotiation on foot for his relief, and to extricate him from his present distressful situation, it cannot be thought unreasonable for me to put in my claim to partake of the benefits and share the advantages of this intended alteration in his circumstances.

It was my friendship and love for him that made me comply with his requests without deliberation or considering the consequences, and you are, I am sure, too just to think I deserve to be punished for my compliance. If indulgence was the cause of all his indiscretions, I fear his nearest relations will have as much to answer for as his friends; indeed it would be very extraordinary if his heart and understanding had not seduced every one who knew him into an unjustifiable partiality. But when I consider my circumstances, and the situation in which I am as a husband and a father, your ladyship will not wonder that I am very serious on this occasion; and as Charles formerly received ten thousand pounds, of which nothing was paid to diminish the debt for which I am bound, and a large sum of money is to be now advanced, it is but just and equitable that some part of it should be allotted for the discharge of fifteen or sixteen thousand pounds, for which an

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annuity is to be paid of two thousand or twenty-five hundred pounds a year. The payment of five thousand would make a diminution of the burthen. In short, I hope I shall never have it to say, that the family, with whom I have been so early connected, and whose kind behaviour to me had taught me to regard them as my warmest friends, should leave me out of their consideration, in an affair of so much consequence to me.

In regard to giving the bond, etc., it was an expedient I could not listen to, or think it reasonable I should lay myself under an obligation to pay money which I have never received, to persons to whom I am not in debt; or that the heir of your ladyship's family should have a claim upon my estate, because, from an excess of friendship, I had lent my name to relieve your son.

I am heartily concerned for the distress in your ladyship's family, and know how much you must feel on this account, and flatter myself therefore that with your usual good nature you will make allowances for my situation, who have the interests of a wife and children to watch over; and excuse my presumption in writing with so much freedom on this occasion.

Pray present my best compliments to Lord Holland, and accept my most earnest wishes for the perfect establishment of your ladyship's health. I am, dear madam, with the greatest respect, your ladyship's most sincere friend, and humble servant.

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The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, 14 January, 1774.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — There is something so laughable in Stephen [Fox's] character and conduct, that though he were broke upon the wheel, or torn if possible between four wild horses, like Damien, the persons who live the most with him would never be grave or serious, upon any calamity happening to him. If Lady Mary was much alarmed, or if the birds were really burnt to death, I should be very sorry. As this is the first misfortune that ever happened to Stephen, which he did not bring upon himself, all compassionate thoughts and intentions may be turned from Charles to him. The letter, which I enclose a copy of from Lady Holland, is as satisfactory as I could expect from a woman. It is the devil to deal with two persons, one who really is a woman, and the other whose affectation is to be thought an old one.

You overcome me with your kindness in what you say about Lord Bristol; it is indeed a thing I have very much at heart. Your friendship is so different from anything I have ever met with, or seen in the world, that when I recollect the extraordinary proofs of your kindness, it seems like a dream. I will endeavour, by my conduct and change of manners, to make myself more worthy of it; indeed such friendship as yours ought to be

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virtutum adjutrix, non vitiorum comes. I will do nothing rashly about the Argenton estate.

Pray direct the enclosed to Lord Grantham; I think the best way is to send it through the secretary of state's office. Lady Carlisle always desires to be remembered by you; she is very sensible of your goodness to me. Our children are both well.

I am, my dear George, yours, etc.,

CARLISLE.

P. S. As I seldom hear from anybody but yourself, pray let me hear something of Hare and Storer, etc.

The Hon. Thomas de Grey to George Selwyn.

CHANDOS STREET, 19 January, 1774.

SIR: — In consequence of what Lord North has said, my father and I have acquiesced that, with your leave, and under your sanction, Mr. Keene should be recommended to you by your constituents of the borough of Ludgershall.

I am on my part to return you my best thanks for the honour you were pleased to intend me, in the first instance; and for attention to me in the conversation I had the honour to hold with you yesterday.

I am, sir, with great truth and respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

THOMAS DE GREY.

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The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

21 January, 1774.

My dear George: — You are very good to me to write so often, and such long letters. Pray continue this mark of your kindness and affection.

I have the happiness to see that Lady Carlisle is daily gaining strength. At a proper season, the sea, I should think, may do her more good than anything that can be prescribed. If I have wherewithal to undertake the London journey, I shall be ready to come into any system that may be thought advisable; but I will talk more upon this subject when I have received Gregg's accounts, which I have not yet done.

What I am going to tell you is told me in confidence. I understand, from a person on whom I can depend, that there is still great dissatisfaction and want of resolution in Lord B.[1] I have not a doubt but he will go to Ireland. Nothing, in my opinion, but his death, as he is situated, can prevent his going through with it. But the question is put with a great deal of significancy, is —— in earnest in his solicitations for Lord C.?[2] I conceive by the manner in which it is put, that a cer-

[1] The nobleman here alluded to was probably either John, second Earl of Buckinghamshire, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1776, or, more probably, George William, second Earl of Bristol, who had previously held that appointment.

[2] Lord Carlisle.

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tain party would insinuate that it would not be understood to be promised to me in case Lord B. did not go.

There can be no harm, I should think, in sounding —— upon this point, which you may treat as a rumour. If you meet with the coolness with which such subjects are received, Rigby can get an answer when perhaps you cannot. This, however, I leave to your own judgment. My intelligence comes through Storer, from a person who has been an old friend of mine, and who lives with and goes with Lord B. I tell you this, that, except you mean to talk confidentially with Storer, you may not hint that I have possessed you with any such information. My informer wishes me well, and might get into a great scrape if it was known that he gave us any intelligence of this nature.

I think I may congratulate you upon the certainty of Mie Mie's staying with you. The question you put to the children will take some time to answer. They are all well. When they have decided upon this important point, I will make their choice known to you. Ekins is still with us. I am, my dear George, yours, etc.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

ALMACK'S, Thursday night.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I had your letter yesterday from Gloucester, and am glad, since you are at Matson, that you are pleased with it. What you

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are doing there would certainly be well worth while if it were near London, but considering how little you are there, it is a pleasure that is a very expensive one.

Bunbury is returned, and was last night at Ranelagh with Lady Sarah. He has bought Gimcrack of Lauragais. Lord Harrington sets out on Saturday for Paris. Her ladyship takes it very ill that he does not take her and the daughters with him, and proposes that we should attend them upon some party abroad.

I find that there is some bad news to-day from Boston. They will not allow the custom-house officers to do their duty; have used them excessively ill, and have almost, if not quite killed the collector; in short, they are in a state of rebellion.[1] There are people here and at White's every night. Bully inquires very much when you are to be here again. Farewell, my dear George.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

LONDON, June 17th.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Though I have nothing to say, I know it is always pleasant to have a letter

[1] The celebrated Boston riots, which lighted up the rebellion that led to the independence of America. On Thursday, 21 April [1774], Lord North informed the House of Commons that authentic information had been received that, on the last day of February, the *Fortune* had arrived in the port of Boston, with tea on board, and that the mob had assembled in a tumultuous manner, gone aboard that ship, and destroyed the cargo.

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from London when we are in the country. Lord and Lady Gower dined with us yesterday, so that if there had been any political news I should have heard it.

Mrs. Horton is not as yet married, but the Duke of D. told me this morning he had no doubt that it would take place. March has got his Mrs. Horton home again, though with some difficulty, and I take it for granted with more expense, as she was in a spunging-house. As I do not game myself, I am ignorant of any gaming transactions, though, if there had been anything very particular, it would have reached me.

How long do you stay? I wish you would resolve to go down with us. Our masquerade was fine, but dull; the supper well contrived; but it was not agreeable afterward, for want of space to walk about. In short, you would have said, what I hear many of our friends at the Old Club say, that it was nothing to what we remember. The children are very well, and so is Lady Carlisle, notwithstanding the newspapers.

I will write again soon. Pray make my compliments to Lady Holland. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately, &c.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, August 2 [1774].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Storer is not arrived, but I expect him this evening. Perhaps he may meet

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Ekins on the road, and they may come together. We made yesterday a country visit to Lord Fauconberg's.[1] I take it your country visit is one of the most disagreeable operations one can endure.

Stephen Fox's pretty and pious letter to Lord Ilchester is ridiculous enough. He will soon do something and play some prank, which I dare say his uncle will wish him at vinegar for. We shall have but a thin meeting at York, as so many persons will have the same entertainment you have at Gloucester, which will prevent them leaving their counties.

These are all the particulars that are come within my observation and knowledge; so, my dear Mrs. Moss the second, you must be contented with them.

Yours most sincerely,

CARLISLE.

[Stephen, first Earl of Ilchester, alluded to in this letter, was the brother of Lord Holland, and uncle to Stephen Fox. He died on the 26th of September, 1776. It is a remarkable fact, connected with the name of Lord Ilchester, that, notwithstanding the lapse of nearly two hundred years, a person should be still living (1843) whose great-grandfather was present on the scaffold at

[1] Henry Bellasyse, Earl of Fauconberg, succeeded his father as second earl, on the 4th of February preceding. He died on the 23d of March, 1802, when the earldom became extinct.

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the execution of Charles I. The person present on the scaffold was Sir Stephen Fox, and his great-grandson, the present (third) Earl of Ilchester.]

ANTHONY MORRIS STORER, ESQ.

ANTHONY MORRIS STORER (from whom some agreeable letters will be found occasionally introduced in the subsequent correspondence) was the son of Thomas Storer, Esq., a large landed proprietor in the West Indies. He received his education at Eton, where he was the contemporary of Lord Carlisle, Fox, Hare, and Lord Fitzwilliam; and where he was thus celebrated by Lord Carlisle, in his verses "On His Schoolfellows at Eton:"

> "Whether I Storer sing in hours of joy,
> When every look bespeaks the inward boy;
> Or when no more mirth wantons in his breast,
> And all the man in him appears confest;
> In mirth, in sadness, sing him how I will,
> Sense and good nature must attend him still."

The character of Storer is thus drawn by a contemporary: "He was a man whose singular felicity it was to excel in everything he set his heart and hand to; and who deserved, in a certain degree, if any one ever did since the days of Crichton, the epithet of Admirable. He was

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the best dancer, the best skater of his time, and beat all his competitors in gymnastic honours. He excelled, too, as a musician and a disputant, and very early as a Latin poet.[1] In short, whatever he undertook he did it *con amore*, and as perfectly as if it were his only accomplishment. *Quod valebat, valdè valebat.* He was polite in his conversation, elegant in his manners, and amusing in a high degree, or otherwise in the extreme, as he felt himself and his company. If at any time he was rude, insolent, or overbearing, some allowance ought to be made for a state of health highly bilious, which influenced the man at times, and gave a yellow tinge and a saturnine hue to his character."

In 1779 Storer accompanied Lord Carlisle on his mission to America. Some time afterward he was appointed secretary of legation at the French court; and on the 13th of December, 1783, was nominated minister plenipotentiary, during the temporary absence of the English ambassador, the Duke of Manchester. For some years he resided almost entirely with Lord North, in whose family he is said to have been much more domesticated than in his own. Latterly, he principally occupied himself in beautifying a place of his own creation, Purley, near Reading, and in

[1] Several specimens of his Latin poetry, evidently written at an early period of his life, are preserved in the library of Eton College.

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accumulating a valuable and very curious collection of books. The latter he bequeathed to the library of Eton College, where there is a pleasing portrait of him, with a suitable Latin inscription underneath. His death, which was occasioned by a deep decline, took place at Bristol Hotwells, on the 4th of July, 1799.

Anthony Morris Storer, Esq., to George Selwyn.

Tuesday, August 6, 1774.

DEAR GEORGE:—I am very much obliged to you for your epistle, especially as it was a favour I did not expect. If Brooks pays you for my *vin de grave*, he will be more gracious than I should imagine he would be, for he has not a farthing of mine in his hands; and, indeed, in this respect he differs very little from anybody else I know; but, as long as I am only a pauper *in meo ore*, I assure you I shall have a bottle of *vin de grave*, though it does cost four shillings a bottle. You will get by your edition of Madame de Sévigné's letters enough to pay for as much *vin de grave* as ever she drank *en Bretagne*.

The weather has been so bad to-day that I could not execute your orders, so Lady Carlisle and Lady Julia[1] went without their nosegays; but I presented your compliments, which were as well received as if they had been accompanied with a

[1] Lady Juliana Howard, sister to Lord Carlisle, born July 6, 1750.

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bouquet. Lady Caroline is very well, and sends her love to the seignorina. Lord Morpeth[1] is grown very much, but does not seem likely to be very forward with his tongue.

I shall go from hence to York races next Monday, but I do not think of returning with them, so that I shall not have the pleasure of meeting you this year at Castle Howard. Carlisle is become a great musician as well as poet. He plays upon the pianoforte an air set to the words of one of his own ballads. Ekins, who is here, is learning also to sing and play it: *cantare pares*, etc. I wish you a good journey to Matson, and that you may be omnipotent in Gloucester, *malgré le bon Dieu*. I beg my respects to Mr. Harris; and I remain, dear George, yours sincerely,

A. STORER.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Selwyn.

STRAWBERRY HILL,
Wednesday, Aug. 10, at night [1774].

I think I shall be with you on Saturday; at least I know that I intend to set out to-morrow and lie at Park Place;[2] but it is so formidable to me to begin a journey, and I have changed my mind so often about this, though I like it so much, that I beg you will not be disappointed if you do not see me. If I were juvenile enough to set off

[1] The present (sixth) Earl of Carlisle.
[2] The residence of General Conway, near Henley.

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at midnight, and travel all night, you would be sure of me; but folks who do anything eagerly neither know nor care what they do. Sedate me, who deliberate, at least do not determine but on preference; therefore, if I surmount difficulties, I shall at least have some merit with you; and, if I do not, you must allow that the difficulties were prodigious, when they surmounted so much inclination.

In this wavering situation I wish you good-night, and hope I shall wake to-morrow as resolute as Hercules or Mr. Bruce;[1] but pray do not give me live beef for supper. Yours ever,

H. W.

To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq., at Matson, near Gloucester.

[The difficulties, however, were surmounted, and in a letter, dated the 15th, Walpole thus writes to the Rev. Mr. Cole: "Matson, near Gloucester. You will not dislike my date. I am in the very mansion where King Charles and his two eldest sons lay during the siege; and there are marks of the last's hacking with his hanger on a window, as he told Mr. Selwyn's grandfather. The present master has done due honour to the

[1] The celebrated Abyssinian traveller. After surviving perils such as it has been the fate of few men to encounter, he died by an accidental fall down-stairs, while taking farewell of some guests, in April, 1794.

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royal residence, and erected a good marble bust of the martyr, in a little gallery. In a window is a shield in painted glass, with that king's and his queen's arms, which I gave him. So you see I am not a rebel, when *alma mater* antiquity stands godmother."]

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

August 30 [1774].

MY DEAR GEORGE · — I am very sorry to hear what you tell me of Gloucester; more especially as it prevents your coming here. As well as I remember, you had the same apprehensions before the last election; but with more reason, as there was then an opposition actually begun.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam left us yesterday. Hare is here. We have had the worst summer I ever remember; continual cold and rain. Pray take care of your eyes. As you say you must be particularly quick-sighted at present to watch over the motions of your Gloucester voters, it would be very inconvenient to lose them before the election. Hawkins is as much of an old woman as Lady Harrington is, and rather more. He can hardly see, and you consult him for your eyes! When the blind lead the blind, the Scriptures say, they both fall into a ditch; so take care. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately,

CARLISLE.

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The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

My dear George: — I still continue to direct to London, for till I hear of your being at Gloucester I shall have my doubts about your resolution. Sir George Macartney left us yesterday; he called here on his way from Ireland. I dare say he thinks we have a prodigious neighbourhood, for all the natives came down upon us at once last Sunday, to the number of sixteen. You ask how long we stay here; a question I do not quite relish, for I fear it implies some doubt of your coming. We shall certainly remain here all this month, and I think till about the 10th of the next, and then go to Trentham. Come therefore you must. John St. John said he would come here. Bring him with you, and you can get as much law out of him as may serve you your life.

I think things look well at Carlisle. Expense I will not be at, and trouble I do not much like; but I hope everything will go on well without either one or the other. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately,

Carlisle.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

Sunday, September 4 [1774].

My dear George: — I think we shall leave this place next Saturday, the 10th, and reach Trent-

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ham by Monday, where we shall remain till the end of the month.

Is Lord Lyttelton dead or alive? When people die and come to life again, I fear their resurrection is to serve some vile purpose; but the uncertainty about his existence is rather extraordinary, and not very flattering to his lordship, for if he is still in the land of the living, people seem to be very unwilling to undeceive themselves. A woman who was here the other night, upon some business from one of the villages, talking of her husband, said she believed he was hanged in the winter, but was not certain.

As you have put Burgundy into your inside, I shall not be surprised to hear you have put aquafortis into your eyes. Let me hear no more of such childish tricks.

I have no fears about your success at Gloucester, but I have a thousand about your eyes, for I am sure you will think you come cheaply off if you have no opposition, and yet lose your sight by drinking punch and port. Will you take my five guineas again? They are ready for you, if you will submit to the terms.

I have had a letter from Gloucestershire, where I hear you have talked of nothing but the thousands you had ready to fling out of a balcony. As the people there know you well, I believe you may brag very safely how much you will squander at the election in case of a contest. They will be too

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wise to come under your balcony. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately,

CARLISLE.

[The Lord Lyttelton referred to in this letter was George, first Lord Lyttelton, the celebrated poet and historian, whose death had taken place on the 22d of the preceding month. The physician who attended him drew up a very interesting account of his last moments. "Though his lordship," he says, "wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation. He said, 'It is a folly to keep me in misery now, to attempt to prolong life;' yet he was easily persuaded, for the satisfaction of others, to do or take anything thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were not without some hopes of his recovery.

"On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his lordship sent for me, and said he felt a great hurry, and wished to have a little conversation with me in order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the fountains of that heart, from whence goodness had so long flowed as from a copious spring. 'Doctor,' said he, 'you shall be my confessor. When I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me; but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines

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of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned; but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics and public life, I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at that time think best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured in private life to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatsoever.' At another time, he said, 'I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness; I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about anything.'

"On the evening when the symptoms of death came on, he said, 'I shall die, but it will not be your fault.' When Lord and Lady Valentia came to see his lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, 'Be good, be virtuous, my lord; you must come to this.' Thus he continued giving his dying benedictions to all around him. On Monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but these vanished in the evening; and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, August 22d, when, between seven and eight o'clock, he expired, almost without a groan."]

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The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

TRENTHAM, 20 Sept., 1774.

I wish you joy sincerely of the prospect of success and tranquillity at Gloucester, and of getting away from it.

You must have heard of the murder that was committed near Castle Howard, just before we left it; I shall refer you for the particulars to the newspapers. You must have dined with the man at Castle Howard; he was three times at the house upon business after the crime, and no one perceived the least alteration in his behaviour, or any appearance of anxiety in his countenance. If you should happen to be with us at the time of the assizes, I will take care to get you a good place at the execution; and though our Tyburn may not have all the charms which that has where you was brought up and educated, yet it may be better than no Tyburn.

I have this moment received yours, and am very sorry to hear that the inflammation in your eyes has not subsided. You must be very careful, and if you contrive to drink Burgundy you will be as blind as Sir J. Fielding.[1] We have not fixed any day for leaving this place; when we do, I will let

[1] Half-brother of the celebrated Henry Fielding, and his successor in the post of chief magistrate for Westminster. Though blind from his youth, he was an active public functionary. He was knighted in 1761, and died in 1780.

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you know. We heard from Castle Howard yesterday, and have the pleasure to tell you that the children are all well. I am, my dear George,

Yours most sincerely,

CARLISLE.

[The next letter contains one of the earliest references, in the present correspondence, to a very curious passage in the romance of real life, the parental fondness of George Selwyn for his adopted child, Mademoiselle Maria Fagniani, the present Marchioness of Hertford. It has already been mentioned in the introductory memoir of George Selwyn, that, according to general rumour, the Duke of Queensberry and Selwyn each believed himself to be the father of the child, and that the impression that such was the fact was rendered still stronger, when the Duke of Queensberry subsequently bequeathed the sum of £150,000, and George Selwyn £33,000. It is necessary, however, to repeat a remark which the editor has already made, that on an examination of Selwyn's private papers, "though there are passages which unquestionably lend weight to the supposition that either the Duke of Queensberry or Selwyn was the father of the child; or, rather, that each severally believed himself to be so, yet, in fact, there is far from being certain proof that such was really the case." The interesting subject of this discussion will be found usually denominated in the subse-

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quent correspondence by the endearing term of "Mie Mie." She was at this period in her fourth year, having been born on the 25th of August, 1771. On the 18th of May, 1798, she became the wife of Francis William, Earl of Yarmouth, who succeeded his father, in 1822, as third Marquis of Hertford, and died on the 1st of March, 1842.]

Mrs. Crauford to George Selwyn.

RICHMOND, 28th September, 1774.

DEAR SIR: — Mr. Crauford informs me that you propose setting out on Friday for Gloucester, and returning the Friday after, when you promise us the favour of a visit. I now write to request the pleasure of your company here on Sunday se'night to dinner, and beg you will come determined to stay some time. Mr. Crauford will be absent on his intended tour, but I hope you will not on that account think yourself released from your engagement, which would be mortifying to me, and deprive me of great pleasure.

I enclose a letter to Lord March, which I beg you will order to be delivered to him as soon as he comes to town. I hope he will allow me the pleasure of dear little Mie Mie's company, of whom I will take the greatest care, which I was incapable of doing when she was last at Richmond. I was then very ill, and resolved not to ask her again till I could attend to her myself, and till I could accommodate her in our own house, which I can

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Mary, Baroness Rolleston.

Photo etching from an engraving by S. Freeman.

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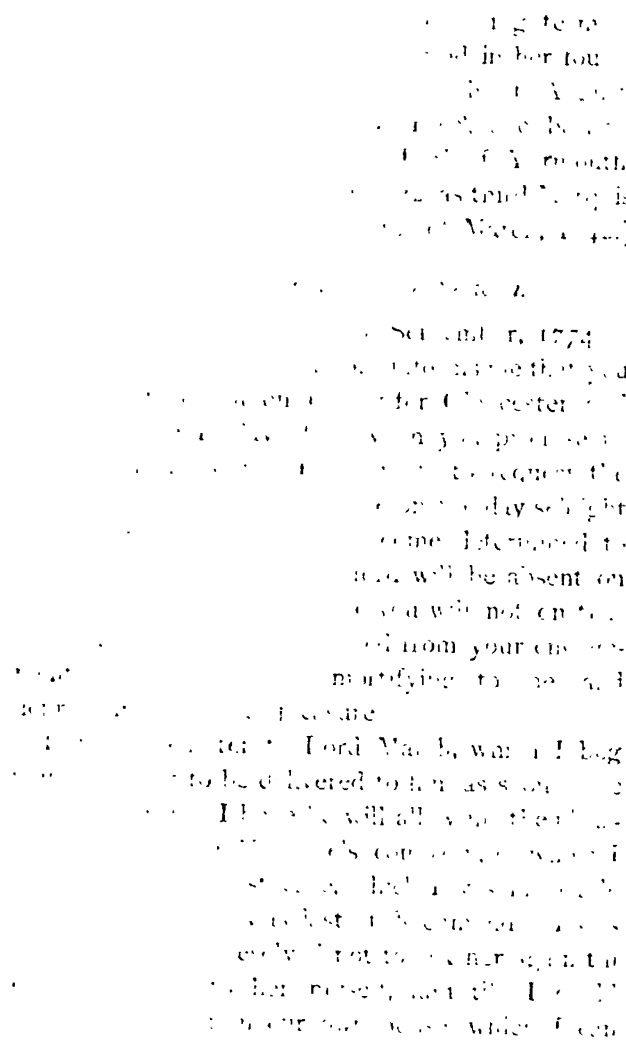

Mary, Baroness Holland.

Photo-etching from an engraving by S. Freeman.

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now do quite conveniently, as we have very good room for you and her, our family being once more reduced within its usual limits.

I am, dear sir, your obedient humble servant,

JANE CRAUFORD.

LADY HOLLAND.

LADY MARY FITZPATRICK, daughter of John, first Earl of Upper Ossory, was married, on the 20th of April, 1766, to Stephen Fox, who, in July, 1774, succeeded his father as second Lord Holland. The reader will have observed, in perusing the foregoing correspondence, that her name is never mentioned but in terms of affection and praise; while her letters to George Selwyn (a few of which will subsequently be introduced) prove that good sense, and a feminine softness of disposition, were the distinguishing features of her character. In December this year she was left a widow, with an only son, Henry, the late Lord Holland. Lady Holland survived the date of this letter only four years, dying on the 6th of October, 1778.

Lady Holland to George Selwyn.

Thursday.

There is no telling you, dear Mr. Selwyn, how very, very much obliged to you I feel for your

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good news. It was so good-natured and attentive of you to write immediately to me, that I never can give you half thanks enough. Stephen was well, then, and in good spirits on the 11th of May; that, to be sure, is some comfort, and as much as one can have at such a distance; but there is the misery of such an absence, that one cannot give way to all the pleasure of hearing of him, when one considers that a whole month is passed since that time, and what a month may that have been! Stephen must be there now, and the campaign is begun. I hardly dare allow myself to think a minute together on this subject; and you may imagine how difficult it is to turn my thoughts from one on whom they would so naturally dwell.

Believe me, dear Mr. Selwyn, there are worse torments than those you feel on Mie Mie's account, and you may at least always indulge yourself in thinking of her when she is not with you. But I have run on without considering, and I would not send so uncomfortable a letter if I had time to write another, for it is paying you but ill for the good news you was so good as to send me, and which has given me as much comfort as I can now have. Pray let me hear from you as often as possible, and remember us all kindly to Mie Mie.

Yours sincerely,

M. H.

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The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

January 8, 1775.

My dear George: — Your letter this morning made Lady Carlisle and myself very happy, and freed us from a great deal of anxiety on your account. Your doctor not consulting with James gave me infinite uneasiness. In short, I had come to the resolution, if the accounts had not been favourable this morning, of taking my chaise, and trying whether I should have had influence enough with you to send for the only man who can remove a fever, when others cannot stir it. But, thank God, all my apprehensions are vanished. Though I am very far from feeling *cette lassitude de tout et de moi-même, qu'on appelle ennui*, yet there are moments when things make a greater impression than at others, and I could not persuade myself but that you was going to have one of your old violent attacks.

You will oblige me very much by discharging Mr. Hervey's rent the moment it becomes due. We will settle the account as I come to town; you know I am rich at present. The idea of my being rich is pleasant enough.

Keep yourself warm. I would not for the world you had set out; the weather is abominable; winds, frosts, and snow. I have hardly set my foot out of this room for these five days. Lady Carlisle desires me to assure you that nothing could give

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her more satisfaction than the intelligence of this morning. I am, my dear George,

Yours, most affectionately, etc.

Alexander Crauford, Esq., to George Selwyn.

RICHMOND, April 5, 1775.

DEAR SIR: — I have this moment received your kind letter, and though I hold the pen still with difficulty, I cannot refrain from writing to you. My Lord March hinted to me, the last time I had the honour of seeing him, his intention of placing dear Mie Mie at a boarding-school not far from town; but he could not recollect the name of the place, which I think he would easily have done had it been either of the two which you mention. Wherever he may determine to send her, I sincerely pray she may fall into the hands of humane, indulging, good-natured people, which qualities are by no means inconsistent with proper steadiness. Poor little lamb! she has met with great tenderness hitherto; and an opposite conduct, operating on her gentle disposition, might produce dreadful effects; good ones it could never bring forth.

Mrs. Crauford is gone to town to-day, but I can answer for her undertaking anything for Mie Mie which can in the least contribute to her comfort; and your proposal, in my opinion, is highly proper on every account. My hand is so bad that I cannot hold the pen any longer. I always

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am, with great regard, dear sir, your most faithful servant,

ALEXR. CRAUFORD.

P. S. Pray present my respectful compliments to Lord March; and kiss Mie Mie for me.

Endorsed, "Mr. Alexr. Crauford, about Mie Mie."

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, August 8, 1775.

MY DEAR GEORGE:— Gregg came yesterday morning, and we have been employed since his arrival in calculating the expenses and making the arrangements of the family. I think, by making a great alteration in Conty's department, and by saving his salary, that we shall reduce the housekeeping very considerably. The other reductions are very different, for we have so pared away that there is little of the superfluous remaining.

I see by Gregg's account that this will be an affair of full ten years. I believe the stoutest of the Grecian heroes, Achilles himself, would have turned pale at the thoughts of Troy making so long a resistance; and I think you will allow any undertaking to be a little formidable, which *non anni domuere decem.*[1] Indeed, I do not give way

[1] "Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ."
— *Æneid.*

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in general to melancholy reflections, but endeavour to oppose to them every idea that can excite my courage and resolution. I consider the situation in which I have placed myself was my own option; the comfort, perhaps, of my own life, and the ease and happiness of Lady Carlisle and her children depended upon it. I consider that the only return I can make those who have interested themselves so much for me on this occasion, is to take care not to give them the mortification of seeing their labours rendered ineffectual, and the kindness of their intentions prevented.

It is for these reasons that I think myself in honour obliged not to pass those limits prescribed to me, as long as I can possibly contain myself within them; and obligations of this nature must, to every one of sensibility and feeling, diminish the difficulties. But there is a reverse to this medal, which, I assure you, I look at as seldom as I can, and turn that side from me as fast as possible. I cannot help feeling that, though this banishment is voluntary, it is still a banishment. If I had ever entertained an idea that, by attendance upon Parliament, and by application and attention, I should have raised myself a little above those who never think or act seriously or creditably one moment in their lives, I feel it must be extinguished for the present: God knows if it will ever suffer itself to be kindled again, and, perhaps, no great loss to the public.

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But, you will say, why not change, and make London your residence? In the first place, then, Lady Carlisle would feel much more sensibly the deprivation of many things she formerly enjoyed; her health would not support the air of London for the whole year; she would fancy that it affected her children; and I believe that idea would do her more harm than any climate or air, even that which is reckoned so fatal in the marshy environs of Rome. A perpetual residence, therefore, cannot be thought of, and a temporary one must not.

Tuesday evening.

I have had a long conversation with Gregg, which, if I had benefited by it before, the tenor of my letter would have been very different; for I think he has nearly proved that my living here is not only impossible, but that my existence anywhere else is nearly equally so. I should, therefore, not have talked of perpetual residences, when temporary ones are out of my reach. The comforts with which these low people sweeten their tales of wretchedness are more disgusting and painful than the evils they paint or officiously prognosticate. I should be ashamed to utter a complaint, or a peevish expression, if I was to suffer alone; but upon my cheerfulness, upon my spirits and ease of mind, depend the tranquillity of others, who have, neither by any dissipation nor extravagance, contributed to

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that situation which must render tedious and melancholy the hours of health and youth.

My dear George, you must take me in all humours: this, you will say, is a bad one.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, August 9 [1775].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — The subject of your letter is of much too interesting a nature to make me think you ever can be too voluminous when you treat it even more copiously than in the packet I have this day received. By my other letters I am sure you will see how convinced I am of the necessity of a reformation, and how prepared I am for one, extensive as it may be. I own very freely to you, that there were times when, perhaps, I should have had a *mauvaise honte* to have acknowledged my poverty, but then those were times when, perhaps, I had still a hope of putting off the hour of manifesting my situation to the world.

I will tell you what I think of your scheme about a villa, that may get rid both of the expenses of this place, and of the house in town. In the first place, it will have all the obscurity of retirement, without any of its comforts. I can conceive retirement here to be economical, because I derive many advantages in the article of housekeeping in this place, which in the other would be expensive. Its nearness to London might make one frequently regret it was no nearer. Holland

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House, by its situation, would indeed have been a very different thing. Used to spend a good deal of time, when I am in the country, in reading, I do not believe I could exist without my books or without dissipation. Reading without books of reference is like looking out of a prison window; you just see the prospect, and taste the air, enough to make you feel more sensibly your confinement. This is but a trifling consideration, I own, to the first, which is the expense, for I certainly live cheaper here than in any place in England.

Let us take a little more time before we come to a resolution, which is extremely important both to Lady Carlisle's happiness and my own. I will promise you one thing, that consideration for my family will be the first thing to weigh with me. If any of my caprices can be indulged after that, I am sure you will be the first to indulge them.

You know our post goes out, unluckily, the same day that it arrives, which never gives one time properly to consider any question that requires much thought. I have answered before so many parts of your letter, that I should only take up your time if I were to endeavour to answer it more methodically. I hope you are convinced of my willingness and submission to every change you can advise, and that I do not entertain a doubt of the necessity of that change.

I am obliged to leave off for the present; Lady Carlisle, who has been a little out of order for

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these two days, having found herself, since the morning, very much indisposed.

The children are all well; I hope Mie Mie is so. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately,

CARLISLE.

P. S. I wrote a short letter to you the other day. I hardly know what I said in it, but nothing, I hope, that could make you think I ever had a doubt of your willingness to serve me on this and every occasion.

It is now a good many years since our friendship began, and I am certain that no one ever experienced so many real essential proofs of kindness as I have done from you; I love to think of it, and love to acknowledge it.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, August 15, 1775.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — We set out to-morrow for Cumberland. I shall think of you at your studies upon one of the old towers, where nothing but a crow ever studied before. Ekins meets me at Naworth.

I am prepared for losing our cause at Morpeth, which will determine my interest in the borough. The judge affects popularity, and the people will be very glad of an opportunity of demolishing the ancient custom of the place. I hope your

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Gloucester friends will not be in love with Lord North at your expense; I fear they will impute your not attending him to your bashfulness in such good company.

Lady Carlisle desires to be remembered to you, and I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately,

CARLISLE.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, September 10, 1775.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I got home last night from the moors, and found your letter, which came on Friday. I had good weather for shooting, except the last day, when I believe nobody but King Lear was ever caught in such a place in such a storm of thunder, lightning, and hail.

You are certainly justified in your fears about the expenses of the house in town; I own (and I acknowledge my weakness in so doing) that I have shunned the idea that the keeping it is impossible. It is a string I have not yet touched upon with Lady Carlisle. The parting with that house, and not coming to town, are but the same proposition. We could both, I have no doubt, remain here with cheerfulness and content for a longer period of time than might be expected from those who have been always used to society (for here it does not exist), and to the pleasures and dissipations of the world;

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but shut that door, and this place, like every other, becomes a prison.

I will say no more about this at present, for fear I should end my letter in low spirits. When and how are we to meet, for meet we must, if the Parliament sits till the end of October? If they will not part with you then, you must keep your Christmas here. We go on very well at present. Lord Gower was in town, but by your not mentioning it, I conclude you did not see him.

Take care how you encounter broad-wheel wagons; they are respectable machines. The brats are all well, and much grown. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately,

ANONYMOUS.

But having dated this letter, I may put at least the initial of my name without increasing the danger. C.

The Hon. Thomas Brodrick to George Selwyn.

[The Hon. Thomas Brodrick was the second son of George, third Viscount Midleton, by Albinia, eldest daughter of the Hon. Thomas Townshend. He was, consequently, great-nephew to George Selwyn. He was born on the 10th of December, 1756, and appointed under secretary of state January 13, 1795.]

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PARIS, September 18, 1775.

DEAR SIR: — I have been impatient for the post to set out, in order to return you the thanks which I truly owe you for your assistance. We lost so little time on the road that we were safely lodged at this house (l'Hôtel d'Ambourg, Rue Jacob,) on Thursday night, and I waited on Mr. Horace Walpole and Doctor Gem the next morning. The first I found at home, and was received with great civility and assurances of any services he could do me, in procuring me the sight of anything I wished; and though Doctor Gem was not at home when I called, he showed your letter the attention of giving me his advice, when he returned my visit that evening. Since that, he has done us the honour of dining with us, on purpose to explain himself fully on the subject. The same thing which you hinted at as a difficulty in my way, did not escape him. I mean, he thinks by my account of my knowledge of the language, that it would not answer my view of passing my time agreeably and advantageously, to be introduced to the companies in which you were acquainted; for that either I should not keep pace with them as a hearer, or, at least, not be able to join in the conversation, if I understood it.

I got the following account from Doctor Gem, of the persons mentioned in your letter to him, because you spoke of having had an intimacy with them. Madame de Boufflers is at Paris, and in

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the same state as when you saw her. Madame Geoffrin is well, and lives as usual. Mons. le Baron d'Olbach lives in the country for the summer season. He omitted Madame du Deffand, whose manner of living you know, because I told him that I had seen her at the opera with Mr. Walpole. Mons. François is in France, but Doctor Gem does not know whether at Paris or not.

The masquerade, given a little while ago by the ambassador, on the marriage,[1] is reckoned to have exceeded all that ever were seen. The weather has been very bad till within these two days, or I should have executed your commission relative to Hochreau. The silk stockings I have ordered. I was more afraid of the man's sending me bad ones than of his cheating me of a few livres in the price; therefore I ordered six pairs of the best, which are to come to fifteen livres a pair. If you are satisfied with the manner in which I have executed this, I shall flatter myself I shall have the pleasure of receiving some other commissions, if you think of anything I can do here for you. I am, dear sir,

Your most affectionate and dutiful nephew,

THOS. BRODRICK.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Selwyn.

[This letter contains an interesting notice of the celebrated Madame du Deffand, who, as we have

[1] A *bal masqué* given by the Count de Viry, ambassador from the King of Sardinia, on the marriage of Madame Clotilde, sister of Louis XVI.

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already mentioned, had originally been introduced to Horace Walpole by George Selwyn. The former writes to Lady Ailesbury, about this period: "I have found my dear old woman so well, and looking so much better than she did four years ago, that I am transported with pleasure, and thank your ladyship and Mr. Conway for driving me hither. She came to me the instant I arrived, and sat by me whilst I stripped and dressed myself; for, as she said, since she cannot see, there was no harm in my being stark. She was charmed with your present; but was so kind as to be so much more charmed with my arrival, that she did not think of it a moment. I sat with her till half an hour after two in the morning, and had a letter from her before my eyes were open again." Madame du Deffand, at this period, had entered into her seventy-ninth year.]

PARIS, Sept. 16, 1775.

Mr. Brodrick brought me your letter yesterday, and I told him, as you may be sure, how glad I shall be to be of any use to him. I shall be of little, I believe, as his object is to see things, not persons. Madame du Deffand would have been more pleased with your message, which I delivered immediately, if she had had greater faith in it; yet, when Crawford and I come so often, how can she doubt her power of attraction? If possible, she is more worth visiting than ever; so far am I from being ashamed of coming hither at my age, that I

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look on myself as wiser than one of the Magi, when I travel to adore this star in the East. The star and I went to the opera last night, and when we came from Madame de la Valière's, at one in the morning, it wanted to drive about the town, because it was too early to set. To be sure, you and I have dedicated our decline to very different occupations. You nurse a little girl of four years old, and I rake with an old woman of fourscore. *N'importe;* we know many sages that take great pains to pass their time with less satisfaction.

We have both one capital mortification; have not you? That a great-granddaughter of Madame de Sévigné pretends, for it is not certain, that she has been debauched by ancient Richelieu,[1] and half the world thinks that she is more guilty of forgery. The memoirs of the two parties are half as voluminous as those of Monsieur de Guines, and more are to appear.

You shall have some royal prints. New fashions in dress, furniture, baubles, I have seen none. Feathers are waning, and almost confined to *filles* and foreigners. I found out an Englishwoman at

[1] The Marshal Duc de Richelieu, so celebrated for his wit, his gallantries, and military talents, was at this period in his eightieth year. In 1780, at the age of eighty-four, he married a third wife; and, by a miscarriage only, was disappointed of again becoming a father. According to his biographer, his third duchess, notwithstanding his repeated infidelities, was sincerely attached to her octogenarian husband. The duke died in August, 1788, at the age of ninety-two.

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the opera last night by her being covered with plumes and no rouge; so well our countrywomen contrive to display their virtue!

I do not tell you about Mons. Turgot's [1] regulations and reformations, because you care no more about their *patrie* than your own; but you shall hear a bon mot of Madame du Deffand. Mons. Turgot has begun several reforms and retracted them; she said, "Dans le bon vieux tems on reculoit pour mieux sauter, au lieu que Mons. Turgot saute pour mieux reculer."

Of the house of Harrington I know as much as you do. Lady Barrymore is here,[2] and my Lord and Lady Harriot,[3] are coming; the first is excessively admired. Lady Mary Coke, Henry Grenville [4] and his wife, Crawford, Lord Coleraine,[5] and

[1] The French minister of finance. He was at this period actively engaged in the Augean task of extricating his country from her pecuniary difficulties.

[2] Emilia, third daughter of William, second Earl of Harrington, and wife of Richard, sixth Earl of Barrymore. She died in 1780. Walpole writes to General Conway, on the 6th of this month: "Lady Barrymore has taken a house. She will be glutted with conquests; I never saw anybody so much admired. I doubt her poor little head will be quite overset."

[3] Lady Henrietta Stanhope, fourth daughter of Lord Harrington, married, in March, 1776, Thomas, fourth Lord Foley. She died in 1781.

[4] Henry Grenville, brother to Richard, first Earl Temple, had recently been ambassador at Constantinople. He married October 11, 1757, Margaret, sister of John Hodgkinson Banks, Esq.

[5] John Hanger, second Lord Coleraine in Ireland. He died 20th November, 1794.

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Lord Duncannon,[1] are here; the latter will carry this letter. There are many other English; but I did not come hither to get acquaintance of that sort. Madame du Deffand has filled up her vacancies, and given me enough new French. With one of them you would be delighted, a Madame de Marchais. She is not perfectly young, has a face like a Jew peddler, her person is about four feet, her head about six, and her coiffure about ten. Her forehead, chin, and neck, are whiter than a miller's; and she wears more festoons of natural flowers than all the *figurantes* at the opera. Her eloquence is still more abundant, her attentions exuberant. She talks volumes, writes folios, — I mean in *billets;* presides over the Académie, inspires passions, and has not time enough to heal a quarter of the wounds she gives. She has a house in a nutshell, that is fuller of invention than a fairy tale; her bed stands in the middle of the room, because there is no other space that would hold it; it is surrounded by such a perspective of looking-glasses, that you may see all that passes in it from the first antechamber. But you will see her if you come in spring, which you will not do, unless you bring Mie Mie and Raton, and one or two of Lord Carlisle's children; and that you will be afraid of doing, for Madame du Deffand has got a favourite dog that will bite all their noses off, and was very near tearing out one of Lady Barrymore's

[1] The present venerable Earl of Besborough.

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eyes the other night. Adieu, I shall see you by the middle of October the 21st.

Yours, etc.

P. S. Duncannon is not gone, but I can send my letter to-morrow, and shall.

To George Augustus Selwyn, Esq., in Stanhope Street, Berkeley Square, London.

[Madame du Deffand's "favourite dog," alluded to in this letter, was the well-known "Tonton," so often mentioned in Walpole's letters, who was afterward bequeathed by Madame du Deffand to Walpole. The latter writes to General Conway, on the 8th of September, 1775: "Tonton grows the greater favourite the more people he devours. As I am the only person who dare correct him, I have already insisted on his being confined in the Bastile every day after five o'clock. The other night he flew at Lady Barrymore's face, and I thought would have torn her eye out; but it ended in biting her finger. She was terrified; she fell into tears. Madame du Deffand, who has too much parts not to see everything in its true light, perceiving that she had not beaten Tonton half enough, immediately told us a story of a lady, whose dog, having bitten a piece out of a gentleman's leg, the tender dame, in a great fright, cried out, 'Won't it make my dog sick?'"]

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The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, September 17 [1775].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — When Lord G.[1] comes to town, I take it for granted you will have frequent conversations with him, and from the result of them I may gather what will be thought expedient and fit for me to do about Mr. H.'s house.[2] I do assure you I have no wish to retain it, if it incurs expenses beyond that stipend within which, as a man of honour, I conceive I am bound to contain myself. If there is not a severe system of economy observed in whatever house it may be my fortune to live, whatever may be the rent of it, it will be unfit for me to inhabit; and with these sentiments I see no reason why I cannot observe that system in one house as well as another, nor can I conceive what the expenses are connected with one house that will not attend upon another, the size of which cannot be so materially different, to hold my family in any shape, as to be a matter of economical consideration, except in one respect, which is, the difference of the rent. I apprehend that repairs, etc., will be pretty nearly the same in one of four hundred a year as in one of five or six hundred. I hope, my dear George, you will under-

[1] Lord Gower.

[2] Apparently the London residence of Lord Carlisle, overlooking the Green Park, which had been formerly occupied by the celebrated Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey.

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stand I only mean to explain my own ideas, not to combat any opinions that may be more founded in truth and reason. Pray forgive this bore; I will not mention anything about a house for the next twelvemonth.

Why should you not tell me what Storer said at Richmond? But whoever was offended must have forgiven him when he danced his minuet at the assembly, or he must have been a very hard-hearted person indeed.

Bring any toad-eaters you will in your coach, and I will toad-eat them for having warmed your coach during the journey. I hope Ekins and his wife will pass some part of the next month here; he certainly will if he is not laid up with the gout, which will depend a little upon the Morpeth cookery. Your Richmond ball is in the newspapers; Lady Cooper, Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Storer, minuets, etc. Lady Carlisle desires to be remembered to you; she is, indeed, very sensible of your goodness to us all. If you will not scold Ridley for me, pray, if he has any ears, pull them for me. He has not yet sent my books.

I am, my dear George,

Yours most sincerely, etc.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, October 1, 1775.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I had heard nothing of Gordon's accident, and hope very sincerely that

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the consequences may not be so terrible as at present are apprehended; I can conceive nothing more afflicting.

It may be a point with Lord North to give Ekins some dignity in the Church, but if we may judge from the manner in which he has already kept his word with me, his appointment will be in the vault before it is in the stall; but we shall see what we shall see, as the raree-showman says.

I need not tell you how glad I shall be to see you at the time you mention, and how acceptable will be the company of Charles Hare and St. John, or whoever you will choose to bring. If these disappoint you, and you want some one to warm your chaise and scold the post-boys, without letting the glasses down on your side, Emily, the little parson, would be glad to attend you, I have no doubt.

Our weather is delicious, and I amuse myself perfectly well at present. I have a great deal of time for reading, and hope I do not spend it quite unprofitably. The little business I have to do I am extremely regular in; a circumstance I do not expect you to credit; but if you recollect, by our present arrangement, that business is a good deal confined to the regulations and settling the family accounts, and does not require either much time or trouble to maintain a regularity once established; therefore, upon second thoughts, you need not be so hard of belief.

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By your account of Lady H.[1] and your society at Richmond, I would rather have lived in a wasp's nest. If she had one half of her struck dead with the palsy, I dare say the other half would contrive to be more active and restless than the whole of any other virago in England, and her semi-animate tongue would talk faster.

I am, my dear George, etc.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, 12th October, 1775.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I find by a letter from Sir Joshua Reynolds that he has sent the pictures to Castle Howard. This gives me some uneasiness, for, as well as I remember, he was one of those who were to wait. I was in hopes that the pictures might have remained till it was more convenient to take them out of his hands. What is to be done I know not, but I am sure you will agree with me that it is an awkward circumstance. Has he had any orders to finish them? I have been very guarded since the commencement of this business, and have given no directions whatever of that nature.

I have got Madame du Barri's memoirs: I have not yet read them, but shall, upon your recom-

[1] Apparently the famous Lady Harrington, who possessed a villa at Petersham, in the immediate neighbourhood of Richmond.

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mendation. I opened a part which was not amusing, and laid down the book again.

Conty has a commission from Lady Carlisle to look out for a governess for Caroline in France, for education goes on but very slowly behind our backs, and it is very painful to be obliged to be continually finding fault, which will be the case if a great deal of the painful part of education is not taken out of our hands, or, at least, the same system kept up in our absence. Caroline requires as much regularity of this kind as any child I ever saw, and takes the quickest advantage of any relaxation of authority. She has a very strong body and constitution, and demands as different a regimen for her mind as she would, in case of sickness, for her body, in comparison of other children of meeker disposition and more tender frames. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately and sincerely, etc.

P. S. I would not have you think by this, that, according to the vulgar phrase, her nose is put out of joint. There is no justice in such a supposition, for she is as great a favourite as ever, and her being so makes continual admonition more painful, especially as her chief faults are owing to inattention.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

October 27.

My dear George: — I must be strangely altered to prefer a letter on business to one of

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amusement; but you cannot wonder that I should be anxious to know what that person thinks and says. Even the method, time, and manner of saying will not be indifferent to me. Make your comments and observations, and be faithful in your relations.

If I had no children, and no friend, like you, to leave behind, I would ask for the Turkish embassy. Except the plague half the year, and the distance, Constantinople is not bad banishment, and if one attains nothing by such an employment but learning to sit cross-legged, it is better than doing nothing.

You have already heard my sentiments upon the affair of going up to Parliament. I shall hear from you soon on that subject.

When will you come here? for come you must. The house is very warm, and we will have nothing but clear frosty days, with a great deal of sun.

Yours, my dear George, most affectionately.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

Nov. 5, 1775.

My dear George: — I enter perfectly into your reasoning about the impracticability of preserving two establishments, here and in London; the choice between the two will be better for conversation than writing. I own that the way of life I am now leading, the quiet, the place, the

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amusements which it affords, the room in which I am now writing, where

"J'ai mille courtisans rangés autour de moi;
Ma retraite est mon Louvre, et j'y commande en roi,"

are circumstances that have so many charms for me, that at present I do not know how to reconcile myself to the deprivation of them. But all these charms might vanish if I were to consider myself fixed here, and unable to move. I will tell you fairly what would satisfy me, which perhaps may be compatible with my other intentions, and consistent with my plan of economy, to be able to spend some time here without removing the family. But this we will talk over very fully when we meet.

Administration is in a great scrape; their measures never can succeed. We, who have voted for them, have a right to complain, for they have deceived us, and I suppose themselves. I am sure Lord North's behaviour to me has been such, that he cannot expect I should stretch a point for him. I will do nothing hasty or violent. Shall I hint to Lord Gower that I am not to be depended upon for voting with them; though I shall have infinite reluctance in voting against them? Would it not be right to communicate my ideas to Storer? I am very far from having come to a resolution of leaving them, but I give you my honour, I have scruples and doubts, which I shall endeavour to

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combat, and not to strengthen; but more of this hereafter.

When do you come to us? I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately, etc.

[Granville, second Earl Gower, whose name so frequently occurs in the course of these letters, was born in 1721, and by his second wife, Lady Louisa Egerton, daughter of Scroop, first Duke of Bridgewater, was father-in-law of Lord Carlisle. In 1744 he was returned to Parliament as member for Bishop's Castle, in Shropshire; and was subsequently twice elected member for the city of Westminster. During nearly half a century he figured as a person of great political influence, and during this period held a succession of some of the highest appointments in the state. In November, 1749, he was appointed a lord of the admiralty; in December, 1755, lord privy seal; in January following he was sworn of the Privy Council; and in July, 1757, he was constituted master of the horse. In November, 1760, he was nominated keeper of the great wardrobe; in April, 1763, lord chamberlain of household; and in December, 1767, president of the Council. This office he resigned in November, 1779, but was again appointed to it in December, 1783. In November, 1784, he was appointed lord privy seal, which office he retained till 1794. On the 11th

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of February, 1771, Lord Gower was elected a Knight of the Garter, and on the 28th of February, 1786, was advanced to be Marquis Stafford. Lord Gower died on the 26th of October, 1803. The present Duke of Sutherland is his grandson.]

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, Nov. 14, 1775.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I am persuaded that it is unnecessary for me to say anything to convince you how sensibly I am affected by Lord Gower's kind behaviour and remembrance of me, in the business which you have this day communicated to me. Compliances with desires, urged with importunity, have certainly a right to every nature of gratitude, but the being remembered when we are not present, and having favours conferred without any solicitation, must distress a grateful mind, as I assure you it does mine at this moment, to find expressions adequate to our feelings.

If you had not been so circumstantial in relating the conversation at Whitehall, I might have been led to think that Lord G. was eager for my acceptance of the bedchamber, in case it should be offered me. If his inclinations had been extremely strong on that side, I should be embarrassed indeed to offer anything in opposition to them, but the free manner in which he canvassed the subject, the generosity of sentiment with which he treated it, attended with so many friendly wishes and

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expressions, take away any apprehension which I might otherwise entertain of either vexing or offending him, by offering the objections that now occur to me.

In the first place, the profits are so inconsiderable as not to make any alteration almost whatever in my present establishment. From particular circumstances, I have no reason to expect, however long I may continue, that either by assiduity, attention, and respect, I can ever succeed to any kind of confidence with my master; that familiarity which subsists between other princes, and those of their servants whose attachment they are convinced of, being excluded from our court by the king's living so much in private, necessarily damps all views of ambition which might arise from that quarter. There is no doubt but the reasons that will be assigned for my acceptance would be the situation of my affairs. If it would be of use to them, it would be an unjustifiable mark of an attention to my own foolish vanity, and an unpardonable neglect of the interests of my family, to hesitate about it, but as the advantages, in point of profit, are so very inconsiderable, I cannot help owning that it would be more satisfactory to me, and I think more creditable at the same time, to confine myself to that sum agreed upon, and wait till something might be obtained of more real service to my affairs.

I will not trouble Lord Gower on this occasion,

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but desire you will communicate my ideas to him, which you know how to dress better than I do. They will certainly appear to advantage by the change of raiment. I am penetrated by his goodness, and have the greatest reliance upon his friendship. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately,

CARLISLE.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

I was this morning very fearful that I should not have had time to give you a separate line, in answer to the long letter which I received this morning, though I can add nothing privately to the objections which I have already stated. I did not say (for fear there should be something offensive in the expression) that the bedchamber was the lowest place to which, as a peer, I could be appointed; but I said, with truth, that I was penetrated by Lord Gower's kind conduct and behaviour toward me.

Forget what I lately wrote to you: it was the overflowing of a splenetic moment. Though I have a passionate and hasty disposition, and have as many rash follies to accuse myself of as any man, yet I do not think that I am often intemperately absurd and wrong-headed, when my reason, such as I have, has had time to operate.

I am sure you approve of my determination. In a very few simple words, you are the best

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friend that any man was ever blest with. The language of this, perhaps, it is not very elegant, but it contains a truth that ought to make up for it.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

Tuesday.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — 'Tis a bad day; Ekins has the gout, and his wife is sick. We have had a mad dog, who has bit two others and my gamekeeper. He has been in Lancashire to take the medicine, and is returned. He does not seem to have much apprehension, which may contribute to keep him well. All these things together affect me a little.

You tell me, my dear George, that you will not flatter me that it is not my title, my rank, or this place, that is to give me consequence, but application in Parliament. I do assure you I am perfectly sensible of this truth, and nothing but fear of incurring expense would have kept me from that school, where some of as moderate understandings as myself have found the way to rise. If you were witness to what point my studies and reading tended, you would find that Dante had but little to do with them. I believe I have looked in no other poet than Virgil for this last six months. I should have rather feared that you would discover too many indications of a dangerous ambition, which perhaps your good sense would have taken

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more pains to quell than to rouse. But, alas! these are the consequences of absence and separation. Difference of situation and circumstances alter very quickly all our ideas, and mine are so changed that I do not know them again. I find you railing at a vice, and squinting at me, when I have run quite through it, and got to the opposite extreme. You hint at indolence, and want of eagerness and spirit to come forward, when my own haste is likely to expose me; but do not let this hinder you from giving me advice; give me a flog, or ride me in a curb just as you think fit; only remember that I tell you I may run away. I am, my dear George, yours, etc.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

Nov. 28 [1775].

My dear George: — I did not think you were drunk, as St. John said, but only mad with delight while the hazard-table was lighting up. And so we have only a little low play; it can hurt none of us, and it all moves in a circle, and at the end of the year the difference will be trifling. Alas! Alas! Alas! and we do nothing but drink ginnegus, and two or three other such febrifuges all the time: and then, looking at the candle for nine hours together is so good for the eyes!

I should like to see the trial of the Duchess of Kingston. Do not you promise yourself much diversion from the event. If this place were only

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one hundred miles from London, perhaps I might go. Poor George will never get his christening cup; pray order it. We will trust it entirely to your fancy. St. John says he will come if he can to Castle Howard: make him come with you.

The mad dog was only below stairs. He bit the keeper at his own house, but did not appear to be mad here, for he suffered himself to be turned out of the kitchen, which was very extraordinary, as it was not half an hour afterward that he was at the lodge. I kept him as long as he would live, which was three days, in which time he had scarcely any interval of raving madness.

[The trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy, referred to in this letter, took place before the House of Peers in Westminster Hall, on the 15th of April, 1776. The scene is thus described by Hannah More: "Garrick would have me take his ticket to go to the trial of the Duchess of Kingston; a sight of which, for beauty and magnificence, exceeded anything which those who were never present at a coronation, or a trial by peers, can have the least notion. Mrs. Garrick and I were in full dress by seven. You will imagine the bustle of five thousand people getting into one hall! yet, in all this hurry, we walked in tranquilly. When they were all seated, and the king-at-arms had commanded silence on pain of imprisonment (which, however, was very ill observed), the gentle-

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man of the black rod was commanded to bring in his prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess Dowager of Kingston, walked in, led by Black Rod and Mr. La Roche, curtseying profoundly to her judges. The peers made her a slight bow. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning; a black hood on her head; her hair modestly dressed and powdered; a black silk sacque, with crape trimmings; black gauze, deep ruffles, and black gloves. The counsel spoke about an hour and a quarter each. Dunning's manner is insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words, but his sense and his expression pointed to the last degree: he made her Grace shed bitter tears. The fair victim had four virgins, in white, behind the bar. She imitated her great predecessor, Mrs. Rudd, and affected to write very often, though I plainly perceived she only wrote, as they do their love epistles on the stage, without forming a letter. The duchess has but small remains of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamoured. She looked much like Mrs. Pritchard. She is large and ill-shaped; there is nothing white but her face, and, had it not been for that, she would have looked like a bale of bombazeen. There was a great deal of ceremony, a great deal of splendour, and a great deal of nonsense; they adjourned upon the most foolish pretences imaginable, and did nothing with such an air of business as was truly ridiculous. I forgot to tell you

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the duchess was taken ill, but performed it badly." The writer adds in a subsequent letter: "I have the great satisfaction of telling you that Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess Dowager of Kingston, was, this very afternoon, undignified and unduchessed, and very narrowly escaped being burned in the hand. If you have been half so much interested against this unprincipled, artful, licentious woman as I have, you will be rejoiced at it as I am. Lord Camden breakfasted with us. He is very angry that she was not burned in the hand. He says, as he was once a professed lover of hers, he thought it would have looked ill-natured and ungallant for him to propose it; but that he should have acceded to it most heartily. Though he believes he should have recommended a cold iron." The duchess claimed the benefit of the peerage, under the statute of the first of Edward VI., and was accordingly discharged without punishment.]

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

Dec. 5, 1775.

DEAR GEORGE: — As for hazard, the depriving you of so great a pleasure, or of any pleasure, I am sure is very far from my intention; no one would wish more to contribute to them. We have both been shipwrecked upon that coast, and a very dangerous one it is. There are some who play with you, who play (I mean fairly) with such apparent advantages, that every farthing we have

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must at last get into their pockets. That is a disagreeable consideration. Somebody proposes to play with Harlequin at a game which he calls *à toi à moi.* First one holds the money and rattles it, and then gives it the other, who does the same. Harlequin is delighted with the fairness of this new game, till he turns his back, and then the other runs away with all the money, and leaves him crying out *à toi à moi.*

I told you, I think, that I kept two dogs which I knew to be bitten by the same dog which bit my gamekeeper. To one I gave the Lancashire medicine; the other I left to take his chance. You may be sure I had them properly secured. That to which nothing was given went mad and died; the other continues well, but I shall not think him safe under six months, and in all probability shall not then keep him, as he is a dog of no value.

The Bishop of Bristol, I hear, cannot live; there will be some changes in church preferment by that event. I can only sit still and wish for Ekins, for nothing occurs to me that I can do at present: if there is, let me know it.

We are all well. The weather is delightful. What is Hare about? Lose much I fear he cannot; therefore, if he is not winning your money, I hope he is successful. Pray tell Storer I will write to him soon. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately, etc.

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LADY HARBORD.

MARY, daughter and coheiress of Sir Ralph Asheton, Bart., married, in 1760, Sir Harbord Harbord, Bart., created, August 8, 1786, Baron Suffield of Suffield, in Norfolk. She died in 1823. Her correspondent was Margaret, daughter and coheir of James Smyth, Esq., of Canons Leigh, in Devonshire, and wife of Sir Charles Bingham, Bart., created in 1795 Earl of Lucan. The following letter apparently had its origin in the anxiety of George Selwyn to discover an eligible seminary for "Mie Mie." In fact, a few months afterward, she was sent to the very school whose merits constitute the principal topic of Lady Harbord's letter.

Lady Harbord to Lady Bingham.

GUNTON, April 8, 1776.

MY DEAR LADY BINGHAM: — You pay me so high a compliment in the confidence you place in me, that I should be a vile creature could partiality to a school bias me to speak an untruth respecting it. Believe me not capable of deceiving you; but, my dear madam, can I give you a stronger proof of my good opinion of Mrs. Terry's school than my having placed a second daughter under her care? I have no reason to suspect her of any want of proper attention to her pupils; on the contrary, I have found her on some occasions very assidu-

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ous and watchful in case of sickness. She has a large school. Some make that an objection; but it is, in my opinion, obviated by knowing that there are teachers adequate to the number of scholars.

Campden House is a most healthy and desirable situation. Your ladyship must know there are objections to all schools, but there are as few, I believe, to Campden House as any others. However, to convince you that it is not my wish to influence your choice by extolling it too much, I beg leave to recommend you to go to Mrs. Stevenson, our old acquaintance in Queen Square. I hear she has made great alterations and improvements in her house, and that her school is very fashionable. I must give your ladyship a hint that the only master I disapprove at Mrs. Terry's is the dancing-master, and he is going away from thence. If you think proper to go to Campden House, which I take the liberty of wishing you would do, pray make it convenient either upon a Wednesday or Friday; those days being dancing-days, and those on which company generally make choice to see the school and their acquaintance. I regret exceedingly my absence from London, as I should have had the greatest pleasure in attending upon you there. What adds to my mortification is that your ladyship will not meet with my daughter Harbord, who was to set out this day from thence to Bath.

You will scarcely give me credit when I tell you that there has been both hail and snow this morn-

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ing. My stay in the country depends in some measure upon the recovery of my girls; but I do flatter myself that my return to town will be before you go abroad. I shall, upon my arrival in Albemarle Street, make it my business to inquire after you. Allow me to remain, with my best compliments to Sir Charles, my dear Lady Bingham,

Yours most sincerely and affectionately,

M. HARBORD.

[It appears by an endorsement in the handwriting of George Selwyn, that the following playful address, purporting to be addressed to him by the ladies of Gloucester, was from the pen of Mrs. Warburton, the daughter of Pope's friend, the famous Ralph Allen, and wife of Bishop Warburton.]

To George Selwyn, Esq.

The humble petition of all the Alderwomen, and the other females belonging to the Corporation of this ancient City of Gloucester;

Showeth, that our wants are become very pressing to have a commodious place of recreation, whereto we may resort by reason of the present fair weather, and for sundry other immediate causes. Now, your honour having it in your power to gratify these our wishes, or wants, or desires, by a small addition to your reservoir house, we humbly pray that you will allow to your ser-

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vant, George Daniel, the sum of five guineas, who engages therewith to enlarge one of the rooms, and making thereto a most spacious bow-window, which shall for ever command your honour's corporation, and all your other voters, from any future attempts of opposition to your will and pleasure, how much soever you may find it convenient to leave them to their own inventions.

Presented by Madame l'Evêque, with her best compliments, to Mr. Selwyn, after the morning passed in admiration of the prospects from Robin Hood's Hill.

29th April, 1776.

Endorsed, "Mrs. Warburton."

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I am very sorry that it is not in my power to accept Mr. Panton's invitation; pray make our excuses to him. I would write to him, but have received both your letters very late. Caroline is much better, and I hope you have no uneasiness about Mie Mie.

The hazard this evening was very deep. Meynell won £4,000 and Pigot £5,000. I did nothing.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

June 5 [1776].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I find, by talking with March, that he is disposed to leave Mie Mie with

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you as long as you like. I therefore hope you will be able to come to town by the time you mention.

My dear George, you may be sure when I talked of my circumstances, that I did not do it with a view or expectation that you should express yourself in the manner you have done. I thought it was one pauper complaining to another, from whom he could derive no advantage but compassion. I was very low the day I first wrote to you, and everything appeared in a worse light than it has since done. After what my friends have done for me, I do not look upon debts only as inconveniences, but even as a sort of breach of my agreement with them, and as a perversion of their good intentions. It is no wonder that I should feel very much, when I found that I had not contained myself within the bounds which I flattered myself I should be able to do, though there is nothing very considerable, I hope, in my exceedings; yet, as they are debts, they frighten me.

To tell you the truth, I am much better pleased with your present candidate than with your blustering unintelligible knight; I think we shall agree better if we have the good fortune to choose him. Conty has desired me to recommend him to a French princess. I wish you would give me a letter to one in your best French; you have been used all your life to correspond with French princesses, so pray send me one.

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All the Irish peers kissed hands yesterday; our old friend Upton[1] among the rest; *risum teneatis.* One of their titles is Waistcoat, or Westcote,[2] I don't know which; another, Niass, or some such name.[3] This is a more geographical batch than some of the last; they have looked into the map instead of novels and play-books for their titles, as they used to do. Lady Carlisle is much better, and the children quite well. I am, my dear George, yours most affectionately, etc.

P. S. I need not ask after Mie Mie; if she had not been well you would have mentioned it.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

You say, my dear George, that nothing has happened; but "*j'ai des dragons noirs.*" And pray what can you have worse? they are not to be cured in that cursed air of London. You must come here, and they will vanish directly. I never

[1] Clotworthy Upton, Esq. (father of the present, second Viscount), had recently been created Baron Templetown, in Ireland. He died April 16, 1785.

[2] William Edwards, Esq., created Baron Westcote, of Balamare, in the county of Longford.

[3] John Bourke, Esq., of Palmerstown, in the county of Kildare, created Baron Naas, of Naas, in that county. The other Irish titles conferred at this period were those of Nugent, Glondore, Du Vesci, Enniskillen, Orwell. Aldborough, Clermont, De Montalt of Hawarden, Macartney, Gosford, Clonmore, Milford, Newborough, Lucan, Macdonald, Newhaven, Clifden, Ongley, Shuldham, Doneraile, and Massey.

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had the *dragons noirs*, but I suppose, if I had, the first symptom would be a desire to be chosen of the Royal Society, or of purchasing a translation of Plutarch, four hundred years old.

You say you have a reason for asking when we come to London. If you will come here, we will promise to return with you. When does the Parliament meet again? As Lady Carlisle must be in town some time in February, I should not be sorry to be at the meeting, if it were not the difference of many days. I suppose the Duchess of Kingston will at last make her appearance in Westminster Hall. What the witty Mr. G. S. says in the newspapers is admirable about the red-hot poker, though I like "*Diis placuit*" better.

As for hazard, I own I had my fears of the *damna aleatoria*. Scott played with every advantage on his side; a large sum to withstand a great shock. *At non enim ipse semper felix*, for I have seen him lose a very large sum. Do not play till I see you, and we will think of some restringent expedient, — some hazard ——, that you may play in without great danger, except it breaks. I am, my dear George,

Yours, etc.

Mrs. Terry to George Selwyn.

Thursday, 3 o'clock.

Mrs. Terry presents her compliments to Mr. Selwyn; has the pleasure to assure him that dear

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Mademoiselle Fagniani is as well to-day as her good friend could possibly wish her to be. She is this minute engaged in a party at high romps.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

July 2 [1775].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I am surrounded by difficulties, and as fast as I get the better of one, another starts up, or rather, as fast as I have done thinking of one, another demands my serious attention.

In the first place, Sir R. P. will not be the person, as his views are quite incompatible with my interest. Frequent elections will effectually ruin us at Morpeth, and his expectations, if answered by government, may get us into the same scrape next year. We have parted the best friends imaginable. I next made the offer to Mr. Mansfield, the lawyer. He had similar reasons for refusing it. We were then entirely aground; but late last night I desired Storer to make the offer to Sir G. Elliot's son,[1] who has accepted,

[1] Gilbert, eldest son of Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart., was elected member for Morpeth in the course of this month. In February, 1777, he succeeded his father as fourth baronet; in June, 1795, he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Minto; and in February, 1813, was advanced to an earldom. His public services as Viceroy of Corsica, ambassador at Vienna, president of the India Board, and Governor-General of India, are well known. He died on the 14th of June, 1814, and was succeeded by his son, the present (second) earl.

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and is this morning set out with his father. Thus this affair is off my shoulders for a little time; though in its consequences it may sit heavy upon them. The election may come on next Monday.

I have had a thousand wild notions and schemes in my head, but as they have all seemed, upon reflection, more calculated to gratify the impetuosity of my own temper, than to form a plan for the happiness of those whom I am bound never to neglect, I have laid them aside. I hope, however, you will not think the following very chimerical and fantastic. As the next session of Parliament must be a very busy and a very interesting one, I have hinted to Lord G.[1] that I would move the address. I mean, firmly, to take all the pains I am equal to, in following the business of the year, and if at the close of it I should find I am not qualified to get forward in what I have undertaken, I will with great pleasure submit to any retirement — I know you don't like the word banishment — that may better agree with my finances; though, by the experiment of this winter, I fear it will get me into a scrape, and perhaps you will think it sacrificing too largely to ambition.

I am too much out of spirits to recollect any of the events of the day. I have seen nobody but people on business. I should be very sorry to leave London without seeing you, so pray let me know when you have fixed your day for leaving

[1] Lord Gower.

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Brighthelmstone. Lady Carlisle is not very well. Adieu, my dear George. I will write soon again, though I have reason to think with not more gaiety and cheerfulness. I hope Mie Mie continues well. All our children are so, and that is some consolation, and will always outweigh a great portion of uneasiness.

Yours most affectionately.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

July 12, 1776.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — March is not yet come to town, therefore I could only leave word at his house that I saw you and Mie Mie at Brighton, and that she was perfectly recovered from her indisposition. I will take care to see him as soon as he arrives.

I can tell you nothing of Morpeth, for by a mistake of my porter my letters were sent to Brighton. I hope they will not be lost, as they are of consequence; I wish you would yourself make inquiry at the post-house, and send them back to me. There is no news of any sort in town; we wait for American intelligence every day. Almack's was full last night for the time of year, and I believe there was a supper at White's. I found Lady Carlisle well, and the children. Lady Carlisle was very happy to hear she should see you before her journey. I hope you will not disappoint

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her. Miss Vernon [1] is to be married on Monday; Lady Gower leaves London on the Tuesday.

Mie Mie will be the stronger for her fever, for perhaps the cause has been lurking about her for some time. It might have augmented if she had not had strength of constitution to have flung it out, and have got rid of that, and everything bad in her blood at the same time. I am, my dear George, Yours most affectionately, etc.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

[Circ. July, 1776.]

My dear George: — I have undone myself, and it is to no purpose to conceal from you my abominable madness and folly, though perhaps the particulars may not be known to the rest of the world. I never lost so much in five times as I have done to-night, and am in debt to the house for the whole. You may be sure I do not tell you this with an idea that you can be of the least assistance to me: it is a great deal more than your abilities are equal to. Let me see you, though I shall be ashamed to look at you after your goodness to me.

To G. A. Selwyn, Esq.

Endorsed by George Selwyn, "After the loss of the £10,000."

[1] Miss Vernon, daughter of Richard Vernon, Esq., M. P. for Oakhampton, had been married to the Earl of Warwick on the 9th of this month.

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The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

[Circ. July, 1776.]

I do not pretend to much philosophy, but it requires more resolution than I am master of to bear up equally against the weight I have to sustain; and there must be some moments when one's spirits sink, and courage fails. If the sun shines to-morrow I shall be better; I fear, if I go on much longer, you will think that the moon has more influence over me than the sun. Lady Carlisle is very well. You may be sure I shall prevent this man from setting ruin like a bull-dog at her. She is very nearly made familiar with it, and if it is not made to fly at her, she will approach it with as little fear as any one I know.

The children are all well.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, August 2, 1776.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I wish I could say with you, that when I had sealed this letter my mind would be more at rest. It is certain, that to pour out one's thoughts to those who have tenderness and patience to listen to our misfortunes does alleviate our sufferings, but it is a temporary relief. The sponge fills again in a moment, and sometimes with augmented bitterness, when we think we are disturbing the tranquillity of those whom we most

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love and esteem, and adding nothing to our own happiness.

There is no argument or reasoning in your letter that I can attempt to controvert; there is no idea in it that does not perfectly coincide with mine; I own, and submit to the truth of it. Brought up to no profession, I have only to regret that no road of that kind is open to me; that, at the same time I was retrieving my affairs, I was adding to my reputation. I do protest to you that I am so tired of my present manner of passing my time — however I may be kept in countenance by the number of those of my own rank and superior fortune — that I never reflect on it without shame. If they will employ me in any part of the world, I will accept the employment, let it tear me, as it will, from everything dear to me in this country. My friends and my family have a right to call upon me for the sacrifice, and I will submit to it with the resolution of a man. I would have held this language to others, but the discovery of my intentions might (instead of procuring me what my rank and birth entitled me in some measure to expect) have obtained for me, perhaps, the consulship of Smyrna!

If any of our expectations should be gratified in the winter, I cannot expect anything sufficient to balance the expenses of living in London. If I accept anything, I must attend Parliament — I must live in London. If I am not treated with

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consideration I can live here; if that can be called living, which is wasting the best years of my life in obscurity; without society to dispel the gloom of a northern climate; left to myself to brood over my follies and indiscretions; to see my children deprived of education by those follies and indiscretions; to be forgotten; to lose my temper; to be neglected; to become cross and morose to those whom I have most reason to love! Except that the welfare and interest of others depend upon my existence, — I should not wish that existence to be of long duration.

You tell me not to put my trust in the chapter of accidents. Of all mankind I have the least reason to do it. It never has availed me; I never did rely upon it for a moment. If I was ever within the reach of a misfortune, I do not believe I ever escaped it. After having said this, I am free to own that there are two events of my life for which I shall always be grateful to fortune; — one, for having married me to the best woman in the world; the other, for having linked me in so close a friendship with yourself, in spite of disparity of years and pursuits. These are consolations to me in my blackest moments; and I am too sensible of her merits not to entertain the sincerest attachment and regard for her, and the truest sense of your goodness to me. Shall I write again to ——? Will it not be importunate to no purpose? In short, my dear George, I shall only

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add that what I could not, perhaps, bear last year, I am now disposed to meet; we become pliant by degrees. I will submit to everything you think I should endure; I will come into every scheme that more consideration can suggest to you; I know it will be for my interest to adopt them.

When Mie Mie's parents arrive, I hope everything will be settled to your inclinations, and that your success in any arrangements on her account may serve to weigh a little against the uneasiness that my follies must occasion. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately, etc.

Lady Emily Hervey to George Selwyn.

Amelia Caroline Nassau was the third daughter of the celebrated John, Lord Hervey (so unenviably immortalised by Pope), and of the beautiful and no less celebrated Mary Lepel. After her father's death, Lady Emily and her three sisters were granted the precedency of an earl's daughters. She was the sister of George William, Augustus John, and Frederick Augustus, successively second third, and fourth Earls of Bristol. Lady Emily died unmarried.

BRIGHTHELMSTONE, August 12, 1776.

SIR: — I was much obliged to you for your obliging letter, and am very glad to hear you got safe to

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London. I suppose Mrs. Selwyn [1] was very happy at seeing such a sweet little visitor as lovely Mie Mie, and only had to regret that the visit was so short.

I feel quite angry with Madame la Marquise [2] for having hurried you and sweet Mie Mie away a month sooner than was necessary, for besides her being in a good air, and having the benefit of bathing, I have lost a sweet little pleasing companion. Pray, with my love to her, tell her I miss her every day, and that I constantly waft a sigh toward the window I have so often seen her at. I could almost be angry with you for not coming away immediately upon finding Madame la Marquise had not arrived, and did not propose it till the latter end of this month. You may still make it up by coming down directly. How can you stay in that filthy, empty, dusty, smoky town? Surely the air of Campden House cannot be so good for sweet Mie Mie as this. I have passed no pleasant evening at Preston since those I had the pleasure of passing with you and Mie Mie, and I long to have more of them.

My sister Caroline desires her best compliments, and pray remember us kindly to dear dearest Mie Mie. I am, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

EMILY HERVEY.

[1] George Selwyn's mother. She died on the 6th of November, 1777, at the age of eighty-seven.

[2] Madame Fagniani, Mie Mie's mother.

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[Lady Caroline Hervey, who is referred to in the last paragraph of this letter, was the youngest daughter of John, Lord Hervey, by the witty and celebrated Mary Lepel, whose beauty and charming qualities Lady Caroline seems to have inherited in an eminent degree. Churchill celebrates her in terms of no measured praise:

"That face, that form, that dignity, that ease,
Those powers of pleasing, with that will to please,
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,
Even from the currish Pope extorted praise,
We see, transmitted, in her daughter shine,
And view a new Lepel, in Caroline!"

Lady Caroline died unmarried.]

Mrs. Terry to George Selwyn.

CAMPDEN HOUSE, Aug. 13, 1776.

Mrs. Terry presents her best compliments to Mr. Selwyn; is very sorry to find that he is so uneasy. The dear child's spirits are not depressed. She is very lively; ate a good dinner; and behaves just like other children. She hopes Mr. Selwyn will make no scruple of coming to-morrow morning, or staying his hour, or more if he likes it: she will then talk to him about the head; but in the meantime begs he will not suppose that the dear child suffers by his absence, or that anything is neglected; for if Mrs. Terry thought Mr. Selwyn could suppose such a thing, she would wish

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to resign the charge. Haste must plead Mrs. Terry's excuse for such a scrawl. She begs he will come to-morrow.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

August 16 [1776].

My dear George: — I know there is nothing humiliating in putting one's friends to some sort of trials of their affection, but there are some which are too severe to impose on any one. I know, too, that there is nothing more common than to lose the good opinion of those who formerly loved us, by making too free with, and by not seeming to respect sufficiently their esteem. *Il n' y a rien si respectable qu'une ancienne amitié;* but the duration of that friendship almost always depends upon the management and delicacy which has been uniformly and reciprocally made use of to preserve it. We commence our friendships from parity of tempers and dispositions, and from a thousand accidental causes; but we carry them with us through life by art and care; and the great art of all is never to do anything which friendship may endeavour to excuse, but honour and justice cannot. But I do not mean to give you a dissertation upon friendship; I only mean to express my feelings and apprehensions upon the step we have taken.

What is this story that Lady Ch. Howard has heard? If there is a storm, pray endeavour to

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appease it; old women are as easily persuaded one way as another.

Lady Carlisle's accident can be accounted for in no other way but by her being with child too soon, before she had recovered her strength. She was perfectly well here and had no fright; I never saw her in better health and spirits.

I am very sorry you are uneasy about Mie Mie's health, but do not think you have reason to be so, if you take your fears only from her looks. Children are very capricious in their looks, especially in summer. I by no means approve of your sending a physician to her, except she is really ill. I hate the tribe. They are ignorant and important, and I am too well convinced that they bear about more distempers in their clothes than they can cure. Have recourse to James's powders if she should ever have a feverish disorder, and trust to Mrs. Campden House to administer a little rhubarb if her stomach is out of order. I am sure you will not like me the worse for talking like an old nurse. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately.

Right Hon. Thomas Townshend to George Selwyn.

August 17, 1776.

DEAR SIR: — We are much obliged to you for your kind attention to us. Mary was in some measure prepared for the melancholy story of poor Mr. Damer's death, as we had last night

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some account (though a less circumstantial one than you give) of that terrible and shocking event. We all feel extremely for what Lord Milton particularly must suffer from the loss of a son (whom he had, upon the whole, so much reason to esteem and love) in so deplorable a way. Mrs. Selwyn has had a pretty good night, and seems better this morning than she was yesterday; Mary presents her duty. My hand shakes so that I hope you will give me leave to conclude, after having assured you that

I am, dear sir, your most affectionate brother, and humble servant,

T. T.

[Mr. Damer, whose death is referred to in this letter, was the Hon. John Damer, eldest son of Joseph Damer, first Baron Milton, and afterward Earl of Dorchester. He was born June 25, 1744, and married, June 14, 1767, Anne, only child of the Right Hon. Henry Seymour Conway (the well-known Marshal Conway), brother of Francis, first Marquis of Hertford. Mr. Damer became involved in pecuniary difficulties, which led him to have recourse to the last miserable alternative of the unhappy, — self-destruction. At three o'clock, on the morning of the 15th of August, 1776, he shot himself at the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden. Horace Walpole thus writes to the Reverend Mr. Cole, August 19th: "I am just

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now in great concern for the terrible death of General Conway's son-in-law, Mr. Damer, of which, perhaps, you in your solitude have not heard. You are happy who take no part but in the past world, for the *mortui non mordent*, nor do any of the extravagant and distressing things that perhaps they did in their lives." A coroner's inquest sat on Mr. Damer's body, and a verdict of lunacy was returned.]

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

August 20 [1776].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I told you I wrote to —— about the Paris business. I will transcribe the words of his letter in reply. "If Lord S., upon the death of Lord Cathcart,[1] or upon any other account, should resign, I should be very happy to contribute to your lordship's succeeding him in that agreeable, but I believe troublesome employment." *Les mots sont chiches;* the objection frivolous. I shall say no more upon this subject; we have always agreed upon it.

What were Mr. Damer's motives for so dreadful an action? There was no man more indifferent to me, but the account shocked me extremely. It

[1] Charles, ninth Baron Cathcart, a lieutenant-general in the army, was born in 1721, and died four days previous to the date of this letter. He was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Cumberland, and was severely wounded at the battle of Fontenoy, in 1745. He had only recently returned from Russia, at which court he had long been British ambassador.

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is a bad example to others in misery. It makes people think of having recourse to that method of finishing their calamities, without which, perhaps, it had never entered into their heads. If it were not so selfish an action, it would be difficult, I think, to condemn it in some cases. There never appeared anything like madness in him, yet the company he kept seemed, indeed, but a bad preparation for eternity.

I have written to Fitzwilliam, and shall see him before he leaves this country. Lady Carlisle continues to mend, and the children are all well. God bless you, my dear George; believe me to be

Ever yours most affectionately.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

August 29 [1776?].

MY DEAR GEORGE:— It was my intention to have written you a long letter by this post, but, like many of my intentions, it is entirely frustrated. We have had the archbishop and family at dinner to-day, which has been but a formal business; but, what with our last success in America, the weather and the roads, we got through the day pretty well. Hare, Hanger, and Fawkener are here. Lady Louisa [1] left us yesterday. We continue

[1] Lady Louisa Leveson Gower, eldest daughter of Granville, Earl Gower, afterward first Marquis of Stafford, and sister to Lady Carlisle. She married, in 1777, Sir Archibald Macdonald, lord chief baron of the exchequer.

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our resolution of remaining here till about the 25th. I wish very much that it were possible for you to come to us, as I flatter myself you would pass your time at least as well as in a post-chaise with John St. John.

About two months ago, that poor wretch, Sir H——, wrote to me an affecting letter from a prison at Paris, acquainting me he was almost starved to death. We have dined with him in his happier days. To shorten my tale; I sent him some money, desiring Sir John Lambert to give it him. I have received a letter from Sir H. thanking me for a much less sum than I intended him; and another from Sir John, telling me that he had suppressed my letter to Sir H. for many reasons of his own; and that if I still persisted in giving him so much, and no great sum either, it had better be given to him at different periods; and that he was not worthy of any assistance, because he was confined, not for debt alone, but for crimes not fit to be mentioned. It has made me very peevish, for I think his behaviour impertinent enough upon this occasion. The making himself the judge whether a letter ought to be delivered or not, is assuming rather too much for an agent; and there are so many inconsistencies in his letter, that warrant any suspicions of his dirt in keeping the paltry sum from the poor devil, whom he says ought to suffer every misery for the commitment of crimes which his extreme delicacy will not

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permit him to mention. I have always understood dissipation was one of the principal vices of this unfortunate creature; but if dissipation is not to be mentioned, the Lord have mercy upon us all. I am called away. I am, my dear George,

Yours, etc.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY.

THIS is the first of a series of interesting letters from a beautiful, accomplished, and injured woman. Anne, Countess of Upper Ossory, was the only child of Henry, first Lord Ravensworth. On the 29th of January, 1756, she formed a splendid match with the too celebrated minister, Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, whose private vices and political misconduct have been commented upon by Junius with so much bitterness. The duke's profligate amours, and, more especially, his intrigue with Nancy Parsons (a once beautiful but superannuated courtesan), which has been immortalised by Junius, led to his estrangement from his charming duchess, and to their subsequent divorce. This latter event took place on the 23d of March, 1769, and the duchess subsequently became the wife of John, Earl of Upper Ossory, by whom she was the mother of two daughters. Horace Walpole (who appears to have been an ardent admirer of her beauty, her good sense, and

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many endearing qualities, and who more than once speaks of her enthusiastically as "my duchess"), in his poem of "The Three Herons," pays her the following pleasing compliment, long after her beauty must have been on the wane:

> "For me, suffice in Ampthill's groves,
> Cradle of Graces and of Loves,
> I first announced, in artless page,
> The glories of a rising age;
> And promised, where my Anna shone,
> Three Ossorys as bright as one."

The death of Lady Ossory took place in Grosvenor Place, on the 23d of February, 1804.

Countess of Upper Ossory to George Selwyn.

AMPTHILL PARK, 31 August, 1776.

MY DEAR SIR: — I cannot resist sending you my compliments of congratulation on an interview between Madame Fagniani and her daughter being over, with which I understand you are satisfied. *C'est beaucoup dire.* I confess I am particularly glad of this event, not only as I think it the most advantageous thing which could happen to our little friend, but also to your friends, as I trust you will be more at liberty, and that we shall sooner or later profit from it. Lord Ossory desires his kindest compliments. I am always, dear sir, your obliged and faithful

ANNE UPPR. OSSORY.

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P. S. I am going to live in a forest for a fortnight; pray send us there some account how the world goes on — Farming Woods, Thrapston, Northamptonshire.

LADY DIANA BEAUCLERK.

Lady Diana Spencer, so celebrated for her beauty, her talents, and delightful powers of conversation, was the eldest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Marlborough, by Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas, Lord Trevor. She was born on the 24th of March, 1734, and on the 9th of September, 1757, became the wife of Frederic, Viscount Bolingbroke, whose name has so often occurred in the course of the present correspondence. This marriage was dissolved by act of Parliament on the 10th of March, 1768; and, two days afterward, Lady Diana married the well-known Topham Beauclerk, grandson of the first Duke of St. Albans, by whom she was left a widow on the 11th of March, 1780. Her death took place on the 1st of August, 1808. By Mr. Beauclerk she was the mother of two daughters and one son; of whom Elizabeth married George Augustus, the late (eleventh) Earl of Pembroke; and Charles George Beauclerk, the son, married Charlotte, daughter of William Ogilvie, Esq., by the Duchess Dowager of Leinster.

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[illegible] forest for a [illegible] account how [illegible] Woods, Thrapston, [illegible]

[illegible]

LA[illegible] [illegible] for her [illegible] [illegible] of con- [illegible] of Charles, [illegible] She was born [illegible] on the [illegible] wife of Fred[illegible] name has so often [illegible] present correspond- [illegible] dissolved by act of [illegible] March, 17[illegible]; and, two [illegible] Diana married the well-known [illegible] [illegible]rk, grandson of the first Duke of St. [illegible], by whom she was left [illegible] March, 1780. Her [illegible] [illegible]st of August, 1808. By [illegible] [illegible] the mother of two daughters [illegible] whom [illegible] married George [illegible] Earl of Pembroke; [illegible] Be[illegible]rk, the son, married [illegible] of William [illegible], Esq., [illegible] Dowager of Leinster.

Lady Diana Beauclerk.

Photo-etching after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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Lady Diana Beauclerk to George Selwyn.

Thursday, No. 12 South Parade, Bath.

Will you excuse my reminding you of your promise? I have not yet heard from Campden House, which perhaps may be one reason for my thinking this place detestable. The fog has been choking me all the morning, and now the sun is blinding me. A thousand children are running by the windows; I should like to whip them for not being mine. I will not trouble you any longer with my ill-humour. If you are so good as to write, pray let me know if your distresses about the Fagnianis are yet at an end.

I am, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

D. Beauclerk.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

September 3, 1776.

My dear George: — As I was only absent two days from home on a shooting party, I did not think of speaking to you about your business. I rejoice very much that what you have seen of the Fagnianis has given you pleasure. You have a year before you; therefore ought not to give yourself any vexation upon the subject of Mie Mie.[1]

I shall only say one short word upon the subject. I see you are delighted with their behaviour

[1] The child's parents had consented to let her remain with Selwyn for twelve months.

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to the child, and I am sure you wish that they may act in regard to her in a manner that will gain them respect from the world, which they have perhaps undeservedly been deprived of. I know the difficulty you will be in; you will wish them to do something that will argue want of apparent tenderness to the child, and you will wish that they may have all the parental fondness for it that will reflect credit on themselves, and be, in case of any removal of her to Italy, extremely necessary to her happiness. I am sure you know I never have said a word upon this tender subject but when I have thought it necessary for your own ease not to flatter you; and I only implore you now to let your reason act. You will have many opportunities of judging; you will see what is feasible, what is impracticable; and don't set your heart upon that which is the most difficult to bring about.

We shall go to Trentham at the end of the month; I shall be in Suffolk before the meeting of Parliament. I see nothing to be done but entirely to give up London. As for any other country-house but this, there would be no reason to think of it — no sense in trying it. We both love this place; all the disagreeable part of retirement will be less felt here than in any other place; we have more occupations here. Adversity and solitude make men better and wiser. There is no place we can live in so cheaply as here. Consider how many things are supplied for the table here

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which I don't pay for. My cattle are fed in the park; I never purchase hay; the making of it is a very small expense: I dare say I shall have this year about £300 worth. I have also corn for my horses; the garden is also no expense to me. Fish, venison, firing (I mean wood), a small neighbourhood, very little increase of housekeeping for several months, no house hire, no repairs, etc.

I hope you understand me in regard to the subject I hinted at in the beginning of my letter. There can be no objection to try everything; you know I mean the prevailing upon the parents to leave Mie Mie in England when they return. If you mean to attempt it, look upon the attempt as difficult; you are not the less likely to succeed for that reason, and the disappointment will be less painful. I can only wish you may be gratified to the utmost of your expectations and wishes, or that the gratification of them only depended upon me. In that case, you certainly should meet with no difficulty. Your passions, because they were violent, should be reasons for me to submit to them; because they are virtuous, — an unfashionable word, — I hope they will meet with consideration from those who ought to reverence them.

Caroline is by no means supplanted by George. I protest I have no preference; the youngest claims rather more protection from being more helpless, but I should consider myself extremely blamable to manifest any partiality, if I did feel

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it. One is meek, the other violent; they require different treatment; but they both obey us as well as we can expect. What is of great consequence, they both are at their ease before us, and are happy to be with us. Lady Carlisle is quite recovered, and the children are all well. I am, my dear George,

Yours, most affectionately, etc.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

September 13.

My dear George: — I write merely because I did not write last post, and to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of Tuesday. You tell me you are better, though you have no appetite. You will certainly do well not to force it, and there is no doubt but by ease and exercise you will regain it. Régime is better than physic — pray be attentive to it. J. St. John is here, very fat and very consequential, and has got a bad trick of making faces; otherwise he is in very good humour, and I am very glad of his company. The children are all well, and Lady Carlisle.

Yours most affectionately,

C.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to George Selwyn.

Lady Caroline Howard, la Signorina Fagniani, and Miss in the lodging, or any other three ladies, are very welcome to see Strawberry Hill any morn-

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ing this week; but Mr. Selwyn is not, as he has not made a visit there in form to the sénéchal of the castle since he resided at Richmond.

[Underneath, in imitation of the handwriting of a person in humble life, but evidently from Walpole's own hand, is written:]

YR HONOUR:—My master is going to town this evening, and will not be back till Thursday. From your Honour's most obedient to command,

MARGARET YOUNG.

Pray be secret.

To George A. Selwyn, Esq., at Richmond.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

October 10th.

MY DEAR GEORGE:—As you executed your scheme of going into Gloucestershire, I had no expectation of hearing from you. In case you have written, I hope there was nothing of consequence contained in your letter, as it has never reached me.

We are here upon a shooting party, and have sent you some game. Charles Fox left us this morning. He has been excellent company, in good spirits, and not the worse for having levanted every soul at Newmarket, after having lost every thing he could raise upon Stavordale's bond. Lord Egremont and young Fawkner remain here. I mean to be in town soon after the 20th, to collect

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matter about America, as I move the address in our House. If good news should arrive, it will be a very pleasant, as well as a very easy task; if bad, or even if no intelligence come before Parliament meets, it will be both unpleasant and difficult to patch up a story. Adieu, my dear George.

C.

[The allusion, in this letter, to Charles Fox's notorious addiction to play, induces the editor to transcribe the following lively verses, which have not hitherto appeared in print:

TO MR. FOX.

At Almack's of pigeons I'm told there are flocks,
But it's thought the completest is one Mr. Fox.
If he touches a card, if he rattles the box,
Away fly the guineas of this Mr. Fox.
He has met, I'm afraid, with so many hard knocks,
That cash is not plenty with this Mr. Fox.
In gaming, 'tis said, he's the stoutest of cocks;
No man can play deeper than this Mr. Fox.
O, ye hawks, sure your hearts must be harder than rocks,
If you win without pity from this Mr. Fox.
And he always must lose, for the strongest of locks
Cannot keep any money for this Mr. Fox.
No doubt such behaviour exceedingly shocks
All the friends and acquaintance of this Mr. Fox;
And they wish from their souls they could put in the stocks,
And make an example of this Mr. Fox.
He's exceedingly curious in coats and in frocks,
So the tailor's a pigeon to this Mr. Fox;

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Nay, his clothes and his shirts, and her ladyship's smocks,
Would be pawned for a guinea by this Mr. Fox.
He delights much in hunting, though fat as an ox;
I pity the horses of this Mr. Fox.
They are probably most of them lame in the hocks,
Such a heavy-made fellow is this Mr. Fox.]

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

Saturday, 8 o'clock.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I came this morning with Lady Carlisle from Cashiobury.[1] What a house! What people! what manners! I lost my money and my temper; lay in damp and dirty sheets; and what with the moisture, the gnats, and the dirt, we might as well have slept in a fen. Foley's house is full of bailiffs, and H. St. John's of Lady Harriott's gowns. The Baron de Lingsivy ran a French officer through the body on Thursday for laughing in the St. James's coffee-house. I find he did not pretend that he himself was laughed at, but at that moment he chose that the world should be grave. The man won't die, and the baron will not be hanged. I will write on Monday.

Yours most affectionately,

CARLISLE.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

Sunday.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — My letters I fear are always to begin with the account of some misfor-

[1] The seat of Lord Essex in Hertfordshire.

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tune. Not to keep you in suspense, I was foolish enough last night to lose near £400. Having told you this, a circumstance which shame and anger would rather have obliged me to conceal, I must tell you all the incidents, in case any of them should strike you as an extenuation of my indiscretion, which perhaps, upon your concurrence, may induce me to become sooner by some months in humour with myself again. Your goodness to me upon this last occasion has made an impression upon me that nothing can efface; and though I reflect upon it with great pleasure, yet there are moments when I cannot help feeling that by my extravagance I abuse your generosity.

I protest I never had a thought of having recourse to play as a resource; yet I could not resist a wish that by some means or other I could have diminished the weight of the account we have called in. A circumstance had happened in the course of the day which had extremely disordered me; the anxiety of my mind was intolerable; and the dread of going home to my bed, and of my reflections, got for once the better of my resolution. I sat down with hopes of diverting my attention from what had given me so much pain. My particular reasons for wishing to win I have before explained to you. The attempt by no means answered, and I am as miserable as any one can be who has reason to despise himself, and

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who is oppressed with a million of other disagreeable circumstances. Brooks was, in the list of debts I made out, a creditor for £100. He is now by my cursed folly £500.

I know how dangerous it is to break a resolution, and know also that it justifies any fears you may have about my future conduct. But if you were to know what I have suffered from shame, vexation, and contrition for this first deviation from my system, you would I am sure think me more secure from what has happened. I have no reason to think I am again to be blown about in such a whirlwind of passions as I was yesterday. The obligation to conceal them, added to my sufferings, — in short, the whole transactions of yesterday appear to me like a dream, and a very painful one indeed. Well, I think I have at least given my sorrows vent. Gregg came yesterday; he dines with me on Tuesday, when I hope I shall be able to fix my journey. There is no news. Mie Mie I hope continues well. You have no idea how this thing has fretted me.

Yours most affectionately, etc.

Lady Diana Beauclerk to George Selwyn.

BATH, Nov. 21 [1776].

I am vastly obliged to you for your long letter; indeed it was not at all a ——; I dare not write the word, because you seem to have such an objec-

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tion to it; and as I am quite ignorant of its *sens radical*, it is better not to use it.[1]

I have wrote once more to Mrs. Terry, and I hope that nothing but the children not being perfectly well will prevent them coming with you. I am perfectly at ease about their journey, approve of the cavalcade, and still more of the private orders. I must insist upon Mary's sitting backward, at least part of the way. I would not have Mie Mie crowded for the world, and should be quite unhappy if I thought my girls were the least trouble to you or her.

Bob is here, and tired to death already. *Entre nous*, this is a most detestable place; and, to make it complete, the Princess Amelia[2] is here, poking about in every corner. It is impossible to stir without meeting her, and as I have no hopes of her being gracious enough to take notice of me, I am obliged to avoid her. Perhaps you think that her taking notice of one would be a still better reason for avoiding her.

The Fawkeners are gone; I do not know where. Mr. B.[3] sends his compliments to you. I think

[1] The expression was probably "a bore;" a term which has since been so familiarised to us that it has lost its vulgarity.

[2] The Princess Amelia, second daughter of George II. She united, with a charitable disposition and a natural goodness of heart, a taste for horses and the card-table, as well as a habit of prying into the affairs of others, and saying disagreeable things. She died October 31, 1786, at the age of seventy-five.

[3] Topham Beauclerk.

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my signing my name as unnecessary as your doing it.

FRANCIS, MARQUIS OF HERTFORD.

FRANCIS, first Earl and Marquis of Hertford, was born in 1719. In August, 1757, he was installed a Knight of the Garter; in June, 1763, he was sworn of the Privy Council, and shortly afterward appointed ambassador extraordinary to the court of France. In August, 1765, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; in August, 1766, master of the horse; and in December following, lord chamberlain of the household. Lord Hertford (who is now principally known as the correspondent of Horace Walpole) married, May 29, 1741, Isabella, youngest daughter of Charles, second Duke of Grafton, and died June 14, 1794.

The Earl of Hertford to George Selwyn.

November 27, 1776.

DEAR SIR: — You do me justice in supposing me always inclined to obey commands of yours, and I will only beg to know whether the tickets you desire are for the lord chamberlain's box or the common gallery.

In the one, we suppose virtue and rank, as they always go together, to be the qualifications for admission. In the other, beauty and protection are quite sufficient.

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There is but a thin rail between the two, notwithstanding all my distinctions, and you will command me where your friends shall be placed. I am, dear sir,

Your very faithful humble servant,

HERTFORD.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, December 1st [1776].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — We stayed rather longer at Milton than we at first intended, and did not get here till Thursday. We found the children quite well, and very happy to see us; though we have been absent but two months, I cannot help thinking they are grown. I was in hopes to have been able to congratulate you upon Mie Mie's having the measles; as she certainly will have that distemper, she cannot have it at a better age. I flatter myself that bleeding has removed this little indisposition, and your anxiety upon the subject.

Lord Gower tells me there is likely to be a duel about the *Morning Post*. Your maxim is to despise the nonsense; mine is, not to read it. I cannot see what fighting can avail the accused, if he is accused with reason; for as the injury is an injury to society, society ought to punish the offence. The people of this country are shamefully negligent, and by no means from good nature, in keeping at a distance those whom it is dangerous to associate with. They persecute them at first with

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too much rage, and receive them again with too much ease.

Ekins has desired me to write to Lord North about a prebend of Worcester. If you think no inconveniences can attend an application at this juncture, I shall be content to make it. I am, my dear George,

Yours etc.

EDWARD, EARL OF DERBY.

EDWARD, twelfth Earl of Derby, was born September 12, 1752, and died October 21, 1834. He married first, Elizabeth, daughter of James, sixth Duke of Hamilton, who died in 1797; and secondly, the celebrated actress, Miss Farren, who died April 23, 1829.

The Earl of Derby to George Selwyn.

GROSVENOR SQUARE, Thursday morning.

MY DEAR SIR: — Nothing can equal what I feel at troubling you with this disagreeable note; but having lost a very monstrous sum of money last night, I find myself under the necessity of entreating your goodness to excuse the liberty I am now taking of applying to you for assistance. If it is not very inconvenient to you, I should be glad of the money you owe me. If it is, I must pay what I can, and desire Brooks to trust me for the

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remainder. I repeat again my apologies, to which I shall beg leave to add how very sincerely I have the honour to be, my dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

DERBY.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — This, I suppose, will follow you to Bath, where you will have company in plenty, and some very good. You tell me nothing of Lord W. Gordon, but that the affair is made up. I do not understand, after so violent an accusation, how the affair could be made up. We expect Lord and Lady Derby here. The children are all well. Caroline was with us at church, and behaved with great gravity; she begins to speak French very tolerably, and understands it better than I could have conceived. George is learning to ride. So much for the family education. I have a good many serious thoughts upon my present situation, but I will not give them to you till I have digested them. I am very happy to find that Mie Mie is recovered. I am, my dear George,

Yours, etc.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

FAST-DAY, Friday.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — This is fast-day, and we are just come from church. Emily consented to preach if I would write the sermon, which I

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accordingly did, and I have no doubt but that the congregation were extremely edified.

As you say nothing of Mie Mie's health in your last, I conclude it is perfectly established. Storer talks of going to Bath. The weather is wonderfully fine, and the weather is a serious circumstance to one who travels in so patriarchal a manner as you propose. But journey as you please, only take care not to pitch your tent as Abram did, toward Sodom. You will hear from me soon again. Lady Carlisle always desires to be remembered to you, and it is always my fault when you are not told so.

I am, my dear George,

Yours, most affectionately.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, 18 February, 1777.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I am always alarmed when I do not hear from you for some time, because I know your silence is never occasioned by common causes, such as forgetfulness, laziness, etc. I must confess I had embraced the same error with you, though I was much longer in coming into the opinion; for a long time never conceiving it possible that they would leave the child in their absence, till I found they had suffered you to procure a governess for her. This had more the appearance of their being in earnest, than I could have observed before. I was removed at too great a distance to form an accurate judgment; and the

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conversation was infinitely too interesting to you to make me wish to begin upon it, when you did not solicit it yourself; or when I had nothing to acquaint you with, from whence I conceived you might derive consolation. I own I dreaded any investigation of the subject, for your nerves were by no means able to endure the severity of such an examination, as might have in some measure prepared you for the worst that could happen. The persisting in that maxim, *Nullus dolor est, quem non longinquitas temporis minuit ac molliat*, will rather, I fear, offend you than comfort you. It will afford me satisfaction, because I am convinced of the truth which it contains.

But let us look forward to something that will be more efficacious than time. Why should we not all go to Italy before two years are expired? Lady Carlisle will like the journey; Storer wants to see Italy; I will promise to go with you. Regard this but as a temporary separation. The fears which you entertain about the child *dans le sein de sa famille*, educated like the daughter of any other person of fashion, are certainly not founded in reason, and, not being founded in reason, will certainly cease to have that unjust dominion over you, whenever your reason begins to operate: for to suppose that the females of a whole nation are ill-educated, I mean for the parts they are to fulfil in life, is certainly a prejudice which nothing but your extreme fondness could give birth to.

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I am yet to learn that an Italian education is not as good as that of any other country, or that it does not open as fair a prospect of credit and happiness through life; but of this you will be more convinced when you judge for yourself.

Have this Italian journey before your eyes. It will lessen your present affliction; it will be something to look forward to. It is not likely your mother should live long: in her situation you could not leave the country, without greatly adding to your uneasy sensations on her account. The country air and quiet are so necessary for Lady Carlisle that I had no thoughts of leaving this place before the 20th of March, or perhaps not till the end. I had become reconciled to my situation, and though debarred from air and exercise by the snow, I paid attention to my diet, and was not unhappy, until the receipt of your letter. Can I be of use to you? — if I can, I will come to town directly. Lady Carlisle will not refuse being left alone for a few days, if I can in any way alleviate your distress; if any possible method suggested itself to me, in which I could be of any service, I should not wait till I was called.

Divines say in regard to faith, endeavour to believe, and the difficulty is nearly over: try to be comforted, and you will find yourself relieved. Do not think you can ever be a burthen to us; unload as much of your sorrows as you will, at our gate; I am sure I have done it always at

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yours, and have always found relief from it. It grieves me to think that we are not near you at this moment. I know our house might be a *soulagement* to you: to have those who will only patiently listen, is some comfort. Come, come, things shall mend with us both; do not keep your room; go anywhere; though it is painful, it is useful. Adieu, my dear George, I pity you from my soul.

Lady Diana Beauclerk to George Selwyn.

4 Russel Street [Bath], Wednesday.

I have just taken a house for you in one of the most airy situations here. It must be taken for a month certain, and as much longer as you please: I thought this would be no objection, as it is so good a house and it grows very difficult to get good houses. Mr. Wade found it out for me, and is proud of having got it so cheap (five guineas a week), which is at least a guinea cheaper than he could have got it had it been ever let before.

I have been too ill to go out to-day, therefore was obliged to trust to Mr. Wade about the house; indeed he is a better judge than I am. There is another circumstance, which I hope is no objection, that it is within a few doors of us; for we were obliged to leave the South Parade, it was so intolerably close, and we are now in Russel Street, near the Circus: your house is in Bennet Street, close by.

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The house consists, below, of two rooms and a small one for a servant; two rooms over that; three very good bedchambers over that; and four garrets over all. Mr. Wade says they are very good rooms, and the cleanest, best-furnished house in the town. The offices also are good: they provide you with linen, remarkably good also, you paying for the washing.

I am quite out of breath, for I never did so much business in my life before, or wrote so long a letter. If, after all, you should disapprove of what I have done, I shall be in a fine fidget. So my poor little girls have the chicken-pox? When do you come? — pray let me know. Fires are ordered in your house, that it may be quite aired, and it will be ready to receive you immediately. Part of this letter was dictated by Mr. Wade; part by my footman; part by my maid; which makes an agreeable mixture of style: I hope you like it. Mr. Beauclerk is not at all well: all his pains have returned. I am very disinterested, you must allow, in taking this house directly; for by that means I can have no hopes of Mary and Elizabeth coming here. You will be very ingenious if you can decipher this letter — I cannot myself.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

23 FEBRUARY [1777].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — If I did not think you would particularly wish to hear from me at this

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moment, I should not write till the next post, as I have a great many things to think of. I wish very much we were in town, because you think we could console you: what effect our endeavours might have, is difficult to guess. It is very certain no attempt should be left untried, both by myself and Lady Carlisle, who, I do assure you, feels very sensibly for you on this occasion.

I think if you will but look upon this separation as temporary, and consider how many parents lose sight of their children for a longer time than perhaps you will of this little girl, you ought to derive some comfort from this reflection. You will have it in your power to see her, probably, very often; many circumstances that cause apprehension on her account may vanish; and as the probability of her future happiness becomes more clear, your peace of mind will gradually return. To look back and consider what might have been done, is giving ourselves unnecessary vexation. I have shut this door, and, as far as relates merely to myself, never mean to open it. Do the same, and we both shall be the happier.

Adieu, my dear George; if Lady Carlisle gains strength faster than we expect, the country will be no longer necessary for her. In that case we shall meet sooner. Mr. Gregg will describe us to you circumstantially, if anybody can be circumstantial with so few circumstances for description.

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The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

March 2, 1777.

MY DEAR GEORGE:— Gregg writes me word that he has seen you, and makes me very unhappy by his account of you. He tells me you are dejected to the greatest degree, with several other circumstances that give me dreadful apprehensions for your health. For heaven's sake, my dear George, make use of a little of that resolution which every man is possessed of, who does not endeavour to persuade himself that Nature has denied to him what she has granted to all around him. I know it is difficult to call up any degree of fortitude to one's assistance, after having given such a loose to the passions as you have done from the beginning of this melancholy business; but, difficult as it is, it may be done, and you certainly will feel its salutary effects.

We think of leaving this place about the 16th; and you may depend upon it, whatever I shall say or do when we meet, will be with a view to establish your former tranquillity of mind, and not, by an unfriendly complaisance, flatter you at the expense of truth. I have very little to accuse myself upon that head, though you think, out of tenderness, I sometimes withheld my opinion. Perhaps I might; the question was a very complicated one at that time, out of the reach of my judgment, and my opinion consequently was not

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worth a farthing. It is, I am sorry to say, reduced into a much narrower compass, and, by the determination of the family, all ambiguity is removed.

It pleases me to think you look forward to our arrival in town as likely to afford you some comfort; it must depend a little upon yourself that all our endeavours for that purpose are not defeated. By thinking the house an asylum, you certainly will find it one, and by being persuaded that, in whatever disposition you find yourself, you can never be burthensome to us, you will be less so to yourself. Adieu, my dear George; we are all well here. Lady Carlisle desires to be remembered to you. I am, etc.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, March 11, 1777.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — As you do not tell me what lies are told about Lord I——'s debt to me, the nature of the transaction, and by what kind of people believed, I cannot help being a little anxious on that head till we meet. You are so much master of the business, that I am sure you can send away any one perfectly satisfied who has any real wish to be informed; but many will not apply to you for that very reason, for fear they should be set right. If these things are propagated in Lord I——'s family I think it will behove his lordship to take some steps to undeceive

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them. At present, I do not know what their abuse rests upon; if it arises from my winning a large sum of money when I was young, of a person almost as young as myself (no part of which I have been paid), I think I need give myself little trouble about it. If I am misrepresented about the offer I made of taking £3,000 for the £13,000, it may require some explanation; and the world may then judge how reasonable, and how honourable a part that family has adopted, who would construe an offer made for our mutual convenience, of receiving £3,000 at a time when I wanted money most extremely, into a remission, or indeed a present, of £10,000 to a person who was richer than myself, and who could with great ease discharge the debt, provided he had ten years to do it, which he has had given him without any importunity on my side, while I was every day running the risk of never receiving a farthing.

The only way, in honour, that Lord I. could have accepted my offer, would have been by taking some steps to pay the £3,000. I remained in a state of uncertainty, I think, for nearly three years, but his taking no notice of it during that time convinced me that he had no intention of availing himself of it. Charles Fox was also at a much earlier period clear that he never meant to accept it. There is also great justice in the behaviour of the family in passing by the instantaneous payment of, I believe, £5,000, to Charles, won

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at the same sitting, without any observations. At one period of the play, I remember, there was a balance in favour of one of those gentlemen, but of which I protest I do not remember, of about fifty thousand. There is no occasion to mention this circumstance, for I have too much contempt for the whole coterie, from whence I guess this calumny issues, to wish to avoid any abuse, by directing it to another.

We shall leave this place on Wednesday, and be in town on Friday to dinner. I hope the Duke of Buccleuch and Fitzwilliam had the matter fully explained to them, for I value their opinions. As for the rest, particularly the old women you mention, there is no stopping their mouths with anything but a coach-pole. We shall meet on the 26th. Adieu, my dear George.

Lady Diana Beauclerk to George Selwyn.

DEAR MR. SELWYN: — The girls shall wait upon Mie Mie whenever you please to send for them. I have no servants, but if it is not convenient for you to send for them, I can contrive it somehow or other; only let me know the day and the hour.

Mr. Beauclerk continues very ill. The doctors say they cannot pronounce one way or the other for some days to come. I am worried and agitated too much to have the pleasure of dining with you

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myself. I wish you would come here sometimes; it will be a charity.

Ever yours,

D. B.

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn.[1]

BRUSSELS, 14 May, 1777.

SIR: — I received with much pleasure your letter and the book, which were sent me by an English gentleman, whom I have not yet the pleasure of knowing.

We only arrived at Brussels on the 10th of this month, having been obliged to remain ten days at Calais on account of my husband falling ill. Our passage was none of the best, as we were thirteen hours at sea with a very diabolical wind against us. We were sick to death, but at last we are out of danger and in good health. Our stay here will not be long; but you may address your letters here during our journey in Holland, as there are people who have undertaken to forward them to me, wherever I may be. I shall afterward inform you of our projects.

I left London one hour earlier than I said I should, for I felt I wanted courage to go through the last adieu. This is the true cause of my hurried departure. I would wish to find a way of assuring or prolonging your tranquillity as regards

[1] These, and the few subsequent letters from Madame Fagniani, are translations from the originals, in French.

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your possession of Mie Mie; but as I have always spoken with the greatest good faith, I dare not flatter you with a consummation which I foresee will be almost impossible. As a friend, therefore, I advise you, while there is time before you, to prepare yourself by degrees for the worst. You know, my dear friend, that it does not depend upon us, and that, if it were in our power, your wishes should be gratified. In the meantime, if you have a real friendship for my daughter, endeavour that she may learn the French language; it is the greatest proof which you can give me of the attachment which you profess for her.

I beg, in case you see Lord March, that you will make my compliments to him, and that you will assure him that I had much regret in leaving London without being able to wish him good-bye. Ask him to preserve a little friendship for me, for perhaps I deserve it better than a great many persons on whom he bestows his regard; in short, tell him that I have a great deal of friendship for him. My dear friend, do not let your regard for me diminish; and, on my part, I will do all I possibly can to preserve it, and I venture to hope that my endeavours will not be ineffectual with a man who thinks as you do.

My husband sends you many compliments; and we both embrace Mie Mie. I should be very glad to have her portrait, if it be possible; and since I have left you the original, you might make me

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a present of a copy. But you are jealous of everything which might recall her to my memory. At all events, I warn you that all these precautions are entirely thrown away, since not a moment passes without my thinking of her. Adieu, my friend; do not forget the mother of so dear a child.

The horse you gave me is a treasure. I ride her every day; she is very quiet; and I thank you for her a thousand times.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — To be deprived of your company is a sufficient mortification in itself, and did not require to be aggravated by hearing of your illness. From what your servant and Gregg tell me, I have reason to flatter myself that it is only a feverish cold, which care and nursing will soon remove. If it should hang upon you, for heaven's sake, send for James, though I fear you will have a difficulty about your doctor; it will, however, be a very foolish piece of delicacy indeed, to be complaisant to him at the expense of your health. If March is with you, I trust he will not suffer you to be so well bred. As you had the seeds of disorder in you, it was lucky you had not begun your journey, for the tranquillity of an inn-yard, and the attendance of a waiter, are by no means equal to the quiet of Chesterfield Street, and the care of Alice.

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We shall leave this place about the end of the month; perhaps about the 26th or 29th. If you are well enough, and the weather good, you may not dislike to meet us in our last day's journey. Take care of yourself; I wait for the next post with very great impatience. Pray make your servant write, if it should be troublesome to you. We are all of us well. God bless you, my dear George; believe me to be,

Yours most affectionately, etc.

P. S. Lady Carlisle is as anxious as myself to hear that you have no symptoms left of your disorder. Do not go out too soon, especially into those hot rooms of Almack's. Indeed, she always expresses the truest regard for you. I believe I may, without jealousy, call it love, for it is impossible to be sensible of your behaviour toward us, as she is, and not to feel something more than regard. 'Tis a cold phlegmatic word, and I have a good mind to blot it out.

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn.

BRUSSELS, 27 May, 1777.

MY DEAR FRIEND: — I have received your letter of the 23d instant, which has given me much pleasure from the news which it contains of Mie Mie.

I am only in despair at being more than ever unable to give you the least hope of your being able to retain her. The letters which we have received are written with the most perfect ease of mind,

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under the idea that she had left London with us; and they added that, if we had not brought her into Italy with us, a separation in our family would have been the consequence of our disobedience.

I leave you to be your own judge of the present state of the affair. I like to flatter myself that the confidence we have reposed in you, in leaving you the child as long as it was possible, will not be productive of the annoyance of a third journey to London, which would certainly be the case within two days after our arrival at Paris, unless we found the child there.

My dear friend, it goes to my heart to be obliged to speak to you thus bluntly; but, upon due reflection, I think it better that you should know beforehand what is likely to happen. It would only be cruelty to flatter you with false hopes, and therefore I shall be careful not to do so. Adieu, my friend; try to make use of your talents and good sense. I am aware that the separation will cost you much, but prepare for it with courage, for there is no help for it.

My husband presents his compliments to you. Present mine to Lord March; and embrace my daughter for me.

Lady Holland to George Selwyn.

Sunday.

DEAR MR. SELWYN: — Though you seemed to laugh, and rather to wonder at my love of retire-

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ment, I am very sure, if I follow my own inclination, I shall pass most part of my life in it; and, with two such cheerful, innocent, pretty little companions as Caroline and Henry,[1] I am sure my taste for it will rather increase than diminish. I need not repeat how glad I shall always be to see you, either with or without Mie Mie; though, to speak sincerely, I have less pleasure in your company when she is with you, as you are so entirely taken up when she is present, that I must confess I have sometimes wished her away. This is being very selfish, I know; and I always feel angry at myself afterward, when I recollect how much it contributes to your happiness to have her with you. I hope, therefore, you will always do what you like best about bringing her, and that you will show me, by so doing, that you are not in the least angry with me for speaking so openly to you upon the subject.

I shall be vastly glad to see Mr. Conway, and not vastly glad to see my Lord Upton, particularly as my lady intends to honour me, too, with her company. I had some thoughts of going to town with Caroline to-day, but the day is so pleasant, the birds are singing so delightfully, and Henry so pretty, that I cannot leave all this for the noise,

[1] Lady Holland's children; Caroline, born November 3, 1767, and Henry Richard, born November 21, 1773, who, on the death of his father in 1774, had succeeded as third Lord Holland. He died in 1840.

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and dirt, and smoke of London; I have, therefore, sent Lady Ossory[1] word, that I will dine with her any other day in the course of this week; and if I do not see you here before that time, I hope I shall have the pleasure of meeting you at my brother's.[2] You will see Lady Ossory, and hear from her what day she fixes upon for my waiting upon her; or, perhaps, which I should like much better, she will come here instead.

I shall be much obliged to you for the book of characters. It was very friendly, good-natured, and like yourself, to prevent what must have given pain to those who knew and loved Lord Holland. Adieu, dear Mr. Selwyn. I am,

Yours, very sincerely,

M. H.

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn.

AMSTERDAM, 16 June, 1777.

I have received your letter of the 6th of this month, and am in despair at learning how erroneously you have interpreted my sentiments. I am far from being importuned with your letters, as you seem unjustly to think. This is a reproach which I have not deserved, as I am sure nothing gives me greater pleasure than receiving them. Apparently, I have so bad a way of expressing myself, that my sentiments seem very different in writing to what they really are; but, on the other

[1] Sister-in-law to Lady Holland. [2] Lord Ossory.

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hand, it is singular that you should attribute to me a tone of thinking which I certainly have not. You talk of misplaced threats. I understand nothing of all of this; and only know that I act in the most open manner toward you, and am ill rewarded from the moment that you suspect me of bad faith. I have never doubted your good faith, and have given you good proof of this, by leaving London without the child, contrary to the advice of every one, and in opposition to the orders of my parents; indeed, your own countrymen assured me that you would never return me the child after I was gone. Notwithstanding all this, I listened to no one, and preferred your satisfaction to the unpleasant consequence which must result should any imprudent or mischievous person acquaint my parents with the step I have taken.

In short, my dear friend, if you have not by this time learnt to know me, I despair of ever being able to make myself known to you. Still, I will not act with the less kindness toward you. I am aware that you have the best heart in the world, and that your behaviour on this occasion proceeds from the passion you have for this child, which makes you regard black as white. I leave Amsterdam to-day, and in three more days shall be at Brussels, where I hope to hear of you. I will then acquaint you with our intended proceedings. In the meantime, continue to me your dear friendship, and endeavour to have a good opinion of one

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who esteems you, and is attached to you as much as you deserve, — and that is saying a great deal. Adieu.

The Countess of Upper Ossory to George Selwyn.

AMPTHILL PARK, Wednesday.

I do not know whether the Duke of Bedford will be persuaded to have a statue of the Archduke Philip at Woburn; but I am convinced no persuasion would be necessary to make those of the parish of Ampthill, whom he has raised and obliged, to put up one in honour of George Augustus Selwyn, Esq. A fat hog is already sacrificed at the shrine of the "pretty, civil man," who talks so sensibly and affably. These are the words of our friend the Quaker, and the substantial proofs of this souvenir you will soon receive.

I am sorry that Lord Grimston[1] disappointed you by going out with the key of the house in his pocket. I suppose that offence, added to the capital one of pulling down his old mansion,[2] gave you

[1] James, third Viscount Grimston, father of the present (first) Earl of Verulam, was born in 1747, and died December 30, 1808.

[2] The "old mansion" here alluded to was the classical seat of the great Lord Bacon, which (to the deep regret of all who take an interest in what has been hallowed by its association with departed genius) was sacrilegiously pulled down by its proprietor, Lord Grimston, and a modern residence erected in its neighbourhood. For an interesting account of the "old mansion" at Gorhambury, see "Pennant's Journey from Chester to London," p. 304.

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a little *mauvais sang*. I hope nothing else happened to interrupt or vex you, and cannot conclude without begging you to accept our kindest *remercimens* for your good company. I beg you will not delay bestowing it on Lady Holland, who, I find, will not come to town yet; and I believe she is right as to her spirits. Adieu, my dear sir. I am always,

Yours, faithfully,

ANNE UPPER OSSORY.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

ALMACK'S, Friday night.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I have just now received your second letter. As to what you said to me in your first about Madame Fagniani, I will certainly do what you like, though you know that I have no opinion of my credit there; but send me the letter you wish that I should write, and I will send it. I do not go till Sunday morning.

Dodd was executed this morning. I saw nothing of it, and have had no accounts but from a constable who had been there, and very near. He said that he never saw a man behave better, or die with more courage. He prayed very earnestly, that is true, but that was in his profession. Storer was there, and has promised to send you an account of what happened. He had three clergymen with him in the coach.

Carlisle has won since you went, but not much.

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This place is very full every night, and constant play. I am glad to hear that Mie Mie is so well. I am just going to Ranelagh.

Yours very sincerely,

MARCH AND R.

Endorsed by George Selwyn, "Ld. March, 27 June, 1777."

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn.

BRUSSELS, 28 June, 1777.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: — I am returned to Brussels, and, thank God, in very good health. I had flattered myself that I should have found some news of you, and as we leave for Spa to-morrow, I am very impatient for one of your letters. I am still in despair that mine are not agreeable to you. I am placed in the hard position of causing grief to the person whom, in the whole world, I am most willing to oblige, and whom I esteem, and am attached to as much as is possible.

That you are reasonable is my principal consolation. If I were my own mistress, you should dispose of my fate in disposing of that of my daughter. In that case, all should be as you wish, but, as I am situated, I fear it must be otherwise. My will is dependent on that of others, and unfortunately they do not conform to yours. I have acted, as much as lay in my power, according to your wishes. Our intention

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at present is to stop three weeks at the waters of Spa, and, after a short stay at Brussels, to proceed to Paris, where we shall probably be about the end of August, and where I rely on finding you with my daughter.

My dear friend, my heart bleeds in writing you this letter. I have delayed writing it as long as possible, but now I should have failed in my regard for you if I had delayed longer. You want time to acquire self-command, and to make your arrangements. It is this reflection which has decided me in warning you in time. My husband sends his compliments to you. I beseech you not to be angry with me, and believe me, that if ever a favourable opportunity presents itself, by any chance, for my giving you back Mie Mie, you shall be satisfied.

Adieu, my dear friend. My best compliments to Lord March.

Anthony Morris Storer, Esq., to George Selwyn.

[The following letter contains an interesting account, from the pen of an eye-witness, of the execution of the unfortunate Doctor Dodd. Though possessed of many amiable qualities, though on many important occasions a benefactor to mankind, and apparently endued with a strong natural sense of the importance of his religious duties, his mind was too weak to resist the influence of an overweening vanity, of which he allowed

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Doctor Dodd.

Photo-etching from a rare old engraving.

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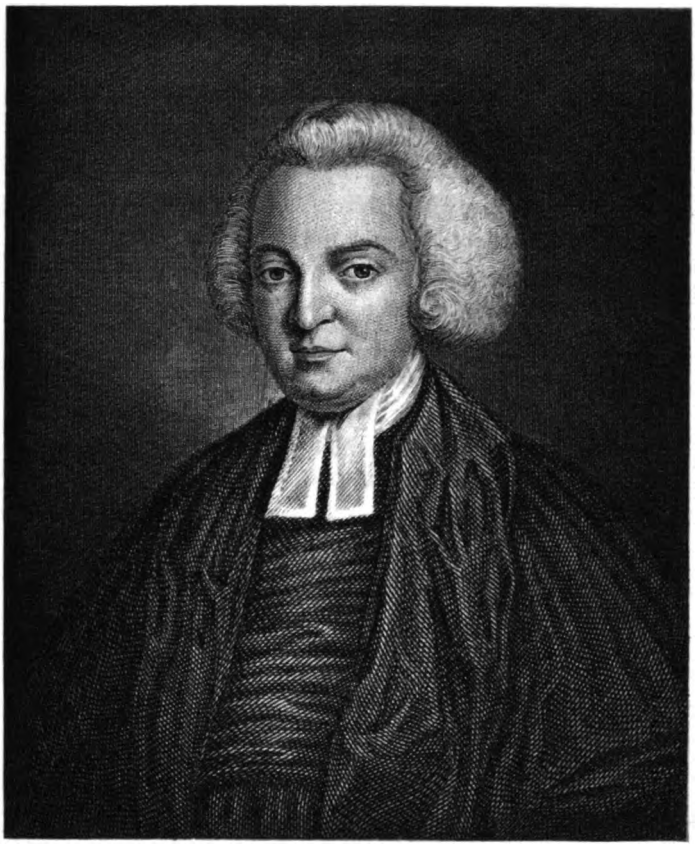

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himself to become the slave, and to the difficulties in which it plunged him we may trace his subsequent degradation and death. The reputation which he enjoyed as an author and a scholar, added to the pleasing notoriety of being a popular preacher, appear entirely to have turned his head. Yielding himself up to the pleasures of society, and the temptations of the world, he gradually contracted habits of dissipation and extravagance, and in order to extricate himself from the embarrassments in which they plunged him, he had recourse to the criminal act for which he eventually suffered on the scaffold. In what may be regarded as his dying apology for his past errors, he observes: "I was led astray from religious strictness by the delusions of show, and the delights of voluptuousness. I never knew, or attended to the calls of frugality, or the needful minuteness of painful economy. Vanity and pleasure, into which I plunged, required expense disproportionate to my income; expense brought upon me distress, — and importunate distress urged me to temporary fraud."

The history of his errors and crime may be told in a few words. In 1773 he was appointed tutor to Mr. Stanhope, afterward Earl of Chesterfield. At this period his reputation as a preacher was at its zenith, and had his conduct been as exemplary as his abilities were eminent, he might have aimed at the highest preferments in the Church. Unfortunately, however, in 1774, he was imprudent

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enough to send an anonymous letter to the wife of the Lord Chancellor Apsley, offering her the sum of £3,000 if she would procure his appointment to the rectory of St. George's, Hanover Square. Lady Apsley immediately handed the letter to her husband, who laid it before the king. The consequence was that his Majesty ordered Doctor Dodd's name to be struck off the list of royal chaplains, while his conduct was severely commented upon in the public journals, and rendered even still more disagreeably notorious by his being ridiculed by Foote in his farce of "The Cozeners." Quitting England, he repaired to his former pupil, Lord Chesterfield, at Geneva, who received him with great kindness, and subsequently presented him with the living of Winge, in Buckinghamshire. In 1776 his pecuniary embarrassments again compelled him to seek refuge in France, where it is said that, "with little regard to decency, he appeared in a phaeton at the races on the plains of Sablons, dressed in all the foppery of the kingdom in which he then resided."

Early in 1777 he again repaired to England, and, only two days before he executed the forged bond for which he afterward suffered on the scaffold, we find him preaching a sermon at the Magdalen, of which the following was the remarkable text: "And among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot find rest; but the Lord shall give thee a trembling heart,

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and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind; and thy life shall hang in doubt before thee, and thou shalt fear day and night, and shalt have none assurance of thy life." The bond which he forged was in the name of Lord Chesterfield, for £4,200; the fraud was speedily discovered, and, after having been tried and convicted at the Old Bailey, he was condemned to death on the 25th of May, 1777.

Every possible exertion was made to save his life, not only by his friends and the clergy, but by the public in general; the City of London even petitioning the king in a body to commute his punishment. The Privy Council, however (guided, it is said, by Lord Mansfield, who deprecated any commutation of punishment as a most dangerous precedent), recommended that the sentence should be carried into execution. George the Third, it is reported, no sooner heard the opinion pronounced by Lord Mansfield, than he took up the pen, and signed the death-warrant. He is also stated to have observed in private, that, had he pardoned Dodd, he should have considered himself morally guilty of the murder of the two Perreaus, who had recently been executed for the same offence. Lord Chesterfield has been accused of a cold and relentless disposition in having deserted his old tutor in his extremity. The editor of these letters, however, heard it related by a person who lived at the period, that at a preliminary examina-

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tion of the unfortunate divine, Lord Chesterfield, on some pretence, placed the forged document in Dodd's hands, with the kind intention that he should take the opportunity of destroying it; but that the latter wanted either courage or presence of mind enough to avail himself of the occasion.

Altogether, his death appears to have been more creditable to him than his life. After he had been bound, the ordinary offering to assist him through the yard, "No," said he, "I am as firm as a rock." On his way to the gallows, happening to approach the street where he had formerly lived, he was so much affected as to shed tears. But it was weakness, he said, and not cowardice which overwhelmed him; and he added, "I hope that I am going to a better home." On the scaffold, he prayed for himself, his wife, and a fellow criminal who suffered with him. "He declared," says Villette, the ordinary, "that he died in the true faith of the gospel of Christ, in perfect love and charity with all mankind, and with thankfulness to his friends, and was launched into eternity imploring mercy for his soul for the sake of his blessed Redeemer."

The weather was most variable, changing perpetually from bright sunshine to heavy storms of rain; during one of which latter pelting showers he was turned off at Tyburn. His body, conveyed to a house in the city of London, under-

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went every scientific professional operation, which, it was hoped, might restore animation. Pott, the celebrated surgeon, was present to direct them. Persons were found sufficiently credulous to believe that Dodd had been resuscitated, and privately transported to Aix in Provence. His execution took place on the 27th of June, 1777, and his remains were interred at Cowley, in Buckinghamshire.

DEAR GEORGE: — If I could transport my body as easily as my mind, I certainly should not be long before I paid you a visit. I hope Mie Mie is in perfect good health, and, if you consent (which probably you may do for once, and especially in the present case) to be my proxy, I beg you will give one kiss to her for me.

I should be very inclinable to obey your commands, which Lord March delivered me, respecting the fate of the unfortunate divine, but though an eye-witness of his execution, as I never was at one before, I hardly know what to say respecting his behaviour. Another was executed at the same time with him, who seemed hardly to engage one's attention sufficiently to make one draw any comparison between him and Dodd. Upon the whole, the piece was not very full of events. The doctor, to all appearance, was rendered perfectly stupid from despair. His hat was flapped all around, and pulled over his eyes, which were never directed to

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any object around, nor even raised, except now and then lifted up in the course of his prayers. He came in a coach, and a very heavy shower of rain fell just upon his entering the cart, and another just at his putting on his nightcap.

He was a considerable time in praying, which some people standing about seemed rather tired with: they rather wished for some more interesting part of the tragedy. The wind, which was high, blew off his hat, which rather embarrassed him, and discovered to us his countenance, which we could scarcely see before. His hat, however, was soon restored to him, and he went on with his prayers. There were two clergymen attending him, one of whom seemed very much affected. The other, I suppose, was the Ordinary of Newgate, as he was perfectly indifferent and unfeeling in everything that he said and did.

The executioner took both the hat and wig off at the same time. Why he put on his wig again I do not know, but he did, and the doctor took off his wig a second time, and then tied on a nightcap which did not fit him; but whether he stretched that, or took another, I could not perceive. He then put on his nightcap himself, and upon his taking it he certainly had a smile on his countenance, and very soon afterward there was an end of all his hopes and fears on this side the grave. He never moved from the place he first took in the cart; seemed absorbed in despair, and utterly

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dejected, without any other signs of animation but in praying.

I know the same thing strikes different people in many ways, but thus he seemed to me, and I was very near. A vast number of people were collected, as you may imagine. I stayed till he was cut down and put into the hearse. I am afraid my account cannot be very satisfactory to you, but I really do not conceive an execution with so few incidents could possibly happen; at least my imagination had made it a thing more full of events than I found this to be. Adieu, my dear George.

Yours, etc.,

A. STORER.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

Friday, July 4 [1777].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I hope Storer has by this time given you as circumstantial account of Doctor Dodd's exit as you could wish. I intended going, but was too late; though I believe the doctor would, by what I hear, have been very glad to have waited for me. Bothby and I continued picking up something in our bank till I left town. I paid everything in town, and have a duck remaining, which I mean to keep very close-pinioned. What you read in the newspapers is true, that Dodd would not suffer his legs to be pulled, for

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every attempt was intended to be used to restore him to life; but alas!

The weather is not unpleasant, but has been dreadfully wet. Everything is very backward, but as we are in Siberia, we must not repine. I assure you I do not flatter myself or you about going to Italy; it would give me great pain to abandon the idea, for I always think of it with pleasure. Mie Mie, I hope, continues well. I am, my dear George,

Yours most sincerely.

Anthony Morris Storer, Esq., to George Selwyn.

PORTUGAL STREET, Saturday, 5 July, 1777.

DEAR GEORGE: — I am exceedingly obliged to you for your letter, but I can scarcely flatter myself, notwithstanding that I have your word for it, that mine could give you any sort of satisfaction. I should have been more particular, but I thought one sheet of paper would put your patience sufficiently to the trial, and would be at the same time a proof that I wished to gratify your curiosity, though I might not succeed entirely in the attempt. The old man you mention was, indeed, the most interesting person, and I think infinitely more to be pitied than even the criminals. But, as I wish to get this scene out of my mind, you will excuse me if I do not dwell upon it. I agree with you perfectly, that after one's curiosity is satisfied, an impression remains that I had rather be without; and therefore I shall follow your

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example, and, quitting this subject for one which I make no doubt is a more agreeable one to you, give me leave to inquire after the little unfortunate Mie Mie, who, if she leaves you, I dare say will undergo a much greater misfortune than ever a mistress did when obliged to quit her lover. It was as a lover, I imagine, that you were glad to be left in doubt how you were to execute my commission, and so, through your uncertainty, gave her two kisses instead of one.

The history of play, you know, is so much like high water and low water at London Bridge, that it is hardly ever possible to say exactly what is the exact state of it. The old fish[1] says he is not a winner. I asked him if you had paid him, but his answer was not accompanied by any observation, which I wished for, I confess, with some degree of *méchanceté*. I have not as yet heard what Mrs. St. John is about; people are not determined about her pregnancy. Lady Holland is at Brighthelmstone, and that is all I know of her. John St. John came from thence a day or two ago, but he brings no news with him. Conway and Lord Robert[2] were there; Sir Ralph and Lady Paine; Bouverie[3] and his wife; Fawkener; and, though

[1] "Fish Crawford."

[2] Lord Robert Seymour, third son of the Earl of Hertford, and nephew to General Conway.

[3] Probably William Henry, second son of William, first Earl of Radnor, married in 1777, to Bridget, daughter of James Douglas, fourteenth Earl of Morton.

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last not least, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.[1] Lady Elizabeth is undoubtedly to be married to Lord Monson;[2] that is *une affaire finie.*

Charles Fox is gone to Euston. He is not so mad I suppose as Don Quixote, to imagine that an innkeeper will supply him with horses and provisions merely because he is a knight errant, or because he is going to visit a minister out of place.[3] There was a great turtle dinner yesterday at Almack's, but I could not dine there, being engaged to dine with a great fortune; but, not wanting her myself, I cannot do better than recommend her to Lord B.[4] If he will give me something for pimping, he shall have her. As incredible as you may think my journey to Matson may be, I think it much more probable than an expedition to Paris. I am not so likely to be your ambassador as your chamberlain; at least, if I do undertake the embassy to Madame Fagniani, I am very likely to come and receive your orders from the court at Matson before my departure. Adieu, my dear George; you see I do not forget my country acquaintance, and I hope you will sometimes think of me.

[1] George, fourth Duke of Marlborough, and his duchess, Caroline, daughter of John, fourth Duke of Bedford.

[2] John, third Baron Monson, married in 1777, to Elizabeth, daughter of William, fourth Earl of Essex.

[3] The Duke of Grafton.

[4] Probably Lord Bolingbroke, who is subsequently mentioned as being in pursuit of an heiress at Bath.

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CHARLES TOWNSHEND, ESQ.

CHARLES TOWNSHEND was the second son of the Hon. Thomas Townshend (son of Charles, second Viscount Townshend), by Albinia, daughter of Col. John Selwyn, of Matson, and sister to George Selwyn. He was born in 1736. At the time of his death, which took place on the 9th of August, 1799, he represented the town of Cambridge in Parliament, and was also one of the tellers of the exchequer. He must not be confounded with his cousin, the witty Charles Townshend, or with another cousin (better known as "Spanish Charles," from his having been secretary to the embassy at Madrid), who was created Lord Bayning in 1797.

Charles Townshend, Esq., to George Selwyn.

LONDON, 8 July, 1777.

DEAR SIR: — I left Frognal yesterday; my grandmother and the rest of the family all well. We have no news, but such rubbish as you see in the papers about D'Eon, Parson Horne,[1] etc. I ordered Ridley to send you down the Ordinary of Newgate's account of Dodd. I fear that it is all over with the Duke of Gloucester; he is endeavouring to go as far as Strasburg. The post is going, and therefore I must conclude with de-

[1] The celebrated Horne Tooke. He died at Wimbledon, March 19, 1812, in his seventy-seventh year.

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siring you to present my best compliments to Miss Selwyn and to the marquise, and with assuring you that I am, dear sir,

Yours most affectionately,

CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

[The health of the Duke of Gloucester continued for some months in a very precarious state. Horace Walpole writes to the Rev. Mr. Cole on the 16th September: "The Duke of Gloucester is miraculously revived. For two whole days I doubted whether he was not dead. I hope fatalists and omen-mongers will be confuted; and thus, as his grandfather broke the charm of the second of the name being an unfortunate prince, the duke will baffle that which has made the title of Gloucester unpropitious." The duke survived this illness nearly thirty years.]

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

NEWMARKET, Wednesday, 9th July, 1777.

MY DEAR GEORGE:—I had your melancholy letter yesterday. It is the greatest concern to me in the world to find you so very unhappy, and not to have the least hopes of doing you any service. To be sure, I will write to Madame Fagniani, or do anything else that you desire. After all that has been said, what to say I don't know, or what hopes to hold out to you, when all that can be done has already been tried. I am sure, say or

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do what I will, she will be persuaded it can only be to please you that I write or mention the subject, after so much conversation as I have had with her upon it when she was here, and her having so often repeated to me the impossibility, whatever their own dispositions were, on account of their family.

I am in waiting next week, and shall be in town Sunday or Monday. I wish I could say or do anything to give you comfort, or show you any mark of that affection and friendship with which I am always,

Very sincerely yours,

M. AND R.

Right Hon. Thomas Townshend, afterward Viscount Sydney, to George Selwyn.

CLEVELAND COURT, July 11, 1777.

DEAR SIR: — I have little news to send you, though there is an officer arrived from America; but I am told that he brings no news except that the army is just taking the field. I hear Carleton has assured Burgoyne that he will forward the service as much as possible, and will give him every assistance in his power, but has asked leave to return home.

There is a report that Lord Deerhurst[1] has quitted the service, and is returned to England;

[1] George William, Lord Deerhurst, succeeded, in September, 1809, as seventh Earl of Coventry. He died March 26, 1831.

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but Lady Bridget had heard nothing of it at three to-day. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Tollemache,[1] is lost on board the *Repulse*, which has foundered at sea, between North America and the West Indies. There is great talk of a war with France, and the ministerial people are the loudest on that subject.

I beg my best compliments to Miss Selwyn and mademoiselle, and I beg likewise to be remembered to any friends who may inquire after me. I am, with the greatest truth,

Your most affectionately humble servant,

T. T.

[The probability, indeed certainty, of England being sooner or later engaged in a war with France, consequent on her unfortunate dissensions with her revolted colonies in America, had been insisted upon by Lord Chatham in the House of Lords as early as the month of May preceding. "The French court," said he, "are too wise to lose the opportunity of separating America from Great Britain; it would perhaps be folly in France to declare it now, while the Americans are giving full employment to our arms, and pouring into her lap their wealth and produce, which France is enjoying in peace. War, however, with France is

[1] The Hon. William Tollemache, a captain in the royal navy, fourth son of Lionel, fourth Earl of Dysart, was lost in the *Repulse* frigate, in 1776.

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not the less certain because it had not yet been declared." War broke out with France in the month of May, 1778, exactly a year after the delivery of Lord Chatham's prophetic speech.]

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

[July, 1777.]

MY DEAR GEORGE:—I am always glad, for your sake, when you can write upon any subject but one; in the letter which I had this morning, you leave your own misfortunes to go to other people's. Indeed, my Lord D. [Deerhurst] has put the finishing stroke to his ruin. His return from America at this season does not only reflect upon his prudence, but upon something infinitely more essential to him at his time of life, which is his courage. No domestic reasons can be strong enough to justify a man in quitting the service at the opening of a campaign, especially one in which his country stands so deeply interested as in the present. I hope, for his sake, that others judge of his conduct with less severity than I do; but I greatly fear, if he had ever any understanding (which I much doubt), that it has come down to a level with his heart, which is very faulty, though not, as his father thinks, supremely vicious.

I think I can answer for remaining here till about the 20th or 25th of September. Parliament will meet at the end of October for neces-

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sary business, and will, I suppose, permit us very soon to go about our business again.

All this family are well; we begin to be too numerous to specify them. Pray let me hear from you as soon as you can. As for the subjects of your letters, consult your own inclinations, they are always acceptable to me. I am, my dear George,

Yours, etc.

To George Selwyn, Esq., at Messrs. Coutts and Co., Bankers, Strand, London.

Charles Townshend, Esq., to George Selwyn.

LONDON, 17 July, 1777.

DEAR SIR:—I have just received your kind letter of the 15th, for which I return you many thanks. I left my grandmother, and all the family at Frognal, very well last Tuesday, excepting my father, who has been troubled with an asthmatic complaint, from which, however, he has been much relieved by Hawkins's prescription, and he thought himself pretty well upon the morning when we left him.

We do not talk of a French war so much as we did last week. An express arrived yesterday from Paris, but I do not hear what it brought. Many friends of administration seem to wish for a war, which seems to be as disadvantageous for them as for the country. If we cannot reduce the Ameri-

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cans alone, I do not see that they will be the more tractable for having made an alliance with the house of Bourbon. General Grant had a horse shot under him upon a reconnoitring party. We expect news from America in a fortnight or three weeks.

I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately,

CHAS. TOWNSHEND.

P. S. The Duke of Gloucester was alive on the 5th July, at Trent.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

Sunday, July 20 [1777].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — If you pursue your resolutions you will leave Matson this day, and meet this letter in London. You will find it empty; few of your acquaintance remaining, except a few people whose employments, great idleness, or want of money to pay their post-horses, detain them there. I know nothing about a French war, or have heard anything to make me think there is any likelihood of one; but war might have been proclaimed with both France and Spain, and the news might not have penetrated this corner of the world. Your nephew's authority is not to be depended upon in political information.

The weather has lately been very fine; within these few days not so hot; we are alone except

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Lady Louisa.[1] You cannot do better than go into our house, and you had better sleep in our bed; or if you would sleep in a bed in a room looking to the park, Mrs. Stubs will have my bed put for you in a few hours' time. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately, etc.

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn.

(Translation.)

SPA, 22 July, 1777.

SIR: — I have just received your letter of the 8th instant, which has given me much pain. I feel your affliction very deeply, and I can assure you that I share it. It is not my intention to make a merit of it, but it is my duty to tell you that I have made a last effort with my parents with a view to procure your happiness. As they think that Mie Mie is with us, I proposed that we should defer our return till the spring, alleging as a pretext, that, by passing the winter in France, she would learn the language perfectly, and that she would then have less pain in leaving her country and friends. To this I received a very cold reply, and one which was very contrary to my wishes. Moreover, my husband's affairs are now in such

[1] Lady Louisa Gower, eldest daughter of Granville, second Earl Gower, and sister to Lady Carlisle. She married, this year, Sir Archibald Macdonald, brother to Lord Macdonald, afterward chief baron of the exchequer.

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a state that his presence is necessary, so that we shall be obliged to commence our journey to Italy toward the end of September. Another reason for my desiring to delay our journey as little as possible is on account of crossing the mountains. The best time for crossing them is at the end of October; and as I intend to make the journey as leisurely as possible, in order that the child may not suffer, it is necessary that we should begin betimes. My plan is to travel one day and to rest the next, and by this means I hope to avoid all untoward accidents. If you are at Paris by the middle of September it is all that is wanted; but I beseech you, for Heaven's sake, do not be later.

My dear friend, I hope you are satisfied that I do all I can to please you. There only remains for you to wish my death and that of my husband, for then, perhaps, you might keep Mie Mie some months longer; as to keeping her for good, all hope is out of the question. I can say no more at present. My husband drinks the waters, which do him much good. There are a great number of English here; and, amongst others, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. I await your news with impatience. I know that my letters give you but little pleasure, but I will not quarrel with you on this account; only continue your friendship for me, which is all I aspire to, and all I ask. Adieu, my friend; ask strength from Heaven, and you will not be in want of it.

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—— *to the Austrian Ambassador at London.*

(Translation.)

[The editor has found it impossible to identify the writer of this letter, the name being hopelessly illegible; it was not improbably, however, written by the Austrian Governor of Milan.]

MILAN, 29 July, 1777.

SIR:—I am persuaded that your Excellency does me the justice of believing that, as far as lies in my power, I have a true and sensible pleasure in responding to the friendship with which you have honoured me. The application, however, which you prefer to me on the part of Mr. Selwyn is, unfortunately, one of those demands with which it is impossible to comply. By my means, the Marquis and Marchioness Fagniani have obtained the permission of government to undertake a second journey to England, principally with the object of bringing back their little daughter to the bosom of their family; and the father and mother have only given their consent to it on this same condition. Should the marquis and marchioness, therefore, return to Milan without their daughter, the government would have just ground for believing that it had been imposed upon. The father and mother are of an advanced age; of one of the most respectable families in this city; and they await, with the utmost impatience, the return of

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their family, and especially of this granddaughter, whose arrival is looked for by the whole country.

If the young marquis and marchioness should unfortunately return without their daughter, I am sure the whole country would speak of it in terms of indignation, and that domestic peace would for ever be at end in this illustrious family. I think these reasons are sufficient to convince your Excellency that the return of the little girl with her parents is absolutely necessary. I hope, however, on future occasions, to be more fortunate in convincing your Excellency that I am, with the greatest respect, your Excellency's very humble and

Very obedient servant.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, 8th August [1777].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I have not written by the last two posts, which is an omission I do not easily forgive myself, especially as I had not a better excuse than idleness. Mr. Ekins and his wife arrived here yesterday. It is a very pleasant consideration to have them with us, when the expenses of travelling can be incurred without material inconvenience to their circumstances.

The Derbys and the Bishop of Worcester mean to come to us on Monday. I know nothing of Storer, but that he is at Brighthelmstone *cabageing* himself in the sea. Horace Walpole's distress

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for his royal relations [1] flows from much the same source as Offley's for poor Munchausen, the most ridiculous of affectations. I don't wonder you wish to change afflictions with him. Is not Orford [2] better? It was said, before I left town, that there were appearances in his favour.

We watch with eager expectation for American news. We are very ministerial on this side of the country, but yet we want something to keep up our spirits. I protest I am like Stephen Fox, who used to write in the newspapers and sign himself "A stander-by who has his fears." I cannot say I am without mine in the present critical position of affairs.

Your letters are particularly agreeable at this moment, as it is from you alone that I have any information of what is going on in town. Whenever you have leisure, pray consider you cannot give a greater proof of your charitable disposition than by continuing this kind of letters. All the children are well, and as good and well-behaved as children ought to be. Children may be too well-behaved. How many boys we have seen who have been so perfect that they have turned out very good-for-nothing men!

[1] The illness of the Duke of Gloucester, who had married the Dowager Lady Waldegrave, Horace Walpole's niece.

[2] George, third Earl of Orford, the predecessor of Horace Walpole (who was his uncle), in the title. He had for some time been in a state of mental alienation.

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Our archbishop has been confirming in this neighbourhood, at Malton, etc. I sent him a formal invitation to take up his residence at this place, which I was not sorry he refused, though I regretted to find him whisking back again in the evening, with four post-horses, without any attendants; more like Jack Townshend coming from Tunbridge, than the person possessed of York's envied crozier.

Adieu, my dear George. Lord Bacon says that the first fruit of friendship (which is the communicating of a man's self to his friend) works two contrary effects — for it redoubleth joys and cutteth griefs in half. Remember this adage. Fear not to pour out yourself copiously to me, nor think that my silence upon a particular subject arises from anything but a conviction that I can say nothing pleasant, and, what is worse, nothing useful. I am, my dear George, Yours, etc.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

My dear George: — It grieves me to find you write in such low spirits, though I had no reason to think they would be otherwise. Your reason for going to Matson admitted of no reply, as you thought the journey necessary for Mie Mie's health. On your own account simply, I should have remonstrated against it. You have more time for reflection there than you have in London; and though you fancy that dissipation is of no avail, because,

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when you begin to reflect again, your grief comes back with augmented violence, I believe this to be by no means the case. I have no doubt but that from every absence it loses somewhat of its force; or that the mind, by being left at rest for some hours, gathers strength to overcome it in the end, which is in reality the same thing.

We shall be here, as near as I can guess, till about the 12th or 14th of September, perhaps a few days longer. Do not talk about your fears of coming to us in the state of mind you will probably be then in. You know how glad we are always to see you, and how little your spirits can have to do with your reception. You will be master of your hours, time, sleep, company, solitude, books, at this place, more than you can be at any other. You will be able to converse upon a subject which it will be necessary for your *guérison* not to keep to yourself. Nothing but the length of the journey ought to weigh against your making the resolution to come to us, which I flatter myself will not be formidable enough, when you think more about it, to hinder you.

I have not heard from Storer since I left town. I know no news. Lady Carlisle and the children are well.

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn.

SPA, August 15, 1777.

I have just received a letter from my mother, which has caused me as much surprise as afflic-

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tion, and I did not expect, sir, a similar blow from you.

You have decided, then, in order to secure your own happiness, to accomplish our ruin by embroiling us with our family, while at the same time you destroy the reputation of the child you pretend to love! Learn, then, the result of your imprudent conduct. Our parents (more irritated than ever by your insulting offer of giving our daughter a dower, and at the same time very angry with us on account of the bad faith we have kept with them) have forbidden our ever writing to them until we shall have Mie Mie in our charge; and even desire us to proceed to London to claim her, if it be necessary.

I do not really know, sir, what devilish idea has seized you. Was it to reward us for our good nature in leaving you Mie Mie, contrary to the advice of our parents; or because you doubted our word? In any case you were wrong. I repeat to you that Mie Mie is not an object of pity, as you endeavour to make out. Thank Heaven! she is in want of nothing; she belongs to a very great house; she has fortune enough to be independent of every one; and I can assure you that no greater misfortune could befall her than that of living in a strange country, separated, like a foundling, from her family; maintained by a person who does not belong to her, and, in regard to whom, the world would always question by what title he adopted the child.

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I flatter myself, sir, that by this time you will have received the answer of our minister; and that you will be convinced by it at last that we are not adventurers; that we have a country, a family, and property; that our children are as dear to us as are the children of others; and that our reputation is dearer to us than any advantages which fortune might procure for them at the expense of our honour.

I beg of you, sir, in answer to this, to inform me of your determination, as we are open to any arrangement. If you are unable to accompany Mie Mie, my husband will come and fetch her when we leave this place; or, if you will accompany her as far as Calais, I will be there myself. Lastly, I beseech you to inform me, as soon as possible, of your intentions; and in the meantime I have the honour of assuring you of my respect.

THE REV. JEFFERY EKINS.

The Rev. Jeffery Ekins, D. D., was educated at Eton, and afterward at King's College, Cambridge, of which college he eventually became fellow. He was afterward one of the assistant masters of Eton School, where he was tutor to Lord Carlisle, and where a friendship sprung up between them which only terminated with the life of the former. In 1771 he published "The Loves of Medea and Jason," a poem, in three books, translated from the

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Greek of Apollonius Rhodius Argonauticus. He had recently been nominated to the livings of Sedgefield and Morpeth, in Durham, and some years afterward was appointed to the deanery of Carlisle. He died at Parson's Green, on the 20th of November, 1791.

The Rev. Jeffery Ekins to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, August 17, 1777.

DEAR SIR: — I cannot leave Castle Howard without addressing a few lines to you from a place where I know you are so kindly interested in the concerns and happiness of its inhabitants, who are all perfectly well. This place, always delightful, is made particularly pleasant and cheerful at present by very fine weather, and a large concourse of company. Mrs. Ekins and I, upon our arrival the week before last, found Lady Louisa and Lady Ann here. The party was soon enlarged by the accession of the Bishop of Worcester, Mrs. North, Mrs. and Miss Banister. The company now in the house are Lord and Lady Derby, the Duke of Dorset, Lord Winchelsea, Lord Ossory, Mr. Hanger, and the youngest Faulkener. They will all be going in a day or two to York races, when Mrs. Ekins and I shall return home.

As you hear so frequently from Lord Carlisle, it is impossible for me to communicate anything new to you from hence, which might afford you enter-

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tainment, but I had much rather you should think me a dull correspondent, than wanting in any marks of attention and esteem. I assure you it was a great disappointment to me, that I had not the pleasure of finding you in town when I went up, on the acquisition of my new preferment. I more particularly wished to see you upon that occasion, as I have received so many proofs of the kind and friendly part you have always taken in my former views of preferment. This, which has exceeded my utmost expectations, has likewise bounded my wishes, and becomes infinitely the more valuable to me by being conferred with the most honourable marks of Lord Carlisle's uncommon friendship. The living of Sedgefield with Morpeth is such a provision as will not only make me happy, but enable me to consult the future happiness of my children, by giving them an education upon the most liberal plan, and saving something for them every year out of my income; for I esteem it one peculiar advantage attending my present preferment, that it will oblige me to make but little variation in my way of life, and add little to my present expenses. The situation of Sedgefield is very agreeable, and the country about it pleasant, but the house is a very old and bad one.

I ought to apologise to you for troubling you with so many particulars of my own concerns, but I will beg you to believe at the same time that I feel myself by no means uninterested in yours. I

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am very sensible how uneasy you must be in your present situation, under the expectation of being so soon to part with the young lady who holds so high a place in your affections. I well know what feelings such as yours must naturally suffer upon this occasion. And though I cannot presume to offer any consolation but what your own reason and the necessity of circumstances must suggest, yet let me express my hopes that you will not suffer the concern from your loss to prey upon your spirits by any unnecessary indulgence of it; and if you find the continuance in town, after your young lady's departure, painful to you, you could not do better than go immediately to Castle Howard, where you would meet with every comfort and satisfaction that change of place, amusement, and the sincerest friendship could afford you. Mrs. Ekins and I propose leaving this place to-morrow, but hope to revisit it when Lord Carlisle returns from the meeting of Parliament, and after Christmas we meditate an excursion into the south, when I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in town. I will beg you in the meantime to believe me to be, with great truth and respect, dear sir, your most sincere and obliged humble servant,

J. Ekins.

P. S. Lord Carlisle desires me to tell you he is not able to write now, but will by the first opportunity.

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Lady Holland to George Selwyn.

OLD WINDSOR, August 31, 1777.

DEAR MR. SELWYN:—I am vastly concerned to find from your letter that your spirits are so low. I wish it were any way in my power to alleviate the distress I know you must feel on parting with what you are so tenderly attached to; and though I am not vain enough to imagine I could do that, yet the change of scene and air might possibly be of some service to your spirits, and as you seem undetermined what to do, I wish I could prevail upon you to come here. To a common acquaintance it might be a good excuse to say you were out of spirits, but to your friends it is an unkind one, and not treating them as such, to suppose that they are only glad of your company when you are in spirits to amuse them.

You are certainly the best judge, but I own it appears to me a bad scheme for you to go with Mie Mie to Paris, and likely only to prolong the pain of parting, and put yourself out of the way of receiving comfort from those who would wish to give you all in their power on this occasion. Pray let me hear again from you soon. I have had the happiness of hearing from Richard,[1] who mentions you particularly in his letter, and begs I will not

[1] General Fitzpatrick, Lady Holland's brother.

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forget to give his compliments to you. I am, dear Mr. Selwyn,

Yours, very sincerely,

M. HOLLAND.

P. S. We all desire our love to Mie Mie.

The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn.

BRUSSELS, September 3, 1777.

SIR: — As it is some time since I have received any of your letters, I fear that my last from Spa may have been lost. Under this impression, I take the liberty of repeating my former inquiries of you respecting Mie Mie. In case you no longer entertain the project of accompanying her to Paris, we have decided on leaving at once for Calais, from whence I shall send my people to fetch her. On the other hand, if you still are kind enough to determine on accompanying her yourself, I beg you will inform me of the day of her departure, in order that I may be at Paris on your arrival. She must be in Italy before the end of October.

You cannot but be aware that I am not ignorant of your proceedings with respect to our parents. You must also be aware that they have had no success whatever, except in embroiling us with them.

In one word, sir, I beg you will bear in mind that the season advances rapidly, and that it is most advisable that Mie Mie should cross the mountains before the winter. You will oblige

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me much by returning me an answer as soon as possible, and in the meantime I beg to assure you of my fullest gratitude and esteem.

My husband desires me to make his best compliments to you. He also desires me to assure you that we shall never forget your kindness for our daughter, and that we are in despair at being under the necessity of disobliging you against our own will.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

September 5, 1777.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — We are now alone, excepting Lady Anne Howard,[1] and waiting very eagerly for news from General Howe, which I conceive will be of the most interesting nature possible. The whole world is standing gazing at us, and ready to take advantage of our misfortunes or misconduct. A man must be strangely phlegmatic not to be somewhat agitated in such circumstances.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam are at Scarborough, and will, I hope, come here when she has finished her bathing. The sea-water will not have that prolific power that I believe they wish to derive from it. A child would make them very happy.[2]

[1] Sister to Lord Carlisle, and one of the ladies of the bedchamber to the Princess Amelia, aunt to George the Third. She was born in 1744.

[2] Lord Fitzwilliam, nearly eleven years afterward, became the father of an only child, Charles, the present Earl Fitzwilliam, born on the 4th of May, 1786.

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Little Charlotte this morning chose to eat some berries that she found in the garden, which made her extremely sick. We were fearful at first that they might have some poisonous quality, but are now satisfied that they have nothing dangerous belonging to them. All the other children are well.

I dined the other day at Lord Fauconberg's,[1] where that pernicious custom of ancient hospitality remains, of making the servants drunk. Luckily, my postilions were sober, but my footmen lost both their horses, and did not come home till the next morning. If they require characters of me, I shall bid them go to Lord Fauconberg, for as he is in some measure accessory to their losing them, he may repair them if he will.

You had better keep the box. Caroline will like to receive it from your hands. I say nothing about Mie Mie, for what can I say? Adieu, my dear, dear George.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, September 12, 1777.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I fear this will arrive in a season when nothing that I can write or say will give you any relief. If it should come to hand

[1] Thomas, first Earl Fauconberg, was born on the 27th of April, 1699, and died at his seat at Newborough, in Yorkshire, 4 February, 1774.

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when you had rather not be broke in upon, you have two remedies; one to postpone the reading of it till you have more inclination; the other, which I would rather recommend, to fling it into the fire without reading it at all.

As to our motions, you partly know them. We talk of not remaining here longer than we first proposed. We may take Chatsworth in our way. I may perhaps go to Lord Derby's for a couple of days, but it will not be prudent for Lady Carlisle to travel over more rough road than is necessary. She remains well, and in a few days will have got over the dangerous period, which is critical to those who have had the accidents she has had.

I have heard nothing from Storer, but hope that he will come to us. No news from America. I did not hear that Charles was so bloodthirsty, but I find it agreed on all hands. We have great quantities of fruit, and better flavoured than I ever remember, which I do not understand is the case in the south. The weather is very favourable for the harvest, and there are great appearances of plenty. Our farmers will be puzzled for cause of complaint. We have nobody with us at present. E. Fawkenor, who is quartered at York, comes and goes two or three times a week, as his military business permits. I am, my dear George,

Yours, etc.

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The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn.

BRUSSELS, September 18, 1777.

SIR: — I have received your three letters all at once, and the last, which acquainted me that Mie Mie was better, has given me great pleasure. I hope her journey will be prosperous; indeed, it can scarcely be otherwise after all the precautions which your tenderness has induced you to adopt. Amongst other things, you talk of a carriage which you have had fitted up for her, and which I suppose will contain her little travelling-bed and her other necessaries. If, therefore, you would like Mie Mie to continue her journey to Italy in this carriage, as she will already have been accustomed to it, I will give up one of mine for the use of your people on their return. I beg that you will give me a very detailed answer on this point, and also that you will let me have a list of her clothes and linen, so as to avoid all trouble with the women who will accompany her, and with those who will afterward have charge of them.

I have found a person for her who is sweetness itself. She is of an excellent disposition; a Parisian; thirty-three years of age; is well born, and has had a very good education. She will keep Mie Mie company, and will teach her French; for she will have another person to wait upon her, whom my mother has already taken care to provide for this purpose. You may rely on receiving news of

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my daughter every week. I know the interest you take in her, and therefore will not fail in this respect, and, on the road, will give you the most exact details regarding her.

You will address your answer to this to Paris, *Poste Restante*. We shall take with us M. Lecchi, whom you know, who will accompany us during our journey to Italy; there will, therefore, be one more person to take care of Mie Mie. I shall say nothing in regard to your not accompanying her; but I cannot but feel deeply the insulting notion you have formed respecting us. You say that instead of consolation you have received reproaches from us. No, sir! Italians, notwithstanding your bad opinion of them, have good hearts. Gratitude is their portion, and they are susceptible of friendship, perhaps more than any other nation. I hope you will form your opinion of the truth of this fact by the experience which you have had of friendship in your own country, and the friends which you may hereafter make in ours.

In your answer to this, I beg that you will inform me where Mie Mie will alight at Paris, as the city is so large that we might both be there without our succeeding in finding out one another. In short, my dear friend, I am fit for nothing at present. Your condition tears my heart. Adieu! Be persuaded that my gratitude equals my friendship, and that Mie Mie and I will never forget you.

My husband sends many compliments to you,

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and is much penetrated by your situation. He proposes, when Mie Mie shall be old enough to support the journey without risk, to come to London and pay you a visit with her.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, September 5, 1777.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — Your letter, which reached me this morning, was, to my great satisfaction, written with more composure than I had reason to think you would be possessed of in this moment of trial. I do not intend to acquit you of that of which Lord Grantham has accused you, want of philosophy; but, as far as I can judge at this distance, your conduct has been as reasonable as the most reasonable of your friends had a right to expect. I own I could never divest myself entirely of the apprehension that you would yourself accompany the child to Paris, where you would have been subject to many mortifications from the persons who ought to consider themselves the most obliged to you. The separation would not have been less terrible; the travelling back, extremely painful; and the remaining there, worse; for if anything could add to such distress as yours, it would be the sympathising impertinence of your old French friends, and their tiresome curiosity into the arcana of this sad history. Things that are held out as comforts are sometimes apt to

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make us more impatient and peevish than even circumstances which really add to our affliction, and which ought in reason to increase it. If the consolation does not happen to hit our fancy, we consider ourselves insulted by it, and feel angry at those who so affront us. This, I have always thought, makes the endeavour to console anybody from whom you are absent as an extremely hazardous undertaking; but, notwithstanding this, I must press you to look forward to an Italian journey as a thing not only very practicable, but as very likely to take place; in the company, too, of those who, I am sure, will make you less sensible either of the length or fatigues and difficulties of the way. These, by the bye, are most extremely increased by the invention of our modern travellers.

Storer is with us, but brings us no news. Lady Anne leaves us to-morrow, and goes to my sister Frances.[1] O., I see, is dead. As to the bond, we will not halloo till we are out of the wood, though I have every reason to think the obligation terminates with his life, and I firmly believe, to do him justice, that it was his intention that it should be so. But how the bond may be worded, and what legal evasion it may be liable to, I cannot pretend to say; therefore I will not receive your congratulations upon this point till Gregg has seen the bond, which was kept from his sight with some

[1] Lady Frances Howard, sister to Lord Carlisle, married to John Radcliffe, Esq., of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire.

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industry, a circumstance which always carries suspicion with it. I expect him here again every day. Lady Carlisle and the children are all well. We leave this place the 25th, but you shall hear again from me before that time.

P. S. Pray make my compliments to such of the family at Frognal to whom I have the honour to be known. Lady Carlisle is very anxious to hear about you, and always manifests the utmost compassion for your sufferings.

[In perusing many of the preceding letters, the reader can scarcely have failed to take an interest in the evidences of George Selwyn's deep attachment for his young charge, and the anguish of mind with which he anticipated their approaching separation. The time had now arrived when he was compelled to resign her to the care of her mother, and, only two days after the date of Lord Carlisle's letter, we find her taking her departure, under a suitable escort, for Italy. Among innumerable other evidences of Selwyn's anxious solicitude to secure her comfort and safety during the journey, it appears, on reference to the following document, that he had carefully made himself master of the merits of the different resting-places and inns at which he considered it expedient that she should pass each night while on her route from London to Milan:

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"DE LONDRES.

À Dartford, à la Couronne;
à Rochester, à la Couronne;
à Canterbury, aux Fontaines;
à Douvre, chez Brochon, King's Head;
à Calais, chez Dessein, Hôtel d'Angleterre;
à Boulogne, Ville de Londres;
à Montreuil, la meilleure auberge, je ne me souviens pas;
à Abbeville, à l'Ecu de Brabant;
à Amiens, les Bons Enfans;
à Chantilly, à la Poste;
à Paris, Hôtel de York, chez Mr. Sanco;
à Fontainebleau, à la Dauphine;
à Auxêrre, au Trois Chandelliers;
à Viteau, à la Poste;
à Baune, à la Poste;
à Maçon, au Palais Royal;
à Lyon, chez Royer, Rue de l'Arsenal;
au Pont de Bon Voisin aux Trois Rois;
à Exbelle, à la Poste;
à Modane, à St. Jean;
au pied de la Montagne il n'y a pas à choisir;
de l'autre côté non plus;
à Turin, à la Bonne Femme;
à Novare il n'y a qu'une bonne auberge;
à Milan; le livre de Poste vous enseigne la distance d'un endroit à l'autre."

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Not a day seems to have been allowed to pass by, by those who had the charge of the child, without Selwyn being carefully informed of the most minute particulars respecting her, and even of the manner in which she was employing herself at the time they were writing. These communications not unfrequently conclude with a line from "Mie Mie" herself, scrawled in the almost illegible handwriting of a very young child, and accompanied by an awkward attempt at sketching a castle, a house, a boat, or some other object. For instance, the following note (illustrated by a view of a castle with several large windows and two very smoky chimneys) is appended to a letter to Selwyn from his faithful man-servant Michelet:

"My dear Monsieur Selwyn:— God bless you, and preserve you, with all my heart, and let me see you as soon as you can.

"I am your

"Mie Mie."

Again, to a letter to Selwyn from her governess is added:

"I am, dear Mr. Selwyn, your dearest Mie Mie. I hope you are very well.

"Mie Mie."

Underneath this brief epistle is scrawled the figure of a woman with an immense head and head-

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dress and a very diminutive body; with the words subjoined, "This great woman, she is my *gouvernante*." It may be remarked that these, and numerous other trifling memorials of a similar kind, appear to have been preserved by Selwyn with the most religious care.]

Mr. Thomas Forsyth to George Selwyn.

BOND STREET, 22 September, 1777.

MY GOOD SIR: — I know it will give you satisfaction to be informed that I saw your little friend set off this morning, in such a state of health and spirits as indicated a pleasant journey. I went to your house a little before nine, and breakfasted with her. Mrs. Webb had, previous to my going there, informed her that you were gone to see your mother, who was not well, with which she seemed perfectly satisfied; and she told me that she was very glad that you had gone, as "she loved your mother." I told her that you proposed to come to her as soon as you could leave your mother; and to this she answered that "she hoped you would not do so till she was better, as Mrs. Webb and Mr. Mitchell would take care of her." This was very considerate of the child, and showed much goodness of heart.

If it will in any degree contribute to your ease and peace of mind, I can assure you, upon my veracity, that she set out on the journey in very good spirits; and I am also sure that every

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convenience was provided for her and her suite. Having therefore acquitted yourself in every respect for her comfort and advantage, let me beseech you, my good sir, to fortify your mind against the temporary loss of her, and endeavour to get up your spirits, which have been too long depressed. If, in any shape, I can contribute to your ease and quiet, I beg you will, without any reserve, favour me with your commands, who am very much, good sir,

Your most obedient servant,

THOS. FORSYTH.

Miss Mary Townshend to George Selwyn.

Sunday [September, 1777].

DEAR SIR: — I wish I could administer any relief to your dejected spirits, but I have not so much faith in my eloquence as to attempt it, though I hope, when the suspense is over, that you will be more capable of taking amusement. We approve much of your not going yourself to Paris. You will easily find a servant who can speak French and English, for the purpose you want, nor need you insist on either in its greatest purity. I should think Mrs. Terry could assist you in that affair.

My grandmother continues well, but my father has had a return of shortness of breath this morning, which makes me uneasy about him, though he looks well and has a good appetite. It may

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be nothing, but it is also the beginning of ugly disorders; but do not take notice of what I have said, as he sometimes asks for your letters. You see my spirits are not in a way to keep up yours at this moment; therefore I may as well conclude, after I have obeyed my grandmother's commands of sending her love to you. My father and sister also desire to join theirs to you and Miss Selwyn.

Yours, etc.,

M. T.

Mr. Fector to George Selwyn.

DOVER, 24th Sept., 1777.

SIR:—We received the favour of your letter of the 22d instant, and have the pleasure to acquaint you that the little lady you recommended to us sailed this morning, with very fine weather and a favourable opportunity.

We provided her with a very good vessel, and an exceeding careful captain, who we are persuaded will have taken particular care of the young lady, and have very well answered the intention of a woman attendant, who in all probability would have been the first to require assistance.

We are always exceedingly happy when our situation here can be rendered serviceable to you, and beg that on all occasions you will freely dispose of, sir, your most devoted, and

Obedient humble servants,

MINET, FECTOR AND SON.

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The Marchioness Fagniani to George Selwyn.

PARIS, October 8, 1777.

MY DEAR FRIEND: — I begin with the subject that is most interesting to you. Mie Mie is perfectly well. She has not suffered the least from the journey; but, on the contrary, Mr. Michel says that she is so much altered for the better that you would hardly know her. She has an excellent appetite and sleeps soundly. She asked me, of her own accord, to let her sleep with me, because she does not like sleeping with her governess. At first I made Nancy dress and undress her, but now it is I who have taken her place, and who am the lady's maid, and she does me the favour of saying that I do it as well as Nancy. She sleeps by the side of my bed; is very lively, and asks every day to set out for Italy. She goes out every morning and evening, either in the carriage or on foot. In short, I am very much pleased with her, and can assure you that, since she has been with me, I have not left her for a moment.

I am at Paris as if I were in the country. I go to no places of amusement nor to the promenade; in short, I am entirely occupied with my child, and am very happy.

According to your wish, Mr. Michel will accompany us to Italy. Mie Mie will see him every moment if she wishes it, as he will spend all the winter in Italy with us; he will also give you

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truthful accounts of her, which will be a satisfaction to me. We have decided on taking Mie Mie's carriage, although it is not very good; but it is larger than ours, which will be better for Mie Mie, as she will be more at her ease in it. I cannot write more to you at present; but will only repeat the expression of my thanks, and beg of you to continue your friendship for me, and to let me hear from you.

Mr. Michel tells me that he has given you a very exact detail of Mie Mie's journey thither, so that I shall add no more on that subject. The conduct of your friend toward you does not surprise me after all I have seen. One often discovers the characters of people when it is too late; you must, therefore, console yourself, and consider that a friend of this kind is better lost than found.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

NEWMARKET, Tuesday, 14th October, 1777.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — We came here on Sunday night, and found March, who gives me a better account of you than I had reason to expect from your last letter. He told me you spoke with temper upon that unfortunate business. Cool reflection, and calm revision of this business, will be your best friends. Remember, that every man has philosophy who chooses to make use of it. Some, indeed, endeavour to persuade themselves they have it not, only to have an excuse to them-

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selves for acts of violence and intemperance; but this is very childish.

I never thought your attachment extraordinary. I might for your sake have wished it less in the degree; but what I did think extraordinary was that you would never permit what was most likely to happen ever to make its appearance in your perspective. March speaks with great tenderness and real compassion for your sufferings. Have you been at Lady Holland's? Are you in my house? Do not stay too long at Frognal; change the scene, it will do you good. Gratify every caprice of that sort, and write to me everything that comes into your head. You cannot unload your heart to any one who will receive its weight more cheerfully than I shall do.

Yours, etc.

Mrs. Crawford to George Selwyn.

Tuesday, 4th November [1777].

DEAR SIR: — I wish very much to hear you are in better spirits than when you last wrote to me. I do assure you I feel much for you, and should be happy if I could think of anything to alleviate your grief. I hope you continue to receive good accounts of the dear little object of your affection. It was impossible to know her, and not love her; but, indeed, you must endeavour to comfort yourself. I will not pretend to say you are not unfortunate in losing her, but give me leave to ask you

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who is exempt from misfortunes? and nothing lessens them so much as resignation and fortitude of mind to bear them. These are qualities no human creature should be without, and much to be looked for in a person of your superior good sense and education. I hope, when we are settled in town, often to have the pleasure of seeing you; the thoughts of it are one of the most agreeable parts of my prospect.

Will you give me leave to trouble you for a few more franks? I have many foreign letters to send to Mr. Crawford, or I would not ask them. I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

JANE CRAWFORD.

Thomas Forsyth, Esq., to George Selwyn.

[The successes in America referred to in this letter consisted of the defeat of the advanced body of Washington's army by Lord Cornwallis, on the 26th of June; the affair of Iron Hill on the 3d of September; Howe's victory over Washington at Brandywine on the 8th; the defeat of General Wayne by Major-General Grey on the 20th; and the occupation of Philadelphia by General Howe on the 22d of September.]

BOND STREET, December 3, 1777.

DEAR SIR: — Before this can reach you, the *Gazette* will inform you of the various successes of

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our army under General Howe, which, as usual, does not give the satisfaction that the multitude looked for. But they are imperfect judges of the matter, and perhaps it is as much as we can expect, from situation and circumstances. Perhaps they would have been better pleased if, unfortunately, advices had not arrived last night from Quebec, giving an account that poor General Burgoyne, after having fought and held out till he was almost starved, had been obliged to capitulate, and had become a prisoner of war. It is said that he is wounded, as is also General Phillips, and General Frazer is killed. The former is to come to England by way of Quebec, and all the others (who are bound not to serve again against the Independent States of America) are to be sent to England by way of Boston. This is the report of the day, and, from the best account I can learn, it is only a report. It is true the *Warwick* man-of-war is arrived, and government has received by her the account of the action of the 19th of September. She sailed from Quebec the 24th of October, and in coming down the river St. Lawrence they were informed that the report of General Burgoyne's disaster had reached Quebec, but they bring no particulars.

I have seen a Mr. Strachan, a merchant of eminence, who came home by the fleet under convoy of the *Warwick*, and he assured me that when he left Quebec Burgoyne's defeat was only

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a report.[1] On the other hand, I have also seen a letter from a gentleman at Quebec, which gives a dismal account of the situation of our army in Canada; encompassed by thirty thousand militia; destitute of provisions; and fatigued and reduced in numbers; all which indicates something very unfavourable, and I am rather disposed to dread that the report will prove true intelligence. If so, American independence will be the result, and we shall totally lose what we have been in vain attempting to regain.

I know not whether Lord March will have time to write to you to-night, as there will be a late House of Lords, upon the motion of the Duke of Richmond for considering the state of the navy. I hope you enjoy good health and increasing spirits, and am, with much respect, dear sir,

Your most obedient servant,

THOMAS FORSYTH.

Charles Townshend, Esq., to George Selwyn.

LONDON, December 9, 1777.

DEAR SIR:—I return you many thanks for your kind letter, which I received last night when I came home, but too late to answer it.

With respect to your money in the funds, Mr. Mathias informed me that the rise which I men-

[1] The report proved but too true, General Burgoyne, with the army under his command, having surrendered to General Gates at Saratoga on the 16th of October.

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tioned continued for so short a time after the news of Howe's advantages over the Americans, that he could not do anything for you. The news of Burgoyne's total defeat sunk the stocks lower than they were before, and Mr. Mathias said he had wrote to you for further directions.

Though there are no official accounts come from Burgoyne, yet the ministry, and all who should know, give entire credit to this melancholy and unfortunate piece of news. Perhaps some more favourable despatches from Howe may again raise the stocks, but this matter is so uncertain that I can form no judgment of what is likely to happen. I am sorry I cannot flatter you with much hope upon this subject.

Your friend Lord Bolingbroke's affairs are in a much more prosperous state than those of the public. He is gone down to Bath in pursuit of a lady, who he proposes should retrieve his finances. Her name is Curtis; she is about thirty years of age, and has a fortune of forty-three thousand pounds. It is said that she has accepted his proposals.

I have no other news which can interest you. My father and sister are both well, and desire to be remembered to you. Mrs. Townshend is brought to bed and is very well; the child died three hours after she was born. Believe me to be, dear sir,

Yours most affectionately,

CHA. TOWNSHEND.

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[The Mrs. Townshend whose name occurs in the concluding paragraph of this letter was Elizabeth, daughter and coheir of Richard Powys, Esq., of Hintlesham, in Suffolk, by Lady Mary Brudenel, daughter of George, third Earl of Cardigan. She married, May 19, 1760, Thomas Townshend, Esq., nephew to George Selwyn, by whom she was the mother of John Thomas, second Viscount Sydney; Mary Elizabeth, Countess of Chatham; Frances, Lady Dynevor; and Harriet Katherine, Duchess of Buccleugh,[1] mother of the present (fifth) duke, who is consequently great-nephew to George Selwyn. Mrs. Townshend (who, on the elevation of her husband to the peerage, in 1783, became Baroness, and afterward Viscountess Sydney) died on the 24th of August, 1814.]

Anthony Morris Storer, Esq., to George Selwyn.

PORTUGAL STREET, Dec. 11, 1777.

DEAR GEORGE: — You have no idea what an effect this news has had on the minds of people in town. Those who never felt before, feel now. Those who were almost indifferent with respect to American affairs are now awakened out of their

[1] The Duchess of Buccleugh was "the beautiful, the kind, the affectionate, and generous duchess" of Sir Walter Scott. It was on the occasion of her untimely death that Sir Walter addressed to the bereaved duke one of the most beautiful and interesting letters in our language.

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lethargy, and see to what a dreadful situation we are reduced. Every one is at fault at this dreadful check. Where the blame is, nobody can fix; all seem, however, to be willing to excuse Burgoyne. Yesterday Parliament met, after an adjournment of four days, to adjourn till the 20th of January. Thus ministry may have time to consider what is to be done in this dilemma, and (as Lord North threw out) to digest some proposals that should be made to America.

As for going to war with France, it will be our own doing, surely, if open hostilities take place. It is not supposed that either their inclination or their interest will induce them to declare war first against us; their game is better played by annoying us secretly. I understood yesterday, from handbills which were given about in the coffee-houses at the House of Commons, that the articles of capitulation between Burgoyne and Gates were to be published in some newspaper to-day. I have not as yet seen them; if I get them, you shall have them with this letter this evening.

We have had some preferments, and changes of places; Lord Onslow [1] has got Sir W. Meredith's stick; [2] Lord Palmerston [3] is a lord of the treas-

[1] George, first Earl of Onslow, a privy councillor, and subsequently comptroller of the household, and a lord of the bedchamber. He died May 17, 1814.

[2] As comptroller of the household.

[3] Henry, second Viscount Palmerston, the father of the present lord. He died April 17, 1802.

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ury; Lord Mulgrave[1] comes in, in the room of Lord P., at the Admiralty; Lord Jersey[2] is turned out, and it is said that Lord Aylesford[3] comes into the bedchamber in his place. Sir Richard Worseley[4] has got Mr. Hopkins's place; the chamberlainship is not yet disposed of. These dismissions are, I suppose, made *in terrorem*, that we may not at this critical instant have any deserters, who may imagine that they are to hold their places, and yet desert their standard.

I am very glad to find that you are in better spirits than when you left London. There is certainly nothing here now that would amuse you. George and Caroline, I hope, will make up for what you have lost, and will keep you from the *regno Hesperiæ et fatalibus arvis*. I may conjure you *per spem surgentis Iüli: per genitorem, oro,*

[1] Constantine John, second Lord Mulgrave. He subsequently distinguished himself during the administration of Mr. Pitt, under whom he held the appointments of joint paymaster of the forces, a lord of trade, and a commissioner of the India Board. He died October 10, 1792.

[2] George, fourth Earl of Jersey, a lord of the bedchamber, and father of the present (fifth) earl. He died August 22, 1805.

[3] Heneage Finch, fourth Earl of Aylesford, father of the present (fifth) earl. He died October 21, 1812.

[4] Sir Richard Worseley, Bart. He was Governor of the Isle of Wight, comptroller of the household, and member of Parliament for Newport. He was the author of a "History of the Isle of Wight," and his collection of marbles, statues, and other antiques, were engraved and published, in two volumes, folio, under the title of "Museum Worsleianum." He died August 8, 1805, in his fifty-fourth year.

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eripe te his, invicte malis. I dare say, since the time of your being at Castle Howard last you have found many alterations and many improvements. There might very easily be some inscription placed upon the stables, to bear the date of the present lord.

You see, by the length of my letter, that I mean to acknowledge to you how much I am indebted to you for the length of yours. My goose-quill feels itself tired, if you do not, so that I am almost afraid of entering upon what I reserved as a supplement to my letter.

Mr. Walpole, speaking of the portrait, calls it "the fine original of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk," with the staves of earl marshal and lord treasurer, from which the print is taken, which is at Leicester House. The inscription on the print is, "Thomas Howard, Dux et Comes Marescallus, summus Thesaurarius et Admirallus Angliæ; æt. 66. ob. 1554." All the proof you bring amounts to this, — that the second Duke of Norfolk died in 1524, and that there is a note on the back, saying the person here represented died in 1524. Will you look again, and see if it is not 1554? — if it is not, it ought to be so. If Holbein only made a copy, who was there, before Holbein's time, capable of painting even such a picture as your supposed original? Besides, do you not apprehend that, if you produce two pictures together, judges can tell you which is the original and which

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the copy? Your hypothesis is this: There existed an original picture in 1554, before Holbein's time; nay, the picture must have been done before that period, because at that time the second duke died, and was buried at Thetford. Holbein comes into England; copies this picture of a prior artist, so that Holbein's original (which is a thing, I suppose, could never be mistaken) now becomes a copy. Vanderverst makes a drawing from this picture, and Gucht engraved it for *l'Histoire d'Angleterre par Larrey*, who calls it, by the inscription at the bottom of the print, the third Duke of Norfolk. There is no one reason, but the memorandum at the back of the picture, made by some ignorant housekeeper, which can support your hypothesis, and this is really so trifling that it is not necessary to say a word about it.

Granger, whom you despise so much, bears a very good character for correctness, and Mr. Walpole, who saw his book before it was published, would not have let so capital an error go unnoticed. Besides, the book has undergone two editions; the second edition very much improved; with whatever inaccuracies he might have fallen into corrected; and yet this print is always called the third Duke of Norfolk. Why is the dress favourable to your supposition? The third succeeded to both the staves of the second, and to the Order of the Garter. I do not know that the fur gown suits the reign of Henry the Seventh, or the beginning

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of the reign of Henry the Eighth the most, and there is nothing else in the dress that can determine anything; so, in that respect, I must beg leave to say, with submission, that you have made use of a very inconclusive argument.

No! The art of painting was at its height at this period; yet there was no artist at all but Mabuse here, before Holbein, of any kind of note. Did Mabuse paint the picture, — that is, the original from whence Holbein took the copy? Because I believe you think that Holbein painted the picture at Castle Howard. If you will only suppose that some person (who did know when Holbein came into this country, but mistook one Duke of Norfolk for another) consulted history to know when he died, and found that he died in 1524, — and thus in consequence wrote that memorandum on the back which has so much weight with you, — then, *cadit questio, et probes aliter.* I have not time to look more into this matter at present, and suppose you are not sorry for it. What I have said is from some faint recollection of what I once, as you said, had at my fingers' ends. I may have made, perhaps, some mistake, because that is almost out of my memory, which I knew so well when we formerly disputed upon this subject.

So much for the Duke of Norfolk. I hope you think I have repaid your letter with sufficient interest. Give my love to Carlisle, and my best

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compliments to the *amabile compagnia.* My dear George, I remain,

Yours most sincerely,

A. STORER.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

ALMACK'S, Tuesday night.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I have had both your letters, and am very glad to hear that you find yourself so much better. We have nothing here but bad news, for Burgoyne's capitulation is believed by all people, though government has not received any authentic accounts of it. To-day there is a report that he is dead, which comes by a letter from Franklin. B—— has made an opposition speech in his usual manner, full of damned bad metaphors and simile, that do not apply. In one part of his speech he said, addressing himself to Wedderburn, that, though a squalling starling, he thought that he had a right to reply to the learned canary-bird. In another part he said that, though a poor apothecary and quack, he might, perhaps, prescribe a remedy with success, when the regular physician had failed; that he should recommend anodyne plasters rather than corrosive blisters. The whole was in this style, and Burke said that his honourable friend had spoken like an independent country gentleman, and a very accomplished orator.

Lord Gower made a most incomparable reply to

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Lord Chatham.[1] They oppose the adjournment to-morrow. I have lived at your house almost ever since you left London. My house smells of paint, and I thought it made me ill. Farewell.

Yours very affectionately,

MARCH AND R.

Miss Mary Townshend to George Selwyn.

Saturday night [Dec., 1777].

DEAR SIR: — Rather to show my attention to your requests, than from hopes of giving you the first intelligence, I send you the list of changes at court. Lord Onslow is comptroller of the household; Lord Palmerston lord of the treasury, and Lord Mulgrave of the admiralty. Sir Richard Worseley is clerk of the green cloth, in the room of Mr. Hopkins, who is dismissed; Lord Jersey is also dismissed. Lord Carmarthen[2] is appointed chamberlain to the queen, and the bedchamber is filled up by Lords Aylesford and Winchelsea;[3] there is also a report that General Fitzroy is out.[4]

[1] On the motion of the Duke of Richmond to inquire into the state of the country, and the causes of our national decay.

[2] Francis Godolphin, afterward fifth Duke of Leeds, and, as Marquis of Carmarthen, for some years secretary of state for foreign affairs. He died January 31, 1799.

[3] George, tenth Earl of Winchelsea. He died, unmarried, August 2, 1826.

[4] Charles, third son of Lord Augustus Fitzroy, and brother to Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton. He was a lieutenant-general in the army; colonel of the 3d Regiment of dragoons;

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The American affairs remain in the same disagreeable situation. General Burgoyne is reported to be dead, but I cannot tell on what foundation. I heartily pity those who have friends in that army. Mrs. Townshend goes on well, and her Eton boy is come home in good health. I hope your accounts from Milan continue to give you satisfaction: I much believe that the climate will be of service to mademoiselle's health. My father desires to send his love to you. Believe me to be, dear sir,

Most affectionately yours,

M. TOWNSHEND.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

ALMACK'S, Wednesday.

MY DEAR GEORGE:— I wrote to you last night after I came from the opera. No accounts to government; but all the bad news about Burgoyne continues to be believed. I do not hear positively that anybody has seen Franklin's letter, so that I hope it is not true.

Lord Onslow has Sir W. Meredith's[1] white stick; Lord Palmerston the treasury; Lord Mulgrave the admiralty; and Sir R. Worseley the

and afterward groom of the stole to the Prince of Wales. He was created Baron Southampton in 1780, and died March 21, 1797.

[1] Sir William Meredith, Bart. He was returned to Parliament for Wigan in 1755, and for Liverpool in 1762 and 1768. He died in January, 1790.

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green cloth, in the room of Hopkins. They are now at the House of Commons upon the adjournment, and to-morrow we are to have it in the House of Lords. I believe I did not tell you that Galloway [1] attempted to speak; stopped short; and desired leave to read his speech, which he had in his pocket. Crawford has come to town. He tells me that Foley will be enabled to pay his debts; there being a clause in the will, giving the trustees that power, if they think fit to make use of it, which they are inclined to do.

Adieu, mon cher et bon ami. Take care of yourself, and endeavour to regain your spirits and health, which will make all your friends happy, but no one so much so as myself, who am always,

Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

M. AND R.

The Earl of March to George Selwyn.

ALMACK'S, Thursday.

Lord Carmarthen is to be chamberlain; Lord Jersey is out. Lords Winchelsea and Guernsey [2] are to have the bedchamber; Lord Cranborne [3] is to have Fitzroy's place. He is to have something

[1] John Stewart, seventh Earl of Galloway, father of the present (eighth) earl. He died November 14, 1806.

[2] Lord Guernsey had recently succeeded to the earldom of Aylesford on the death of his father; but Lord March, from habit probably, continues to designate him by his old title.

[3] James, Viscount Cranborne, afterward first Marquis of Salisbury. He died June 13, 1823.

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else; I do not know what. No intelligence is come to government, but everybody believes, what you have in the papers, to be the convention.

We had a short debate about the adjournment, which was carried by a very great majority. The House was very thin, and Lord Hillsborough[1] voted against us by mistake. *Adieu, mon cher, je m'en vais diner.*

Yours very sincerely,

M. AND R.

Right Hon. Thomas Townshend to George Selwyn.

December 13, 1777.

DEAR SIR:—I have little news to send you. The capitulation of Burgoyne is generally believed. It is likewise believed that he will never return. There are ten regiments to be raised in Scotland and at Manchester. Whether the Pretender is to command them or not, I have not yet heard.

My father and sister are as well as possible. Mrs. Townshend goes on perfectly well. Give me leave to beg you to present my best respects to Lord and Lady Carlisle, and believe me to be, with the greatest truth and regard, dear sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

T. TOWNSHEND.

[1] Wills, Lord Hillsborough, afterward first Marquis of Downshire, secretary of state in 1772, and again in 1779. He died October 7, 1793.

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Miss Mary Townshend to George Selwyn.

December 24, 1777.

DEAR SIR: — The many kind expressions you use toward me give me most sensible pleasure, and I shall be very happy if it is in my power to make a suitable return. Lord Petersham[1] and Lord Thomas Clinton[2] arrived this morning. I make bold to call at Lady Harrington's to know whether they had brought any news from Philadelphia, and I own I felt some degree of envy at the sight of the post-chaise, which I wished had brought our captain. They have brought no news from General Howe's army, and only a report of Mud Island being taken. They say the guards have suffered in that attack, and that five thousand men are gone from New York to join Howe. This news I picked up at Bet's door. Would to God that we had peace!

You are sly, and do not send the news you could have done from Castle Howard. The town has hardly had time to talk of Lady L. Leveson's[3]

[1] Charles, Lord Petersham, succeeded, in April, 1779, as third Earl of Harrington. He was afterward a general in the army, governor of Windsor Castle, and colonel of the 1st Life-guards. He died September 15, 1829.

[2] Third son of Henry, second Duke of Newcastle, whom he succeeded in the dukedom in 1794. He was at this period a captain in the 1st Regiment of foot guards, but subsequently rose to the rank of major-general. He died May, 1795, and was succeeded in his titles by his son, the present Duke of Newcastle.

[3] Lady Louisa Leveson Gower, eldest sister to Lady Carlisle, married on the 25th of this month to Sir Archibald Macdonald.

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marriage before it was concluded. Lord Boston [1] and Lord Lincoln [2] were both made happy last night by the birth of heirs. Lord de Ferrars was married this morning at Lambeth. I am come to the end of my intelligence. Mrs. Townshend goes on well in her lying-in; the children are all in good health, and Fred. as noisy as ever. My father is perfectly well, and sends his love to you. If you are not very sorry to return to town, we shall be very glad to see you again amongst us. Believe me to be, dear sir, your most affectionate niece,

MARY TOWNSHEND.

P. S. If I hear anything of Mr. Fitzpatrick [3] I will let you know; but I was so anxious about my own friends that I did not think of him.

Miss Mary Townshend to George Selwyn.

BURLINGTON STREET, December 31, 1777.

DEAR SIR: — The disagreeable affair Mr. Selwyn alludes to was a duel on board the *Transport*, in which he was shot through the arm, body, and lungs. You will own that deserves full as strong

[1] Frederick, second Lord Boston. He married, in 1775, Christian, daughter of Paul Methuen, Esq., of Corsham House, in Wiltshire, by whom he was the father of the present Lord Boston, whose birth is here recorded by Miss Townshend.

[2] Henry Pelham, Earl of Lincoln, died in October, 1778, in the lifetime of his father, the second duke. The child here referred to died in its infancy.

[3] General Fitzpatrick, who at this period was serving with the army in America.

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an epithet, and it was not necessary to establish his character for spirit. But, by all the accounts brought over by the last importation of officers, he was not to blame in the quarrel, and could not, consistently with the laws of honour, have avoided the combat. His antagonist has the reputation of being very quarrelsome, and it is not the first affair of the kind in which he has been engaged. The surgeon who attended our relation advised him to ask leave to return, as the cold air of New York might have a bad effect on a wound of that kind, and he could be of no use there.

I heartily wish I could have sent you the news you so kindly ask for; but I fear there is but little chance of its being in my power. For the comfort of those who have friends in the guards, there are frequent accounts in the newspapers of the slaughter in that corps at Mud Island,[1] but it is all report without foundation. When the last-arrived ships left New York it was not known there with any certainty that Mud Island was taken, and it was only a surmise that the guards might suffer.

I will give your message to Miss Selwyn. Lady Boston goes on well. I doubt how far congratu-

[1] The first attack on Mud Island took place on the 22d of October, 1777, when the royalists were repulsed with great loss. However, on the 15th of November, a second attack proved more successful, and, after a heavy cannonading, the batteries were silenced, and Mud Island fell into the hands of the British.

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lations to Lady Carlisle would be in season. I certainly should be glad of anything which pleased her. The newspaper tells us that Lord Carlisle has got a £20,000 prize. If it is true, that is worth a congratulation to all three, including you. I did not think I should be such a *jaseuse* when I sat down; but I hope I have not tired you. We are all well, and very grateful to you for your kind inquiries. My father sends his love to you. Believe me to be most affectionately yours.

P. S. My brother is gone out of town; if Mr. Montagu calls to-night he shall frank the letter.

[Mrs. Miller, the lady alluded to in the subsequent letter, was a foolish, fashionable lady, residing at a villa called Batheaston, near Bath, who had recently obtained considerable notoriety for herself and her villa by inducing her friends, and persons of quality visiting Bath, to become competitors for honorary prizes, which were bestowed on the person who produced the best copy of verses on a given subject. "Mrs. Miller," writes Walpole to General Conway, "is returned a beauty, a genius, a Sappho, a tenth Muse, as romantic as Mademoiselle Scuderi, and as sophisticated as Mrs. Vesey. The captain's fingers are loaded with cameos, his tongue runs over with *virtù*; and that both may contribute to the improvement of their own country, they have introduced *bouts-rimés*, as a new discovery. They hold a Parnassus-fair

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every Thursday, give out rhymes and themes, and all the flux of quality at Bath contend for the prizes. A Roman vase, dressed with pink ribbons and myrtles, receives the poetry, which is drawn out every festival; six judges of these Olympic games retire and select the brightest compositions, which the respective successful acknowledge, kneel to Mrs. Calliope Miller, kiss her fair hand, and are crowned by it with myrtle, with — I do not know what. You may think this is fiction, or exaggeration. Be dumb, unbelievers! The collection is printed, published! Yes, by my faith, there are *bouts-rimés* on a buttered muffin, made by her Grace the Duchess of Northumberland; receipts to make them, by Corydon the venerable, alias George Pitt; others very pretty, by Lord Palmerston; some by Lord Carlisle; many by Mrs. Miller herself, that have no fault but wanting metre; and immortality promised to her without end or measure. In short, since folly, which never ripens to madness but in this hot climate, ran distracted, there never was anything so entertaining or so dull."

"Doctor Johnson," says Boswell, "held them very cheap. '*Bouts-rimés*,' said he, 'is a mere conceit, and an old conceit; I wonder how people were persuaded to write in that manner for this lady.' I named a gentleman of his acquaintance who wrote for the vase. *Johnson.* — 'He was a blockhead for his pains!' *Boswell.* — 'The Duch-

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ess of Northumberland wrote.' *Johnson.* — 'Sir, the Duchess of Northumberland may do what she pleases; nobody will say anything to a lady of her high rank; but I should be apt to throw ——'s verses in his face.' "

These fashionable fooleries were subsequently published under the title of "Poetical Amusements at a Villa near Bath."]

Anthony Morris Storer, Esq., to George Selwyn.

BATH, January 4, 1778.

DEAR GEORGE: — I assure you that I did not flatter myself that I had made a convert of you, nor shall I endeavour to do so now, but reserve our controversy for my own room, over the boiled fowl which you say you will do me the honour to partake of at my house; *rebusque veni non asper egenis.* You still persist in laughing at me by talking of my superior knowledge; but, at any rate, your politeness, if you should be in earnest, will not make me arrogant, nor will even your authority make me, in the present case, easily forego my own opinion. As for the *stans in pede uno*, I can assure you I feel so much ennui on two, that I never feel spirits enough to stand on one.

If I did not write to you or Carlisle for a few days, it was owing to my having literally nothing to communicate to you. I am surprised that you have not made one reflection on the marriage of

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l'aimable philosophe. To-day I am going to dine with Mr. Willis, who invites our mess, who generally dine at the Bear, to his own house. Sir Ralph and Lady Payne are just arrived here. Lord and Lady Sefton[1] inquired about you the other day. Mrs. Miller gives her fancy ball next Tuesday, but I have made my excuses. Their next subject is upon Trifles and Triflers. If you have a mind, *nugis addere pondus*, you may try your hand at an ode, and I do not doubt but you will be crowned with myrtle for your performance.

Your friend, Lord Coventry, left this place two or three days ago. I never dined with him, but they say he lived very well. I play at whist from morning till night; take the dust in the *manège*, and play at tennis when there is no snow to prevent me. I mean to call at Delme's in my way to London, for a day, and if possible to come to Castle Howard before the birthday; but that is a step which, as it is a long one, I have not as yet resolved on. How long is Carlisle likely to stay in the country, and when do you come to town? We talk of nothing here but Carlisle's having got the twenty thousand prize in the lottery; but as we have talked of it so long without any confirmation of the report, I begin to doubt the truth of it, however I may wish for it.

[1] Charles William, first Earl of Sefton, married, in 1768, to Isabella, daughter of William, second Earl of Harrington. Lord Sefton died January 31, 1795, and his widow in 1819.

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Delme[1] and Lady Betty, *cum multis aliis* from Stoke, have been here, but are gone. There is such a quick succession of comers and goers, that I feel as if I were an old inhabitant, and that I had taken up my residence here. My exit, however, will take place very soon, and I shall no longer have any part to play, like Will Honeycomb, in the gay and brilliant circles of Bath. I am glad to hear that your spirits are good, and that the four and twenty hours have passed without that troublesome visitor, ennui, having found a place at Castle Howard. As for the amours and scandal of Bath, that would be a subject not fit for you. It would be a love-tale to Cato, so that we must be silent on what engages the attention of the rest of the world; I mean Rauzzini's intrigue with Mrs. Gouch.

I beg, if it does not hurt your eyes, you will scribble a little more, and believe me that it is not laziness or want of inclination that has hindered me from writing to you, but really that this place furnishes no matter which is likely to entertain you. Adieu. Yours most sincerely,

A. STORER.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

Friday [January, 1778].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — The post did not come in time enough for me to answer yours, and to tell

[1] Peter Delme, Esq., married, in February, 1769, to Lady Elizabeth Howard, sister to Lord Carlisle.

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you how happy I was made by hearing that your fever had entirely left you; perhaps this snow may be a lucky circumstance in promoting your recovery, for you will not have the courage, or rather rashness, to venture much from your fireside.

We think of leaving this place about the 24th, and shall be in town, in that case, on the 26th; but I will let you know where we dine or sleep the last day, upon condition that you do not stir except the weather is very different from what it is at present. Yesterday was the finest day possible; a warm sun and no wind; Lady Carlisle and the children were out all the morning. I had a letter from Storer, who diverts himself at the Bath very well. There seems to be a great deal of good company there. Take care of yourself. How this letter will get to you, or when, God knows. I fear it must have a way dug for it to London. We all continue well. Lady Carlisle desires to be remembered.

Yours most affectionately, etc.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

January 19 [1778].

An unnatural post-day, but I send this letter to York, and it will get to you two days sooner by this means.

My dear George: — The post, which ought to have arrived yesterday, did not get here till this

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morning, which prevented me from writing. The roads, I fear, are almost impassable in consequence of the snow, and unless the weather alters very much, our journey must be delayed. We have had no snow here to cause any such difficulties, but I am apprehensive that we shall suffer in our turn.

I do not know whether you would exchange your rheumatism for a slight fit of the gout, but I am not clear, if I were to negotiate a change for you, whether I should not choose the latter. A week's illness might secure you many months of perfect health, and a return of rheumatism is to be apprehended in such abominable seasons. In short, whatever disorders you have, I hope they will be very short. They cannot be very sweet, but they may put you in mind that there are some ways of living which nature never intended we should lead, and consequently has not made our bodies and constitutions of iron. But I do not mean to accuse you, for I have not heard of any irregularities.

You say, if I think it of any use, you will send for James. I hope by the time this letter reaches you, that there will be no occasion to send for anybody of that profession. I own that my partiality, if it ought to be called partiality, is very strong. His management of Lady Carlisle in a rheumatic fever, and the quickness with which he removed both the fever and pain, proved very clearly to me that the reputation he enjoys for superior knowl-

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edge and skill is no more than what he justly merits. If you continue in pain, I must confess it would be a satisfaction to me that he were consulted; especially as you seem to confide entirely in warmth for the removal of the complaint. I have no doubt but he would add something to that warmth, which would be effectual.

By Friday's post you shall hear more of our motions. If the weather will permit, perhaps Lady Carlisle and I may undertake the journey, but the children must wait for a milder season. They shall follow as soon as it is safe for them.

I have kept my letter open till I have had intelligence from York of the practicability of travelling. I now hear that the stages are come in, and all the inconvenience is in the south; we shall therefore send our servants on Sunday or Monday next. If these reports are confirmed, the children will begin their journey on Sunday, but will be at least seven days on the road. We shall set out on Wednesday or Thursday, and be three days. We are all well. The weather was fine enough yesterday to suffer Lady Carlisle and the children to sit upon the ice to see us skate, and the sun was very warm. I shall write again on Friday.

P. S. Lady Carlisle desires me to tell you that if she was with you she should make you send for Doctor James, and hopes you will.

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Lady Holland to George Selwyn.

DEAR MR. SELWYN: — I wish I were able to go and sit by your fireside, and take Alice's office of nursing you from her; but though I am much better, I am absolutely forbid going out this weather. I must beg, however, as soon as you can come out, that I may have the pleasure of seeing you, although it should be in the character of a Knight Templar. I have hardly seen anybody till yesterday, when Richard dined with me, and Sir George came in the evening. Nobody but the indefatigable Duchess of B. can wade through the snow to go to Almack's ball, in hopes of seeing those she loves. I think there is something very heroic in it, and in these days, when friendship is so cool, very much to be admired. I hope you will soon have pretty little Mie Mie to divert you. Caroline and Henry are very good companions. I am, dear Mr. Selwyn,

Yours most sincerely,

M. H.

P. S. So I am not the only person Mr. Conway neglects?

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

[This and the following letter have evidently reference to the approaching departure of Lord Carlisle for America, whither he was despatched

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at the head of the celebrated commission "for quieting and extinguishing diverse jealousies and apprehensions of danger in the Americans." The other commissioners were the celebrated Admiral Lord Howe; General Sir William Howe; Sir William Eden, afterward Lord Auckland; and George Johnstone, Esq.]

ALMACK'S, 9 o'clock [April 7, 1778].

MY DEAR GEORGE: — I have nothing more to tell you than what you have already been acquainted with. I am not yet at liberty to speak of those who are to go out with me. The report of the day is, and I believe with some truth, that the French have sent out three ships, with four frigates, to protect some American. This may lead to consequences, but not to such as in my opinion will affect the commission. We may be taken, and pass the remainder of the winter in France, and not in America.

This House is very full: no business in the House of Commons to-day. Lord Chatham is supposed to be likely to attend our House to-morrow, but I have my doubts. This will find March, I hope, much better. Ekins is come to town.

Yours, etc.

[The reference, in this last paragraph, to the expected attendance of Lord Chatham in the House of Lords is not without interest. It was, in fact,

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the famous, and last office performed by that great statesman in his senatorial capacity. The debate, which drew him from a sick-bed, was on the celebrated address of the Duke of Richmond to the throne, praying his Majesty "to adopt amicable means only for recovering the friendship at least, if not the allegiance," of the revolted colonies. It was, in fact, a recommendation to the Crown to acknowledge the independence of America. Lord Weymouth spoke after the Duke of Richmond, and, after him, Lord Chatham. It was evident that he was extremely feeble, and labouring under severe indisposition. "My lords," he said, "I lament that my infirmities have so long prevented my attendance here, at so awful a crisis. I have made an effort almost beyond my strength, to come down to the House this day (and perhaps it is the last time I shall ever be able to enter its walls) to express my indignation at an idea which has gone forth of yielding up America. My lords, I rejoice that the grave has not yet closed upon me; that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy. Pressed down, as I am by the hand of infirmity, I am little able to assist my country in this most perilous conjuncture; but, my lords, whilst I have sense and memory, I will never consent to deprive the royal offspring of the house of Brunswick of their fairest inheritance. Where is the man that will dare to advise such a

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measure? My lords, his Majesty succeeded to an empire great in extent, as it was unsullied in reputation; shall we tarnish the lustre of this nation by an ignominious surrender of its rights and best possessions? Shall this great kingdom, which has survived, whole and entire, the Danish depredations, the Scottish inroads, and the Norman conquest, that has stood the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada, now fall prostrate before the house of Bourbon? Surely, my lords, this nation is no longer what it was. Shall a people that, seventeen years ago, was the terror of the world, now stoop so low as to tell its ancient, inveterate enemy, 'Take all we have, only give us peace? It is impossible! I wage war with no man, or set of men; I wish for none of their employments; nor would I coöperate with those who still persist in unretracted error; or who, instead of acting on a firm, decisive line of conduct, halt between two opinions, where there is no middle path. In God's name, if it be absolutely necessary to declare either for peace or war, and the former cannot be preserved with honour, why is not the latter commenced without hesitation? I am not, I confess, well informed of the resources of this kingdom, but I trust it has still sufficient to maintain its just rights, though I know them not. But, my lords, any state is better than despair. Let us, at least, make one effort; and, if we must fall, let us fall like men! My lords," he added, "ill

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as I am, yet as long as I can crawl down to this House, and have strength to raise myself on my crutches, or lift my hand, I will vote against giving up the dependency of America on the sovereignty of Great Britain; and if no other lord is of opinion with me, I will singly protest against the measure." The Duke of Richmond having replied to this affecting speech, Lord Chatham rose to answer him. In the act of rising, however, he was attacked by sudden indisposition; pressed his hand on his stomach; and fell senseless into the arms of those who were near him. Strangers were immediately ordered to withdraw; the windows were thrown open; and the House adjourned. These events occurred on the 8th of April, 1778, and on the 11th of the following month Lord Chatham expired.]

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

[April, 1778.]

MY DEAR GEORGE:—I am very glad you did not come to me the morning I left London: I can only say I never knew till that moment what grief was. You would have seen me half distracted. The circumstances frighten me when I think of them; I will spare your feelings any attempt at a description of them. Poor Lord Cornwallis is going to experience, perhaps, something like what I have felt, for he has brought with him his wife and children, and we embark to-morrow, if the wind

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James, Marquis Cornwallis.

Photo etching after the painting by Copley.

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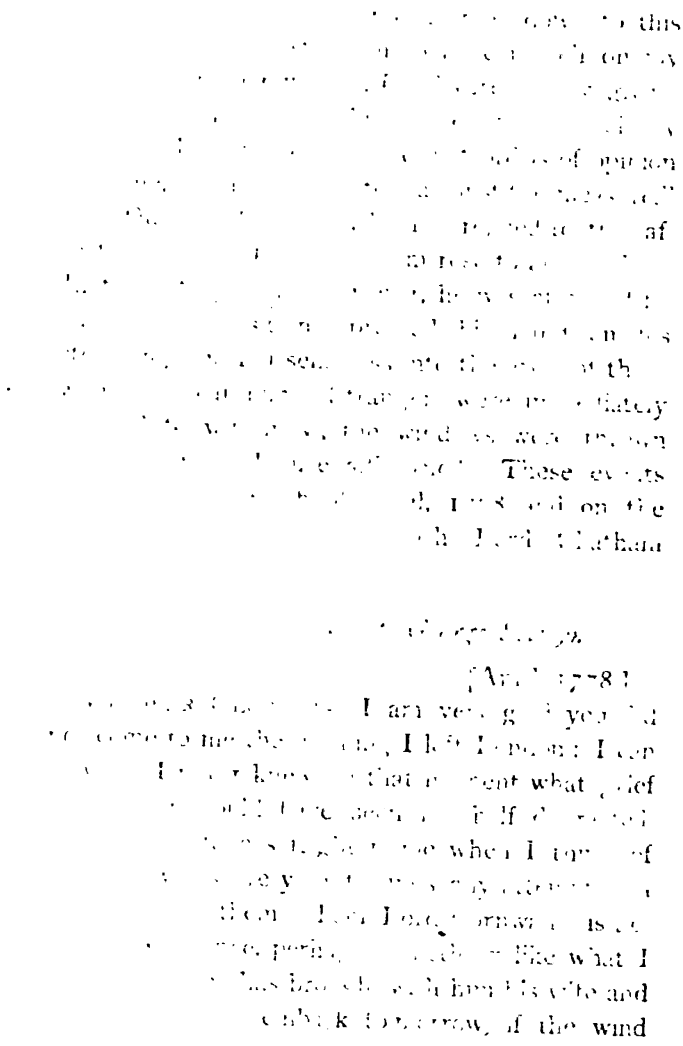

Charles, Marquis Cornwallis.

Photo-etching after the painting by Copley.

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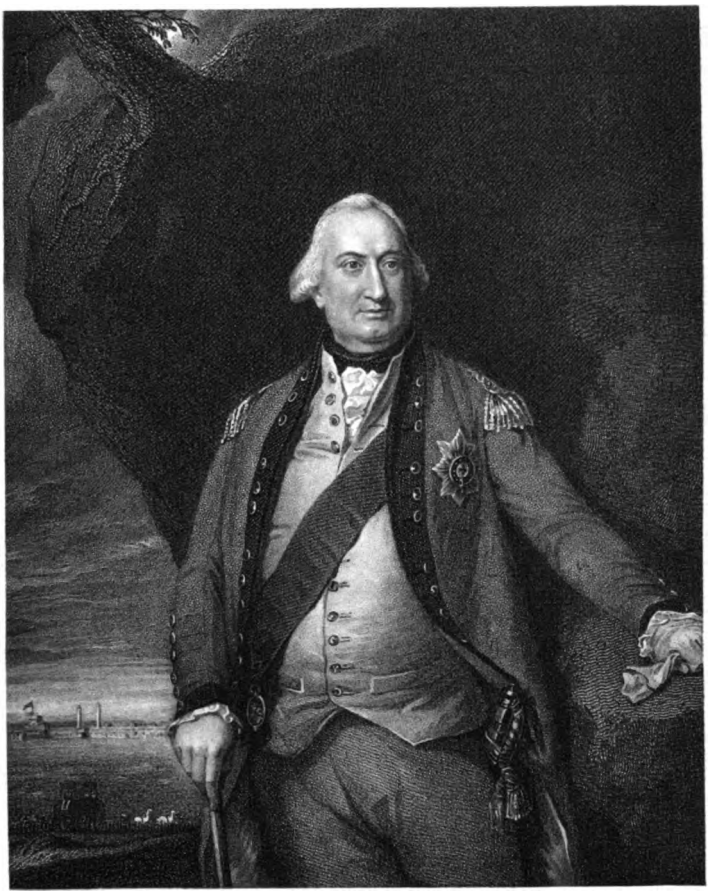

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serves. My heart bleeds for them. But no more of this. I shall endeavour to drive away as many of these gloomy reflections as I can. I shall constantly be writing, if sickness will give leave, and take the chance of meeting any ship sailing for England. I will endeavour to persuade myself that everything is going on well in my absence, and that my absence is not the occasion of any accidental ill. I will look back on the last year, and try to think that, as that year has not been productive of any calamity in my family, another may roll over us, and not be marked with any misfortune. In short, I hope I may be equal to many things, which I own I am not at this moment; therefore, my dearest George, believe me to be,

Yours most affectionately, etc.

To G. Selwyn, Esq., Chesterfield Street, London.

Endorsed, "Lord Carlisle; before he embarked."

[Lord Cornwallis, whose approaching departure from England is referred to in this letter, was Charles, second Earl, and afterward first Marquis Cornwallis. He was born December 31, 1738, and was educated at Eton. His unfortunate military career in America, whither he was now proceeding, is matter of history; and whether he is most to be blamed or pitied for his inglorious and memorable surrender, we are not called upon to decide. Subsequently, in 1786, Lord Cornwallis was sent to India in the double capacity of gov-

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ernor-general and commander-in-chief, where he sufficiently retrieved his lost credit, by his successful war against the Sultan of Mysore. In 1798 (the year of the rebellion in Ireland, and of the invasion of that country by the French) he not only distinguished himself, while lord lieutenant, by the promptitude with which he met the one, and quelled the other, but rendered himself almost universally respected and beloved. In regard to the particular passage in Lord Carlisle's letter in which he anticipates the probable anguish with which Lord Cornwallis would part with his wife and children, an affecting incident has been recorded. Lady Cornwallis, on the first tidings of her husband's appointment to serve in America, flew to his uncle, Doctor Cornwallis, Archbishop of Canterbury, and so deeply affected him by the anguish which she displayed at the thoughts of their separation, that by his means the king was induced to make an arrangement which superseded the appointment of Lord Cornwallis. The latter, however, sacrificing his private feelings to the calls of duty and honour, immediately waited on the king, and expostulated so warmly on the injury which might accrue to his reputation, that the appointment was allowed to go forward. He departed on his expedition; and the following year Lady Cornwallis died, as there is every reason to believe, a martyr to the effects of their melancholy separation. Lord Cornwallis died at Gawnepoore,

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in Benares, on the 5th of October, 1805, whither he had recently arrived after his second appointment as Governor-General of India.]

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

Trident, May 1, 1778.

My dear George: — I begin a letter to you from the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. About thirteen hundred miles of that unfriendly element, the sea, separates us at this moment, and perhaps, before I shall have an opportunity to send this to you, three thousand miles will be between us. This is the first of May; but alas! we have no chimney-sweepers and garlands; no milkmaids dancing before us! We have no music but the winds, and nothing seems inclined to dance but our vessel.

Seasickness is, I flatter myself, got the better of. It gave me less uneasiness than almost any person in the ship: Storer and Eden[1] have suffered cruelly. Conceive our dinner, and judge of our comforts. To keep ourselves close to the table, it is necessary to hold by the legs, and by so doing you must abandon your plate, which, perhaps, is flung by the violence of the ship's motion either into your own or your neighbour's lap. The conveyance of a glass to your mouth is no easy matter; but it requires infinite dexterity in

[1] Anthony Morris Storer, Lord Carlisle's schoolfellow at Eton, and William Eden, afterward the first Lord Auckland.

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the servant, and some good fortune, to bring it to you. Notwithstanding all this, I was able to attend dinner the second day, though it blew hard, and am now so little affected by the rolling of the ship, that I hardly know, when I am reading, whether there is any motion or not. Such a child of habit is man!

Close confinement must have its moments of melancholy. A walk after supper upon deck; the dashing of the sea; the noise of the winds, send me sometimes to bed, with thoughts which would not be productive of rest, unless they were got the better of by a little resolution. You will allow the contrast is strong between my present situation, and that I was in some days ago. You know the wife and children that I have torn myself from, and I need say no more upon this subject. Lord Coventry's unfeeling and injurious insinuation will have no more effect upon you than it had upon me.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

PHILADELPHIA, Wednesday, June 10th.

We arrived at this place after a voyage of six weeks, on Saturday last, and found everything here in great confusion; the army upon the point of leaving the town, and about three thousand of the miserable inhabitants embarked on board our ships, to convey them from a place where they conceive they would receive no mercy from those who will take possession after us, to follow the army,

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and starve when we can no longer continue to feed them. But I will dwell no longer upon calamities which nothing but an acceptance of the terms we offer can prevent.

Our letters are sent to Congress this morning; I will endeavour to procure you a copy, if the vessel does not sail too soon. For many reasons, which I dare not commit to paper, we have thought fit to bring forward at once all the powers delegated to us. I hope by the next mail to be able to talk more freely on the subject, but dare not at this moment.

I am lodged in one of the best houses in the town; and indeed it is a very excellent one, perfectly well furnished. I am not, I own, quite at my ease, for coming into a gentleman's house without asking his leave, taking possession of all the best apartments, and placing a couple of sentries at his door, using his plate, etc., etc., are very repugnant to my disposition. I make him and his wife a visit every day; talk politics with them; and we are the best friends in the world. They are very agreeable, sensible people, and you never would be out of their company.

I have this morning, at five o'clock, been taking a ride into the country, about ten miles; grieved am I to say, eight miles beyond our possessions. Our lines extend only two, and the provincial army is posted very strongly about six and twenty miles distant. This is market-day, and, to protect

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the people bringing in provisions, which otherwise they would not dare to do, large detachments, to the amount of above two thousand men, are sent forward into the country. We also profited by this safeguard, and I attended the general, Sir Henry Clinton, as far as Germantown; a place as remarkable, and as much an object of curiosity to those who have any respect for the present times, as Edgehill or Naseby Field is to those whose veneration is only excited by their great-grandfathers.[1]

We have had no answer from the Congress. They may send us one to New York, for which place we must instantly embark. The weather is much more hot here than in any part of Italy; but, as well as I remember, you do not mind heat. I flatter myself everything is to your satisfaction where you are, and that the difficulties of the journey were much increased in the description.[2]

[1] Lord Carlisle alludes to the celebrated attack made by the Americans under Washington on the British camp at Germantown, after a night march of sixteen miles from their own quarters at Shippack Creek. At three o'clock, on the morning of the 1st of October, 1777, the English patrols were the first to discover the approach of the American forces, when the army was immediately alarmed and collected in arms. The Americans conducted the attack with great gallantry, and, at first, with considerable success, but were subsequently routed at all points, and pursued for several miles by the royal forces.

[2] George Selwyn had recently repaired to Milan, with the view of inducing the parents of "Mie Mie" to restore her to his charge.

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I am very well, but a good deal worn by business and anxiety. Things go ill, and will not go better. We have done our duty, so we ought not to be involved with those who have lost this country.

I am, my dear George, yours most affectionately and sincerely, etc.

P. S. Storer desires to be remembered.

JAMES HARE, ESQ.

JAMES HARE, another friend and correspondent of Selwyn, was the grandson of Bishop Hare, and the son of an apothecary at Winchester. He was educated at Eton, and afterward at Oxford; and at the former seminary was the contemporary and chosen companion of Fox, Lord Carlisle, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Storer. His intimacy with these eminent men continued unimpaired in after life, and he was deservedly regarded as one of the brightest ornaments of that circle of men of wit, pleasure, and literary accomplishments, with whom Fox delighted to surround himself. His good humour was imperturbable; his wit was never ill-natured; and his vivacity never flagged. Indeed, so universally was his society courted, and so popular was he in all circles, that the Duchess of Gordon gave him the name of the "Hare and many Friends."

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So high an opinion had been formed of Hare's talents by his contemporaries at Eton, that, when Fox was complimented on the success of his maiden speech in the House of Commons, "Wait," was his reply, "till you hear Hare speak." However, when the latter took his seat in Parliament as member for Knaresborough (which town he represented for several years), the result of his attempts to distinguish himself as an orator signally disappointed the expectations of his friends. "Not one among Fox's friends and companions was supposed to possess more wit than Hare; but his talents, brilliant as they were, did not qualify him to take a part in debate, however highly estimated they might be at a festive meeting, or in private society. In social life, however, there was, perhaps, no one of his contemporaries whose manners were more fascinating, or whose conversational powers ranked higher than those of Hare." "In all the graces of conversation," says a contemporary writer, "in vivacity, in boundless wit, in social elocution, gaiety of mind, happiness of allusion and combination; in the brightest conversations of an imagination fraught with the treasures of ingenuity, erudition, classical discrimination, and sound judgment, Hare was almost unrivalled; yet, in public speaking, he totally disappointed the ideas which his school-companions had entertained and diffused of him in early life."

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If the success of Hare as an orator balked the expectations of his friends, the evidences which have been handed down to us of his conversational powers are no less a matter of disappointment to ourselves. The following specimens, indeed, of his social humour — for they cannot be dignified with the appellation of wit — are among the few that have been preserved to us, and even these can boast but very indifferent merit. For instance, he was one day conversing with General Fitzpatrick, when the latter affected to discredit the report of General Burgoyne having been defeated at Saratoga: "Perhaps you may be right in your opinion," said Hare, "but take it from me as a flying rumour." On another occasion he was dining with the Prince of Wales at the pavilion at Brighton, immediately after the downfall of the coalition ministry, when Fox, who had also received an invitation to the prince's table, suddenly arrived from London, in an undress, and without powder. He was proceeding to make his excuses to the prince, for what was an unavoidable breach of etiquette, when he was stopped by Hare: "Make no apology," said the latter; "our great guns are discharged, and we may now all do without powder." When it was reported that Fox was to be married to the celebrated heiress, Miss Pulteney, subsequently created Countess of Bath in her own right, Hare observed, alluding to the black hair and swarthy complexion of the one, and

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the red locks and pale face of the other, "Well, if the marriage takes place, their children will inevitably be duns, with black tails and manes."

In 1774 Hare married a sister of Sir Abraham Hume, with whom he acquired a considerable fortune. A short time before his decease he returned from France in an ill state of health, from which he never effectually rallied. His death took place at Bath, on the 17th of March, 1804.

James Hare, Esq., to George Selwyn.

WIMPOLE STREET, June 27, 1778.

DEAR GEORGE: — I am much obliged to you for your letter, and very glad to hear that you have found everything at Milan agreeable to your expectations. I love children that I have been used to see frequently, so much, that I can easily conceive the pleasure you have in the company of one who has been so long an object of your care and affection, and I heartily wish you may prevail on her friends to let her return with you.

I am excessively concerned to be obliged to begin this letter with a melancholy event, the extreme illness of poor Lady Holland,[1] who, if now alive, will not be so many days longer. She has been, as you know, for some time in a very bad state of health, and there has been reason to

[1] Lady Holland died on the 6th of October following.

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fear that she was going into a consumption; so much so, that she had promised her friends to go abroad to some milder climate next winter. She has lately been seized with a violent fever, and was delirious for many hours, and I find her physicians have no hopes of her recovery. Ossory and Richard are both with her.

Crewe has lost a child, his only daughter, and is in great affliction. He is amazingly fond of his children, and has now lost within a year two out of three, and the surviving boy is subject to complaints of the same nature with those which carried off his brother and sister.

Lady Carlisle, since I wrote to you, has been troubled a good deal with her breast; in other respects she was tolerably well when I heard last; but, before I send this letter, I will see Pott, who attends her, and send you an exact account from him. The children are all very well; Caroline has grown prodigiously. Letters have been received from Carlisle and the other commissioners, dated May 10th; they came by a ship that spoke with the *Trident* at sea, and within ten days' sail of New York; they must have had a very fine passage. There is such a variety of opinions about the success they are likely to meet with, and so many contradictory accounts of the wishes and inclinations of the Americans, that I can give you no information on this head which would be satisfactory. One thing, however, is certain, that

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Sir Henry Clinton[1] writes to his friends here, that he is persuaded the Americans are desirous of treating, and very averse to a French alliance. The ministry have been so frequently and so fatally misinformed by their friends in America of late, that I do not give quite implicit belief to all they say on a subject where it is so much the interest of the Americans to mislead them. In a little time we shall see if any good is done by the commissioners. I hope Carlisle will have his full share of the credit, and if they fail of the end proposed, it is no more than people are prepared to hear; so that a great deal may be gained, and nothing is risked.

Keppel and his fleet sailed from Portsmouth about three weeks ago, and last week he sent into harbour two French frigates. The transaction, as stated by Keppel, is very extraordinary. The *Licorne*, a French frigate of thirty-two guns, was ordered to come and speak to the admiral, — a custom always observed in times of peace when a single ship meets a large squadron. This the French captain for some time refused to do, but

[1] This officer, whose connection with the struggle of America for her independence has rendered his name so famous, was grandson of Francis, sixth Earl of Lincoln, and, in the month of January preceding, had been appointed commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, in which country he had previously distinguished himself at the taking of Boston, the attack on New York, and the capture of Long Island. He died December 23, 1795.

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at last consented, and was sailing toward the fleet, but of a sudden, whilst the French captain was talking to Lord Longford, — who commanded the *America*, one of our ships, — the *Licorne* discharged all her guns and musketry into the *America*, and then struck her colours. Keppel says "that his behaviour merited the fire of the *America*, but Lord Longford's humanity and prudence prevailed, much to his credit, over his resentment." [1]

[1] The transaction here referred to proved of the utmost importance in its political results, inasmuch as Admiral Keppel's conduct, justified perhaps by his instructions, hurried us at once into a war with France, which, though certainly imminent, might otherwise have been deferred for some time longer. Hare has stated the circumstances with tolerable correctness in his letter. Keppel had put to sea on the 17th, with twenty sail of the line, and while cruising in the Channel, discovered two French frigates, *La Licorne* and *La Belle Poule*, reconnoitring his fleet. He immediately gave signal for chase, when the *Milford* went in pursuit of *La Licorne*, and the *Arethusa* of *La Belle Poule*. In the evening *La Licorne* was brought into the fleet, and, by the admiral's orders, was placed alongside the *America*, commanded by Lord Longford, whose instructions were to keep watch by her during the night. The next morning, Lord Longford perceiving that the French frigate was making preparations for sailing, remonstrated with her captain on his conduct, but finding his arguments of no avail, he ordered a single gun to be fired over her. This was replied to on the part of the Frenchman by a whole broadside being poured into the *America*, which, fortunately, however, effected no more mischief than wounding four of her crew. *La Licorne* almost instantaneously struck her colours. In the meantime the *Arethusa* had come up with *La Belle Poule* in the course of the night, when a desperate engagement ensued, which lasted two hours. Fortunately, the French frigate had previously contrived to near her own coast, and by

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The next day Keppel met and took another French frigate without any resistance, but suffered several merchant-ships to pass him unmolested, "not thinking it right," as he says in the *Gazette*, "in any way to interrupt them in their commerce."

This transaction describes much better than words can do the whimsical and singular situation this country is in with respect to France, when we have a monstrous armament at sea, parading in the Channel, and looking into all their harbours, but not daring to take their merchantmen, though insulted by their frigates. The *Arethusa*, another of our ships, chased and engaged a French frigate about the same time that the *Licorne* was taken, but was obliged to return to Keppel's fleet, having considerably damaged her adversary, and being almost disabled herself. It is said that the ministry are very angry with Keppel, and say he has precipitated the nation into a war sooner than it was necessary. The French fleet is still at Brest, and Keppel writes word that it is stronger than we had here believed. This is a very unpleasant piece of news; if, however, they should beat us at sea, which I will never believe till I see it, we are ready for their reception ashore, if they think

means of a number of boats, which put off from the shore, was towed into a place of safety. The *Arethusa* had received too much damage during the action to enable her to continue the pursuit; indeed, it subsequently required the assistance of two other vessels, the *Valiant* and the *Monarch*, to tow her back to the fleet.

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proper to pay us a visit. Most of the militias are encamped, and some of the regiments are as good as any in the whole service, particularly the Cheshire, of which Cholmondeley is colonel. He has dressed them with great care and taste, and has a band of twenty musicians attending them, with every sort of warlike music.

Lord March is in town, and generally dines with the Duke of Queensberry. He seems to be in better health and spirits than I remember to have seen him for some time. He intends going next week to Newmarket. Foley, from an apprehension that his income will exceed his establishment, and that he shall have more money than he can devise means of spending, has engaged again on the turf, in confederacy with Derby, who likewise is encumbered with great sums of ready money. Seriously, George, it is quite unpardonable folly in both of them. Lady Derby, on hearing of their association, said she wondered they should think it necessary to join in doing what they might both so well accomplish separately, — to ruin themselves. Derby is gone into camp near Winchester, and has built a kitchen, and a stable for twelve horses, whilst Lady Derby is living away at Brighthelmston. He does not, however, think his establishment complete without a declared mistress, and he is therefore to take Mrs. Armstead [1] from Lord

[1] Mrs. Armstead subsequently became the mistress, and, in 1794, the wife of Charles James Fox.

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George, that he may have the privilege of supporting her expenses entirely to himself. Richard is exactly the same as he always was, except that he looks much healthier. He arrived a day or two before the House was up, and made a violent invective against ministers, and, what passes for the same thing now, a panegyric upon Sir W. Howe,[1] whom all ministerial people abuse unmercifully.

Charles[2] eats and drinks and talks, and though he never loses sight of the treasury, confesses it is rather a distant prospect at present. A great part of opposition have certainly had offers of coming in, but not in terms that they like, and I do think it does Charles, or ought to do him, great credit, that under all his distresses he never thinks of accepting a place on terms that are in the least degree disreputable; and I assure you, upon my honour, that he has had very flattering offers made him more than once of late, and has never for a moment hesitated about rejecting them.

29th. — We are all thrown into the utmost consternation and amazement by the sudden return of Keppel's whole fleet to Spithead. He has found that the French fleet is too strong for him

[1] William, afterward fifth Viscount Howe in Ireland; a lieutenant-general in the army, and better known from his share in the unfortunate war of independence in America. Lord Howe, who was younger brother of the celebrated Admiral Earl Howe, died July 12, 1814.

[2] Charles James Fox, who was at this period in his thirty-first year.

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to attack it with the force he now has, and is come home for fresh orders and a reinforcement, which it will be very difficult to give him.[1] In the meantime the city is in an uproar on an account of the West India fleet, which is daily expected, and, if left unprotected by an English squadron, must inevitably fall into the hands of the French. Several East India ships are likewise expected, and great uneasiness suffered for fear of their being taken.[2]

Lord Suffolk[3] was so ill last week that he was attended by three physicians and given over: he is better now, and may perhaps live. Lady Holland is still alive, but I am afraid there are no hopes. What a terrible stroke her death will be on the poor children, for though Ossory[4] will certainly show them all the kindness in his power, the loss of a mother, and particularly so good a one, is quite irreparable. The post is going out, and I

[1] Admiral Keppel had accidentally learned that the Brest fleet, consisting of thirty sail of the line, and ten or twelve frigates, was ready to put to sea. As his own force amounted only to twenty sail of the line, he determined to return for reinforcements to Spithead, whither he arrived on the 27th.

[2] The alarm was unnecessary, for both the East India and West India fleets reached England in safety.

[3] Henry, twelfth Earl of Suffolk. He survived the date of this letter about eight months, dying March 7, 1779.

[4] John, Earl of Upper Ossory, brother to Lady Holland, was educated at Eton, and afterward at Oxford. He died at his seat, Ampthill Park, Bedfordshire, on the 1st of February, 1818, in the seventy-third year of his age.

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must conclude with wishing you your health, and all sorts of pleasant things; but pray come back at the time you mention, for after that time you will hear nothing of your friends here from me. Adieu! Believe me, my dear George,

Yours very sincerely, J. H.

The Countess of Upper Ossory to George Selwyn.

I cannot, my dear sir, take too early an opportunity of offering you my sincere congratulations on the pleasing prospect that is opening before you on so interesting a subject, and trust everything will answer your most sanguine expectations. I am much pleased with the young lady's souvenir, as well as my little girl, and trust, ere long, we shall have an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance.

Concerning the subject which most interests us both, I can give you much more favourable accounts, though by no means satisfactory ones. I have seen Lady Holland in her drawing-room in her riding-dress, and I have heard of her airing twice a day. She has received me in the most affecting manner, and asked a great many questions about you, as well as many of her friends, but she is worn to a shadow; her voice is gone, and she spits and coughs much, though they still entertain hopes that her lungs are not deeply affected. It is apparent that she gains strength; her appetite is good, and those about her think she gains flesh; but she begged me to lead her

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to bed, and to see her undressed; and to feel her poor heart beat! Oh, my God! I never can forget that, and her embrace when I left her! Richard[1] does deserve your love and notice for his constant care and attention toward his sister; but, alas! she is not well enough to be sensible of that.

Lord Ossory has forsaken the Red Coats, to attend the partridges. I left Miss Vernon with Lady Warwick,[2] who is at Lymington, and went to ask leave of that worthy woman, which was very kindly granted, for Lady Louisa Fitzpatrick to come and spend three weeks with me here. We are waiting for news, and all our dependence is on Lord Howe and Admiral Keppel.[3]

I. Minifie, Esq., to George Selwyn.

MILAN, July 1, 1778.

DEAR SIR: — Being impatient to contribute everything possible to your amusement, and the more so when I am sure it will be accompanied with real pleasure to you, I hasten to tell you that the last letters from Paris brought us certain news

[1] General Fitzpatrick.

[2] Henrietta, daughter of Richard Vernon, Esq., of Hilton in Staffordshire, and second wife of George, second Earl of Warwick, by whom she was the mother of the present (third) earl.

[3] It is unnecessary to remind the reader that the former was commander-in-chief on the American station, and the latter in command of the Channel fleet.

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of Byron's and Parker's fleet having followed D'Estaing's the moment it got out of the Straits, and that the French are much afraid of the consequence of it, for, if they have patience enough to follow at a proper distance till D'Estaing arrives in the neighbourhood of Howe's fleet, the French fleet must fall a sacrifice to the English.[1] Two frigates have already engaged, and although the French was not taken, she was totally disabled. The count knows of my intention to give you the earliest account of this news, and desired me to make you his sincerest compliments.

Our German news is fraught with very hostile intents. All hopes of peace are despaired of, and a very sanguinary campaign is expected.

I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you on Friday morning in good health and better spirits. I am happy to have had the honour of making your acquaintance, and shall be much more so if I can convince you how sincerely I feel myself, dear sir,

Yours very obediently and sincerely,

I. MINIFIE.

[1] The English fleet, under the command of Vice-Admiral Byron, the famous "Foul-weather Jack" of the sailors, had been for some time in pursuit of the French naval force, on the coast of America, under Count d'Estaing. Unfortunately, however, Byron's fleet had the misfortune to be dispersed, and almost entirely disabled by a storm; and when he subsequently joined the force under Lord Howe, in the month of July, the squadron which he commanded consisted of little better than wrecks.

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Charles Townshend, Esq., to George Selwyn.

ST. JAMES'S PLACE, 14 July, 1778.

DEAR SIR: — If I could ever claim merit for writing to you it would be now; for I stay in London in this close sultry weather, which we have had for a long time, instead of getting a little fresh air in a voyage to Vauxhall. After all, I can furnish you with little news on which you can depend. The chief object which engages our attention, is whether we shall have a war, but that continues to be a very doubtful point. The opinion which seems to prevail is against a war; but the reports, on which the public ground their opinion, are so very contradictory, that I cannot come to a decisive conclusion. The stocks rose upon a supposition of peace, and the Spanish ambassador arrived last night, as it is supposed, with favourable instructions. The independence of America does not strike the Spaniards in so favourable a light as it does Monsieur de Sartines.

Our nobility and gentry distinguish themselves by their zeal for their country, and are very active in disciplining the militia. The Duke of Grafton, Lord Cholmondeley, and many others of your acquaintance stand foremost. As to other matters, gentlemen and ladies quarrel, part, intrigue, and hang themselves, as usual. Lord Tyrconnel [1] has

[1] George, second Earl of Tyrconnel. He married first, in 1772, Frances, daughter of John, Marquess of Granby, from

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taken up the trade of a cuckold-maker, instead of a cuckold, and has had the honour of making a lady attempt to hang herself for his sake. If his brother, Lord Egremont,[1] could dispose of his ladies as well, it would thin the land; such numbers would swing!

I have heard so many various reports about this cursed French war, that I have been late sitting down to write, and have so little time to spare, that I must conclude with assuring you, that I am, dear sir,

Yours most affectionately,

CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

NEW YORK, July 22, 1778.

MY DEAR GEORGE: — As this letter to you may pass through France, and will be certainly opened, I must use a caution which otherwise I should not do, in exposing our present situation. I must consider the King of France, or, what is worse, his minister, at your elbow, and reading my letter over

whom he was divorced in 1777, when the lady remarried the Hon. Philip Anstruther; and secondly, in 1780, Sarah, daughter of John Hussey, Lord Delaval. Lord Tyrconnel died April 15, 1805.

[1] George, the late (third) Earl of Egremont. He died November 11, 1837. Lord Egremont was nephew, and not brother to Lord Tyrconnel, Alicia, sister of George, first Earl of Tyrconnel, having been married to Lord Egremont's father, and the mother of his children.

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your shoulder. In two words, then, we are blocked up by a French fleet of twelve sail of the line, and have Mr. Washington and Mr. Gates[1] upon our backs. In private life, I never knew any one interfere with other people's disputes but that he heartily repented of it. We care as little at present for what is done behind our backs as what is said, and are under no uneasiness on that account. As for the French, it would be uncivil, as they have come so far, not to receive them as they deserve. When ambassadors go to China, they are frequently made to wait many weeks, till everything is prepared for their reception. In a little time we shall have made every preparation, and Monsieur d'Estaing may make his entry when he pleases. I went to look at him the other night, and saw him take an English ship. Lord Howe lies very near him, and we every day expect to hear of some event that may be very decisive, as his whole force is collected, and we are sending him down fire-ships as fast as we can fit them up.

Though I may reap no other advantage from crossing the Atlantic, I shall acquire at least some nautical and some military knowledge, for I pass my time chiefly with soldiers and sailors, though I confess neither of them are much to my taste, — I mean the sciences, for, as to the individuals, we have a great many agreeable people. I am well lodged; the country is beautiful beyond descrip-

[1] The celebrated American general.

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tion; the climate, the worst that I ever experienced. The heat is infinitely more insupportable than where you now are; but will change, perhaps in the middle of the night, when we have left all the windows and doors open for air, to a sudden cold, sufficient to destroy the best constitution. This change of the weather commonly attacks the bowels, and occasions fluxes. I have been affected in this manner, but I hope I shall not feel it long. Poor Storer is confined to his bed, but I flatter myself there is nothing to apprehend in his disorder.

When you see before you the list of our misfortunes, I think I shall have your compassion. 1st. We are blocked up by a French fleet. 2d. We are kept in prison, as we dare not ride beyond our posts toward the country. 3d. If any attack is made, either by sea or land, we wish more than we are likely to gain. 4th. If certain events, which are not improbable, should take place, we shall be inevitably starved. 5th. We have tried the Congress, and you will think with me that, in our present circumstances, they will not depart from their resolution in refusing our offers; consequently we have every reason in the world to despair of being of the least use here. 6th. Our packet is taken, which would perhaps have relieved me from a state of suspense, that I have not public virtue enough not to think more bitter than many of those misfortunes which my country must feel

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as well as myself. I shall not pass for a patriot, perhaps, with him who reads this letter before it reaches you. I have done more to save my country; I would still go greater lengths than many who sit quietly at home, and profess their zeal for its welfare; but you, who know the wife and children I have left, would not have believed me if I had not told you the plain truth.

What measures we shall adopt about the time of returning, I cannot as yet determine. I own fairly we have nothing to do here, but we must not quit the business till that point is so clear as not to admit of two opinions. A little time will fling a great deal of light upon this subject, and, in case nothing unforeseen happens, we shall certainly be at liberty to act as we think proper. Whenever we come, we shall have to run the gauntlet, and have good luck if we do not visit France or Spain. If there is any constraint in this letter, you must impute it to the cause I gave in setting out. I am, dear George,

Yours most affectionately, etc.

To George Selwyn, Esq., care of Sir John Lambert, Banker, at Paris.

Right Hon. Thomas Townshend to George Selwyn.

CHISELHURST, August 2, 1778.

DEAR SIR: — As you have been so good as to express a wish to hear from me sometimes, I ven-

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ture to trouble you with a few lines, without considering a regular return of answers as a necessary ingredient in our correspondence.

We were tantalised here last night with an account of a complete victory over the French fleet, which to-day does not turn out so considerable.[1] Indeed, it is as much as I expected from the state of the two fleets; but, as a considerable victory was announced, and as I was extremely willing to believe it, I distrusted my own former opinion; viz., that when two such fleets, so nearly matched, are in the same seas, one side only wishes to engage — the other wishes to get into port; and when their port is very near, it is probable no general engagement will be brought on, and consequently no decisive advantage can be gained. However, if our advantage is not great, thank God our loss is very small; about five hundred killed and wounded; no officer killed; and only three or four wounded; none above the rank of lieutenant. No one can doubt but that Keppel and his officers would do their best. We have received the disagreeable news of great damage received by Byron's fleet in a storm in America, but I do not know the particulars.

Every one was much surprised at the sudden

[1] The well known, but indecisive action, between the English fleet, under Admiral Keppel, and the French fleet, under Count d'Orvilliers, had been fought off Ushant on the 27th of July, six days previously.

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appearance of an accommodation between the emperor and the King of Prussia. Who could have thought that a musty parchment could have made a peace between two such powers! The Duke of Gloucester was upon the eve of setting out to join the King of Prussia as a volunteer. His state of health is at present much better than it has been; but, as I have a great respect for his Royal Highness, I could not help dreading for him the effects of an autumn and perhaps winter campaign. He was in great spirits when I saw him; he has an ardent desire to see service, and you know there is none for him here. Though he was much pleased with the thoughts of serving an apprenticeship under the King of Prussia, his joy was diminished with the thoughts of serving against the emperor, whom he has known some time, and from whom he received at Vienna such marks of civility as made a great impression on his very feeling heart. Indeed, he always speaks of the emperor both with respect and affection; but as the king, as Elector of Hanover, had taken the Prussian side of the question, his Royal Highness could not but offer his services on that side, if on any. I do not yet know whether he has laid aside his thoughts of the journey, or how far matters are looked upon as concluded.

Your letters from Milan make us think that you do not spend your time in the most cheerful

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manner. Much of it must hang upon your hands; yet, had I been at leisure, which a man with a large family never is, I should have liked much to have been of your party. You mention the Comte de Fermian in your letters, and by what I have heard of him, I should imagine that you found one of your best resources in his company and conversation. I know him by character very well, though I never had the honour of his acquaintance, but some of my most intimate friends had formerly the honour of being very well known to him, and being in great familiarity with him, particularly poor Sir William Williams.

I am ashamed of being so tedious, and at the same time having said so little. All are well here and at Frognal. We are under great anxiety to know whether we are to have peace or war. The Spaniards hitherto give the strongest assurances of peace, and our governors either believe or affect to believe them.[1] Many persons have hitherto said there would be no war; but they likewise said there would be no engagement at sea: now I do not see how it is to be avoided. I will positively detain you no longer than to assure you I am, with the truest regard and affection, dear sir,

Your most obedient, and obliged humble servant,

T. TOWNSHEND.

[1] Spain joined in the league with France against England in the spring of the following year.

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THE REV. DR. JOHN WARNER.

Dr. John Warner (the contributor of many of the most agreeable letters in the present collection) was the son of the Rev. Dr. Ferdinando Warner, for many years rector of Barnes, in Surrey, and author of a history of Ireland. Dr. John Warner was born in 1736, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. For many years he preached at a chapel, his own property, in Long Acre, where he attained a considerable share of popularity by the pleasing, manly, and eloquent style of his delivery. In 1771 he obtained the united rectories of Hockliffe and Chalgrave in Bedfordshire, and, some time afterward, was presented by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., to the valuable rectory of Stourton, in Wiltshire. He was also chaplain to Earl Gower, during his embassy at Paris in 1790. The reputation for wit, which Doctor Warner enjoyed among his contemporaries, will be found to be fully borne out by his agreeable letters; although, on the other hand, it must be admitted that his language and sentiments are not always strictly in character with his sacred profession. He is said, however, to have been a man of the strictest integrity; to have been of a kind and charitable disposition; and to have been warm and even enthusiastic in his friendships. He was an ardent admirer of the celebrated John Howard, and it is said to have been principally

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owing to Doctor Warner's exertions that the well-known statue in St. Paul's Cathedral was erected to the memory of the amiable philanthropist. "His attachment to literature was unbounded; he was moderate to an extreme at the table, and equally abstemious at the bottle: a book, a pipe, and cheerful conversation, in which he eminently excelled, were his supreme delight."

Doctor Warner was the author of several miscellaneous papers, which are now forgotten. He was, however, unquestionably an excellent scholar; his tastes were essentially literary, and his conversation is said to have been eminently entertaining. At the commencement of the French Revolution, — enamoured with the doctrines of universal freedom, benevolence, and good will, which were then loudly vaunted by the disciples of republicanism, — he hastened to France to enjoy the promised Utopia. The sickening scenes of blood and horror, however, which polluted the dawn of freedom in France, are said to have speedily disgusted him with his new associates, and he gladly returned to enjoy real liberty at home. Doctor Warner died in St. John's Square, Clerkenwell, on the 22d of January, 1800, at the age of sixty-four.

The Rev. Dr. John Warner to George Selwyn.

PADUA, Saturday night [August, 1778].

DEAR SIR: — I am just now arrived at this quiet place, and have only had time to take a little walk

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into it; in which, however, I was struck with the singular appearance of a number of ladies who mixed with the men at the coffee-houses; ladies who, one might imagine, conforming to the character of their city, *Padoua la Detta*, dress the inside of their heads; for, as to the outside, they still adhere to the modest mode in which our mothers coiffed themselves, scorning the revived foppery inveighed against by Juvenal, *tot compagibus altum ædificare caput.*

I have passed through a glorious country, which seems to want nothing but human creatures. This afternoon the air has been cooled by a magnificent storm, sweeping from west to east, so that I am in hopes you had it first. There was a report upon the road, that a courier had passed, with the news of an accommodation between the emperor and the King of Prussia. Verona and Vicenza have each one very fine thing, — of the same name but of different kinds, — their theatres; but both the cities, in decay and melancholy, seem to be mourning the splendour they were witness to in the time of the Roman greatness, and again in the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century, before Vasco de Gama[1] destroyed the Venetian commerce. Can they reasonably expect to lift their heads a third time?

[1] Vasco de Gama, the celebrated Portuguese admiral, and the founder of the Portuguese settlements in India, died at Cochin, in 1525.

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I am prepared to find more of this decay and melancholy here. Part of the walls of this town, now standing, were built, they say, four hundred years before the foundation of Rome, by Antenor.[1] Though I am at the principal inn, in the middle of the city, everything around me is as quiet as the mansion to which the man was carried in the monk's habit. So much stillness invites to sleep, so I heartily wish you a good night. I write only from the flattering idea that it might not be quite indifferent to you to know how I went on, and again from the flattering idea that I am copying your example, who are continually writing to your friends. But, "O! could I flow like thee," as Sir John Denham says, and "make thy stream my great example,"[2] I should sit down to it with a much better appetite. I shall see Mr. Minifie's Count Stratico to-morrow morning. His Excellency's man at Verona was very civil.

I am, dear sir, your most obliged and faithful servant,

JOHN WARNER.

The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

PADUA, Sunday night.

Oh, sir, you must come to Padua! There are a thousand things worth seeing, and I think there

[1] There is a legend that, after the destruction of Troy, Antenor migrated to Italy, and landing on the shores of the Adriatic, founded the town of Padua. [2] Denham's Cooper's Hill.

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would be good society found in it. I am much pleased with it. The grass, indeed, grows in the streets, but perhaps I like it the better for that reason; for how does one curse the unruly rabble of Milan, which, though much thinner than they say they were formerly, are multitudinous in comparison of what they are here, where *apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, and as there is no collision there is no noise. Besides, Rousseau, I believe, was right when he said the breath of man, in too great a degree, is hurtful to his like, literally and figuratively.

I have made an acquaintance with a man I like very much (which I cannot say of any other Italian), Don André Zaramellini, a Benedictine of the great convent of St. Justina,[1] who, it seems, is of a good Venetian family. Without a book which he gave me (though I was furnished with two books of travels through Padua), I should have lost seeing the three, perhaps, most curious things in the place — the paintings in fresco of Giotto,[2] and

[1] The church of St. Justina at Padua is celebrated for its beautiful mosaic pavement.

[2] Giotto, the second reviver of painting in Italy, was the son of a peasant named Bondone, and was born in 1276, in the district of Vespigniano, near Florence. The circumstance which drew him from obscurity is worthy of being recorded. The celebrated John Cimabue, to whom the Italians are indebted for the revival of painting in their country, observing him draw some figures on the ground while tending his sheep, carried him with him to Florence, and carefully instructed him in his art. The pupil speedily surpassed his master, and his fame soon spread

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of Mantegna,[1] and a colossal Hercules, which gave me a pleasure in the contemplation that I do not know how to describe. I became acquainted with my Benedictine by asking at the convent for one of the fathers who could speak French. He looks the very *prélat*, of the Lutrin, only that his chin *ne descend pas à double étage*, but *la jeunesse* and *la santé* (and *même la beauté*) *brillent sur son visage.*

A pleasant circumstance happened to me just now at the coffee-house. I attacked a genteel-looking young fellow of an intelligent aspect, who seemed courting the blow, and who I found was a Greek of the island of Corfu, and a student at the university. In the course of our chat, upon his questioning me upon what I found agreeable in Padua, I had a fair opportunity to pay the deserved tribute to the politeness and good-nature of Don

through the cities of Italy, where many of his works may still be seen. He died in 1336.

[1] Andrea Mantegna, a pupil of Squarcione, was born at Padua in 1431. He particularly distinguished himself in the art of perspective, and was the first person, according to Somazzo, who "opened the eyes of artists in that branch;" he was also the first engraver of his time, and one of the earliest engravers on metal. His greatest work as a painter was the Della Vittoria, formerly in the Oratorio de Padre de S. Filippo, at Padua, but which was afterward removed to Paris. He also painted a chapel in the Vatican for Innocent VIII., which existed at the accession of Pius VI., and some fine frescos in the castle of Mantua, which were finished by his sons. Mantegna, who found many imitators among his countrymen, died in 1505.

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André, which I did, too, with the warmth it deserved; and, lo! as happily as unexpectedly, hit upon the subject of all others most pleasing to my Greek, as Don André is his most intimate friend. He will go to him to-morrow morning, he says, and we are to have a meeting on my return. I have no fault to find with my recommended acquaintance, far from it. Count Stratico received the claim upon him as handsomely as most men receive claims; but I found the man really busy, and did as I would be done by — I would not interrupt him. My interview with him answered all the ends of recommendation — that of preventing the acquaintance one makes oneself from withholding the civilities they might be inclined to show lest they should be bestowed upon an unworthy object. Of what, indeed, should a letter of recommendation consist but this: "Sir, the bearer is not a thief nor an adventurer, but a gentleman, and esteemed in his own country?" The man at Verona would not be said nay; he would, he absolutely would, encounter the beams of an entirely glaring sun with me. Why? That I might tell the count of it.

But, sir, you must really come to Padua — not this bout, but when you come next to Milan; and then I hope you will be induced to go to Venice, to which, I am told, I shall have a very pleasant passage to-morrow. If things should thus enhance upon me, I would not have lost my jaunt for a good

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deal, though I am nearly starved and burnt to death. But vanity, glorious vanity, will carry me there. It has been as hot to-day as if we had no storm yesterday. I heartily hope that you and Mie Mie continue heartily well. I will not forget the pie, but I doubt she will have no appetite for it. This is the third plague I have given you; for which, I fear, you may think me your too diligent, however well-meaning, humble servant,

J. WARNER.

The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

VENICE, Tuesday night, August 17th.

DEAR SIR: — If it should happen that I succeed with this lady as well as I did with a certain lord, I shall have the satisfaction at last of finding something that I am fit for, — a setter, a dun, a catch-pole, or a bum-bailiff, to recover bad debts.

Notre petit résident! Oh! how you would have laughed in his sweaty face, as I did when I kissed it; sweltering, as I saw him at the first, *abord*, under an immense, heavy, thick, black cloth gown, and a furious full-bottomed periwig, which covered the upper part of his body as well as his head. *Notre petit résident*[1] is exceedingly civil and good-natured; I found him this morning at St. Mark's. He would introduce me to some ladies; and first of all to Madame Berlindis, a particular friend of

[1] The English resident at Venice, at this period, was John Strange, Esq.

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his. Nothing, I told him, could be more agreeable to me, as she was the lady of all others I wished most to be introduced to. We saw the lady directly, and had much talk of England, which she regretted the leaving. She has her rooms hung with its paper, etc. A rendezvous was settled for her casino in the evening, when I told her I should have the honour to present her with a letter, which I had promised to deliver into her own hands.

What sort of a place a casino is, will be an article, *cum multis aliis*, to be discussed at Milan. However, at the casino we assembled just now; where I was introduced to more ladies and gentlemen, none of whom, by the way, I found spoke French. When the bustle of bowing was over, I took the chair at the end of the *canapé*, on which my object was seated, and in whom, now upon the second interview, I thought I had discovered a degree of graciousness, which, said I to myself, shall be most happily improved. Accordingly, the attention of the company being directed from us, I said in the most pleasing, insinuating, confidential whisper I could assume, "Voici, madame, la lettre," etc. She took it to the candles at a neighbouring table, and whilst her eyes were fixed upon the paper, you may guess how mine were employed. Your name had not yet been mentioned. I saw no anger, no surprise; but an unaffected sort of brown study. When she had conned it sufficiently, she brought me to her with a motion of her head, and, with

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her thumb under your name, at the paper, she inquired, "Qu'est-ce que ce nom?" "Mon Dieu! madame," said I, with a smile of good-humoured wonder, "c'est Monsieur Selwyn, de Chesterfield Street." "Ah, mon Dieu! oui," she exclaimed, with an air of welcome recognition; and then, doubling up the letter, dropped me a half-curtsey, in the act of retiring to the *canapé*, with a "Hum, monsieur," in such a doubtful guise, that I do not know what to make of it; for it will bear either of these translations: "Fort bien, monsieur, nous en parlerons demain;" or, "Vous vous flattez peut-être d'être bien habile; mais par Dieu vous n'aurez pas au sous." However, by her kind inquiries after you, when reseated, I hope the first is the true meaning. Soon after this, the parties for play were made, and I slipped away. If I have not the honour to hear from her to-morrow, I shall do myself the honour to wait upon her on Thursday morning.

Yesterday morning, after a very pleasant passage, rolling in upon the bosom of the Grand Canal, with the full tide of the sea, as well as with that of a highly excited curiosity, which was as highly gratified, I had my first view of this city in the luckiest nick of time, and saw her in all her beauty. I debarked upon the Grand Canal, upon which my windows look, and the multitude of new and beautiful objects kept me a long while from putting myself in the proper trim of a suitor for a further

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acquaintance. 'Twas all delight and admiration![1] But, alas! I have had that further acquaintance so fatal to most beauties.

Venice is an exquisite courtesan. Whilst you gaze upon those beauties which first present themselves, upon "those parts where," as Mr. Burke says, "a beautiful woman is most beautiful, the neck and bosom, on the ever-varying surface of which the eye glides giddily without knowing where to stop, or whither it is carried," it is all delight and admiration. But if the eye, with its neighbour nose, suffers itself to be carried down the Grand Canal, which — between those breasts turned by the hands of the Graces, and pointed by Desire — leads to the chinks and crannies of the city, — fah! an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination, — Venice is a stink-pot, charged with the very virus of hell! I do not wonder that Howard of Bedford, the jail-man,[2] who is just gone from hence, should

[1] I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand:
I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles.

[2] Howard, "the jail-man," it is almost needless to remark, was John Howard, the celebrated philanthropist, of whom it has

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advise a young gentleman who is in the house not to stay above four days lest he should be ill; nor do I wonder that Boccaccio should call her, "*D'ogni bruttura ricevitrice.*" But perhaps it is not fair to abuse the poor lady so, now when she may be said ——. It is not so with her, they say in cold weather. However, though exceedingly pleased with having enjoyed her beauties (as there is nothing else to be satisfied here, I believe, but what may be better satisfied in most other places), I do not desire to have anything more to do with her in any weather. In any sea-place there is as good fish, and, I suppose, fishy things, and better drink in every place, even, I was going to say (God forgive me), the very last of all places, even in Milan. I am your most obedient,

J. W.

P. S. August 11th! Your good health, and many happy returns of the day!

been remarked, that "had he lived in ancient Rome, he would probably have been honoured with hero-worship, as the genius of active benevolence." He was at this period prosecuting an extended tour on the Continent with the humane object of amending prison discipline, and ameliorating the condition of those whose crimes or misfortunes had rendered them denizens of a gaol. It is remarkable that it was in a great degree owing to Doctor Warner's personal exertions that, after Howard's death, adequate subscriptions were raised for erecting the well-known monument in St. Paul's Cathedral to the memory of the great philanthropist.

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THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

LADY CAROLINE LEVESON GOWER, daughter of Granville, second Earl Gower, and first Marquis of Stafford, was born on the 2d of November, 1753, and married, on the 22d of March, 1770, Frederick, Earl of Carlisle. Those who remember Lady Carlisle speak in the highest terms of the fascination of her manners and her many amiable qualities. She is said to have been the authoress of the following pleasing reply to Mrs. Greville's well-known "Prayer for Indifference," and as it was reprinted as late as the year 1800, with Lady Carlisle's name attached to it, the editor is inclined to think that they have been correctly attributed to her:

ANSWER TO MRS. GREVILLE'S ODE FOR INDIFFERENCE.

Is that your wish, to lose all sense
  In dull lethargic ease;
And, wrapt in cold Indifference,
  But half be pleased or please?

If dictated by deep despair,
  You all our pity claim;
If not, 'tis sure the strangest wish
  That woman e'er did frame.

Who can decide 'twixt you and me?
  There's no disputing taste:
But this I know, we disagree
  As wide as east from west.

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Inferior far my power to please,
If all I've heard be true;
Yet beats my heart for more than ease,
And cannot pray with you.

It never shall be my desire,
To bear a heart unmoved;
To feel by halves the generous fire,
Or be but half beloved.

Let me drink deep the dangerous cup,
In hopes the prize to gain;
Nor tamely give the pleasure up,
Nor fear to share the pain.

If languid ease they cannot know,
Who have not hearts of steel;
Yet height of bliss, as well as woe,
They must alternate feel.

This the partition made by fate;
Oh! take them both together;
And know that, in this chequer'd state,
The one is worth the other.

Give me, whatever I possess,
To know and feel it all;
When youth and love no more can bless,
Let death obey my call.

Or turn my senses then to stone:
Let cold Indifference live;
But bring her not till youth is flown,
And all that love can give.

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Too soon, alas! that torpid state
Benumbing age will bring:
I would not rashly tempt my fate,
To blast the present spring!

Lady Carlisle died at Castle Howard, on the 27th of January, 1824, in her seventy-second year.

The Countess of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

CASTLE HOWARD, Sept. 1 [1778].

DEAR SIR:—I am almost ashamed of writing to you, after having been so long without doing it, but indeed you are almost as much to blame as myself. Why did you not write to me from Milan? If you had, I can assure you I should have answered your letter.

I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have found great benefit from Scarborough. My health, I think, is now perfectly reëstablished, and I look forward with great pleasure to the happy period when I shall see Lord Carlisle and you together in England. I hope it is not very far off. You, I understand, are to be in Paris at the beginning of this month, and I cannot conceive it can be necessary for my lord to stay any longer in America, as the Congress have refused to treat unless we acknowledge their independency.

I hope your expedition has been as satisfactory to you as you could wish; that you found Mie Mie happy and well; and that you have left her

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so. All my children are in perfect health. Caroline was with us at Scarborough, and George and Charlotte were there by turns, as there was not room for them altogether; I am sure, if they knew I was writing to you, they would send their love to you. My sister Anne is with me. We go to Trentham next Friday, the 4th. I am not sure how long I shall stay there, as it depends upon Lord and Lady Gower, who are rather uncertain. I am, dear sir,

Your truly sincere friend,

C. CARLISLE.

The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

Friday afternoon.

DEAR SIR: — The count had his letters before dinner, and amongst them one from his correspondent in London, which he showed me. It gives an account of Keppel having sailed, as we heard before,[1] and, with this, such a flaming account of the extraordinary good order, perfect equipment, and great number of our ships, that one would have thought it had been writteh by one of Lord Sandwich's clerks, had it not been in Italian, and signed "Sorga." It was dated the 19th, this day fortnight. His Excellency testified great pleasure

[1] Keppel, having repaired his ships, which had suffered much in the action off Ushant, had again sailed from England, on the 23d of August, in search of the French fleet.

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at it. He desires his best compliments to you and Madame la Comtesse. A small party. Twelve. No strangers. Lord Mordaunt [1] not come yet.

Minifie's heart misgives him with regard to your success by the ecclesiastic's negotiation. Pride is paramount to avarice; and as to education, would not the same pride instantly rush in, insolently and blindly rush in, as it is wont? "What can an English gentleman, or any gentleman, propose as to the education of our daughter, that we cannot do ourselves?"

Many heiresses, of great wealth but small name, are now wanting husbands, which is a clear proof that, in the composition of a match, money is but a secondary consideration to rank. And a blessed country, to be sure, it is to be fond of rank in; and blessed privileges annexed to it! But my wise reflections will not mend the matter; and here come the letters to put an end to them! Five for you; none from Doctor Gem; none for me, and no newspaper. I shall go, if I can have a place without inconvenience, with the Count Millerio, if he goes on Sunday morning; otherwise I think it will be hardly worth while for me to take a cabriolet for that passage only, as I could

[1] Charles Henry, Viscount Mordaunt, was the eldest son of Charles, fourth Earl of Peterborough and second Earl of Monmouth. He succeeded to these titles in 1779, and died, unmarried, in 1814, when his titles, with the exception of the barony of Mordaunt, became extinct.

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come with you in the coach on Monday morning. But *v. s.*[1] *e padrone*, and waiting your commands,

I remain your most obedient,

J. W.

Miss Mary Townshend to George Selwyn.

October 4, 1778.

DEAR SIR: — From your unsettled situation, I have received many letters from you since I have been able to write, but I hope you found one from me at Lyons, which I sent to take its chance. It gives me great pleasure to hear that your mind is in a more calm state. You have reason to be satisfied, for I think the last scheme is the *meilleur possible* for little Mie Mie. I was far from imagining you had given those reasons to her parents which I said were the only ones to be given for their resigning the care of her to you. Now, you come as nearly to the summit of your wishes as you could reasonably hope for; and it is a kind of education which many in England prefer to any other. The scene that you mention passing at the Ridotto was one of your happiest moments.

Madame du Deffand's observation, I fear, is too just, and I should like to lay an embargo on my countrymen, and countrywomen too, for in general their excursions to Paris do no good either to themselves or their country. The militia being

[1] Apparently "*Vostra signoria e padrone*," — Your lordship is the master.

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called out, I believe has kept many at home this year who would have lounged at Paris if they had not had the *manuel* exercise to learn to defend us against the "*Mounseers.*"

My father and I accompany Lady Midleton[1] to Pepper Harrow to-morrow. I shall deposit my father under her care, and make my escape for a few days to visit my friend, Lady L. Lennox.[2] Her daughter, Miss Lennox, was at Paris just before you went there, but as she went merely to learn to dance, I should imagine she was but little seen, and you may not have heard of her. Her figure was *intéressante*, but too unformed, I should think, to please in France. My brothers are both in Hampshire. The young ladies persuaded my sister and Charles to escort them to the Cox Heath Camp, whence they returned much pleased, though with no captive of a militia colonel. The expedition did not agree so well with my sister, who has coughed ever since her return; but I hope change of air will take it off.

I was misinformed concerning Miss Neville's intended marriage. It is with a son of Sir Hanson Berney,[3] a Norfolk baronet. You have so

[1] Sister to Miss Townshend, and niece to George Selwyn.

[2] Louisa, daughter of William Kerr, Earl of Ancram, and wife of Lord George Henry Lennox, second surviving son of Charles, second Duke of Richmond.

[3] Henrietta, daughter of George, first Earl of Abergavenny, and sister of the late (second) earl, married, in 1779, Sir John Berney, Bart., of Kirby Beden, in the county of Norfolk.

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often asked me for commissions from Paris, that at last I take the liberty of telling you that Mrs. Townshend would be much obliged to you if you will bring her a black winter cloak, trimmed with lace. The English manufacturers content me for my wearing-apparel. My father at present talks of not removing till the middle of next month, so do not delay your return longer than that. If bad weather does come (but we have almost forgotten that any such thing belongs to our climate), we may perhaps go sooner. Every kind wish and compliment attend you.

Yours, etc.

The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

Friday, après-diné, en attendant les lettres.

DEAR SIR: — The count's news of the day is that Lord Shelburne is coming in. No strangers; but a Marchese Belgredi, who is a stranger, it seems, only to us. The marchese *de l'air prévénant*, Bossi, tumbled into the hands of Durand, whose mouth I wish filled with anything rather than his questions. If he cannot be always at poor Heywood's elbow, he should take care some other servant were; the poor lad has tumbled in one of his fits, and hurt his forehead. The count is terrified lest he should one day exhibit at his table. What a thing it would be for a countryman to be witness to!

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His Excellency has given me a rendezvous this evening at a concert, to which I am to be conducted by Minifie, who must be a very honest fellow or a devilish cheat. There can be no medium in one who shows so very warm an interest in our concerns. There is much inquiry after your health, and many compliments to you on all hands. I have learned a curious genealogy, which will keep till Sunday morning. If one had not been choked with dust, it would have been a pleasant ride with this Count Castiglione, who—

The letters! and, good heavens! not one from Gem! What can be the meaning of this?

Countess of Upper Ossory to George Selwyn.

[This letter refers, apparently, to the death of Lady Holland, Lady Ossory's sister-in-law, which took place on the 6th of October.]

MY DEAR SIR:—I am sure I can offer you nothing but a full heart and a heavy head; but, though your heart may not be more at ease than mine, your head, I am sure, will always be a resource to your friends. However, do not fancy yourself in duty bound, I beg. I confess the evil day, I have so long dreaded, is even more shocking than I expected; this is all I can say. I shall go to Gatton to-morrow morning.

Yours, very faithfully,

A. U. O.

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Miss Mary Townshend to George Selwyn.

FROGNAL, October 16, 1778.

DEAR SIR: — I am much flattered and obliged by your thinking me worthy of a letter from Grignan.[1] When I heard of you in Provence, I thought it impossible that you should not make some *détour* to see the habitation of the Adhemars; and it is a great satisfaction to me to hear that it is not in ruins, as I had been told. I rejoice, for many reasons, that the expedition was practicable. It gave you amusement at a time when you most wanted it, and will still amuse you after you have left it. Do not the French read Madame de Sévigné with the admiration that some of us do; or does their religion surfeit them with visiting shrines and relics? — but, attending to those obligations is much out of date. I envy you seeing the family pictures, as I should like to put faces to my friends of that coterie. It would have been more satisfactory to have found the château with its old furniture in the hands of the descendants of the Grignans; but the present possessors seem to have left you nothing to wish which it was in their power to furnish you with. Did you see Pauline's grandson? But I must make a transition to our own nephew,[2] of whose intended marriage my sister has informed you.

[1] The seat of the Count de Grignan, who had married the only daughter of Madame de Sévigné.

[2] George Brodrick, the late (fourth) Viscount Midleton. He

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I not only like the young lady, but the alliance, both as to morals and blood, and the education she has received; and I think there is a fair prospect of happiness. I am told of another intended marriage, not upon so solid a foundation; Mr. E. Foley to Lady Anne Coventry.[1] Except Lord Deerhurst takes them on his establishment, I do not see how they are to subsist.

Lord Harrington generously settles £9,000 a year on his son after his death, and £1,500 after Lady Harrington's; but does not give him a sixpence at present. Miss Fleming has £1,800 a year of her own, but they might have expected some addition.[2]

We hope to hear that you find your present countrymen a little sick of this warlike peace. Had our trade suffered as much as theirs has done, our merchantmen would be pretty clamor-

married, on the 4th of December, the Hon. Frances Pelham, second daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Chichester, and died 12 August, 1836.

[1] The Hon. Edward Foley, second son of Thomas, third Baron Foley, married, in the course of this month, Anne Margaret, daughter of William, Earl of Coventry, by his first wife, the "beautiful countess." Lady Anne Coventry is the young lady so often mentioned in the early portion of this correspondence, in the letters of Gilly Williams, as the favourite child of George Selwyn.

[2] Charles, Lord Petersham, married, the following year, Jane, daughter and coheir of Sir John Fleming, Bart., of Brompton Park, Middlesex. He succeeded in April, 1779, as third Earl of Harrington, and died September 15, 1829.

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ous. D'Estaing's fleet we imagine to have been driven off Rhode Island by Lord Howe, shattered by a storm, and blocked up in Boston harbour by a superior fleet: you, possibly, may hear at Paris a different account. Our camps are beginning to break up and to go into winter quarters. The militia regiments are much improved, and are not to be disembodied. I hear the meeting of Parliament being put off till the 26th of next month will also defer your return. Our stocks continue to rise. In my last I told you that my father and I were going to make an excursion to Pepper Harrow, from whence he is returned in good health. I made, too, my intended escape from him to visit my friend, Lady Louisa, whom I found well, and with a pleasing family about her. Miss Lennox has a very engaging appearance, and was much pleased with Paris. Your friend, Lady Sarah, was gone to town, to go on to Old Windsor to visit poor Lady Holland, and was stopped by an account of her death. You seem to have long despaired of her; and I believe, for these last three months, this was the best account to hear of her.

Lord Lincoln[1] is set out on his way to Nice, where I fear he will never arrive. Warren despairs of him, and Fothergill says his recovery is barely possible. Lady Lincoln,[2] Sir E. Conway,

[1] Lord Lincoln died in France in the course of this month, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

[2] Lady Frances Seymour Conway, daughter of Francis, first

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and Doctor Wright, a physician from St. George's Hospital, attend him on his journey. The Duke of Newcastle is in a sad way. My father bids me tell you he shall gladly receive you, and listen with pleasure to the account of your travels. He has a little of the Sévigné mania himself, though I do not believe he would have carried his enthusiasm quite so far as you have done, but will willingly enjoy the effects of what you call your extravagance. Adieu, *mon cher oncle.*

Ever yours, etc.

Right Hon. Thomas Townshend (afterward Viscount Sydney) to George Selwyn.

[October, 1778.]

I am sorry to say that the talk of the day is a war with Spain, but God knows whether there is any foundation for the report. It is likewise said that ten thousand men more are to go from hence to America. If we had not been so mad already about America, I should say that this was impossible to be true. Whatever measures are to be taken, or whatever may be their probable consequences, we are not undone. As a proof of our increasing opulence, I need only show the Opera House,[1] which is now fitting up at a monstrous

Marquis of Hertford. By Lord Lincoln she was the mother of one child, Katherine, married, in 1800, to William, the present (third) Earl of Radnor.

[1] The old Opera House, here alluded to, had been built in

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expense, with a great number of new boxes (which I understand to be already taken); and Brooks's[1] new house, fitted up with great magnificence, which is to be opened in a week or ten days.

You have heard already, I suppose, of Ned Foley's match with Lady Anne Coventry. The trustees settled the jointure; who settled the match, God knows.

I left all well at Frognal and Miselhurst to-day. Perhaps this is the most interesting news I had to tell you; at least we flatter ourselves so, and therefore kept it for the *bonne bouche.* Mrs. Townshend desires me to ask you to bring her a black silk winter cloak, about the value of two guineas; she says the French ones are much better than the English. Adieu, dear sir; believe me to be, with the greatest truth and regard, your most affectionate, humble servant,

T. TOWNSHEND.

Miss Mary Townshend to George Selwyn.

FROGNAL, 22 October, 1778.

DEAR SIR:—I am concerned that you missed your letters at Lyons, though more from the disappointment to you than from the value of mine. But I am still more concerned to hear that you do

1704, and was burnt down in 1789. The foundation of the present Opera House was laid on the 3d of April, 1790, and was opened on the 22d of September, 1791.

[1] The present Brooks's Club in St. James's Street.

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not find your present countrymen inclined to peace. Monsieur Gaillard,[1] whose history of the *Rivalités de France et d'Angleterre* I am at present reading, has easily persuaded me that war is as absurd as it is cruel, and I wish the book to be the study of all kings and princes.

The Duke of Queensberry[2] still continues in great danger; and I should hardly think, at his time of life, it is possible he can recover such a disorder. The Miss Neville, I mentioned, is daughter to Lord Abergavenny, and I thought you would be glad to hear that she had found an establishment. I am surprised to hear that Mr. Boone places his daughter in a convent, considering what happened to a sister of his wife's. After her education was completed, she came back a zealous Roman Catholic; and it was not without suffering a great deal from her own doubts, and serious desire to be right in her faith, that she returned to the Protestant religion. There is not the same objection to a convent for Mie Mie. How eligible it is in other respects, you are the best

[1] Gabriel Henry Gaillard, the author of several historical works, was born in 1728, and died at Firmin, near Chantilly, in 1806.

[2] Charles, third Duke of Queensberry, the patron of Gay, died at the age of eighty, on the same day on which this letter was written. He was succeeded, as fourth Duke of Queensberry, by William, Earl of March and Ruglen, the intimate friend of Selwyn, and the nobleman who makes so considerable a figure in the present correspondence.

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judge; but, all things considered, it seems to me to be the best plan of education for her.

I do not doubt your getting a house in the circle of our neighbourhood before the summer, but I do not conceive how you will amuse yourself in it early in the spring, as you have never been used to the sort of life. The study of the Provençal language I shall leave to the Aumonier Poussatin, as I have more to read than I have time to bestow on books, in the small compass of language which I already possess. We do not yet talk of London. My father likes to stay here, and, while the fine weather lasts, it is good for him, and he would find no playfellows yet in London. All here are well, and desire a place in your affections. You will be persecuted for particulars of Grignan, as well in Burlington Street as in Grosvenor Place. Believe me to be,

Most affectionately yours, etc.

Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

DEAR SIR: — Saturday morning, — for in the first place I shall never say Paris, as you know I cannot, nor dare not be anywhere else without your being apprised of it, nor anywhere there but at the post-house, with the same open mouth I slept with on Thursday afternoon, to catch your letters; and in the next place I shall never say how much I am your most obliged humble servant, nor any such palaver, for I have lived with people

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who have taught me by precept and example a more sacred regard to truth. On the contrary, I think you have used me ill. You have made me so proud, and saucy, and fastidious, that I shall not be fit again this long while for the common things, mental or mensal, which I grubbed on with contentedly before you took me out of my way. You have fed me so, that I suppose I should drop down in an apoplexy before I could seal my letter, were I not continually quickened by the pungent salts of rage and envy, to see the ease and nature with which some people do and say what I never can attain to with the most solicitous and anxious efforts.

No, no, let me alone, as Roger says. You have almost ruined me; pray do not ruin me quite. If Lord Carlisle, or the Duke of Queensberry, should, by great chance, many years hence, come to be ministers of state, and should say to you (with those attentions, which, if they have not naturally, they will have learned from those they will then have lived with), "Perhaps you would like to do something for Warner," — I desire beforehand you will tell them that I am better as I am.

The Duke of Cumberland[1] (I never think of

[1] William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden. The other Duke of Cumberland here referred to was Henry Frederick, younger brother of George the Third, notorious in his lifetime for his follies and dissipations. He died on the 18th of September, 1790, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

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the foolish boy who disgraces the title when I say the Duke of Cumberland), who, I believe, was very justly allowed to have a great deal of good sense, heard a Mr. Mudge, one of our angelic order, and who had a most seraphic finger for the harpsichord, play him a tune at some friendly knight or squire's house, where he was ambushed for him in his way to or from Scotland, and very honestly expressed great satisfaction at the performance. "And would your Highness think," says his friend, "that with such a wonderful talent, this worthy clergyman has not above a hundred a year?" "And do not you think, sir," replied his Highness, "that when a priest has more, it generally spoils him?"

There is one thing for which I must confess I am obliged to you. I wanted a handsome excuse for going abroad at the time when you took me thither, and it served my purpose excellently well. But then I by no means expected to be used as I have been. You a *padrone!* Lord! Lord! Lord! you are no more fit to be a *padrone* than I am to be a bishop! I always thought it was the part of a great man, by a proper deportment and the *superbia quæsita meritis*, to make inferiors feel constantly and intimately that they were so, which is the only way to do them good. They know nothing of gratitude. But if I am not grateful, you have made me so proud that I feel the sense of this obligation, I accidentally owe you, too severely not to wish heartily that I could be clever enough

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to invent to myself any colour of merit that might obscure it. For this is the part of a clever fellow. Terence somewhere says, "Neutiquam officium liberi esse hominis puto cum is nil promereat postulare id gratiæ apponi sibi," which I believe is as much as to say: It is not the part of a gentleman to expect thanks for nothing; but I am sure it is a false reading, and that he means a clown.

Oh, yes, I am tedious, I know; and all the better; 'tis all I have for it; and, as Dogberry says in the play, "I'll be as tedious as a king, master Seacoal, if I like it."[1] You cannot now say to me, *vous allez trop vîte*, when you won't let me go at all. You cannot now eat the *blé*, or rather the tares, of my thoughts, *en herbe*. You must read me through, — that's the beauty of it, — lest toward the end of the play I should conjure up some dark and dreadful doubt to torment your soul with, about what it holds most dear. But there again I am foiled, and I cannot help being exceedingly happy with it, notwithstanding your usage of me, which I forgive, as a good Christian ought, but which, I assure you, I shall never be able to forget.

I am, etc.,

J. W.

[1] *Leonato.* Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogberry. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I was as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all on your worship. — *Much Ado About Nothing, Act iii. Scene 5.*

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The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

[Enclosed in Lord Carlisle's letter was a copy of the *Royal New York Gazette*, of the 24th October, 1778, containing the manifesto of the commissioners previous to their quitting America for England. The following is the passage which will be found more particularly referred to by Lord Carlisle: "Having amply and repeatedly made known to the Congress, and having also proclaimed to the inhabitants of North America in general, the benevolent overtures of Great Britain toward a reunion and coalition with her colonies, we do not think it consistent either with the duty we owe to our country, or with a just regard to the characters we bear, to persist in holding out offers which in our estimation required only to be known to be most gratefully accepted; and we have accordingly, excepting only the commander-in-chief, *who will be detained by military duties, resolved to return to England a few weeks after the date of this Manifesto and Proclamation.*" The lines inserted in italics are those more especially alluded to by Lord Carlisle as being interesting to George Selwyn, and are underscored by him in ink in the printed *Gazette*.]

NEW YORK, October 23, 1778.

I shall write you, my dear George, but a short letter, having no great deal to say, and knowing

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that American politics had better be reserved till we meet; particularly as our affairs may require some verbal explanation, and as I do not recollect exactly at what point you have investigated and carried your researches into the American question.

I enclose you our manifesto, which you will never read; I have made a mark under one part of it that may be interesting to you. 'Tis a sort of last dying speech of the commission; an effort from which I expect little success; an experiment and duty to our country and ourselves, from which, however, in our circumstances, I fear will originate little public advantage.

Our weather is pleasant, and the appearance of the country about us infinitely more beautiful than in summer, for there are some trees, when touched by the night frosts, have their leaves turned to a bright red, which has a very extraordinary effect among the different shades of green and yellow which predominate in autumn.

Everything is upon a great scale upon this continent. The rivers are immense; the climate violent in heat and cold; the prospects magnificent; the thunder and lightning tremendous. The disorders incident to the country make every constitution tremble. We have nothing on a great scale with us but our blunders, our misconduct, our ruin, our losses, our disgraces and misfortunes, that will mark the reign of a prince who deserves

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better treatment and kinder fortunes. Whatever may be our reception at home, I think I have strength of mind enough to stem the torrent, let it set against me with all its fury. I have served my king with zeal and attachment for his government and person. If I had succeeded, my country would have reaped the benefit of my labours; as I have not, I only hope the approbation of the attempt will not be refused me.

We had letters from England last week, dated August 8th and 9th. They bring me a very satisfactory account of my family, and of the reëstablishment of Lady Carlisle's health. I should conceive nothing will hinder our leaving America sometime in the next month, but a change of sentiment and conduct in the people of this country, of which I own I despair. If we have no accident at sea, taken, or anything worse, we shall be in England by Christmas. The wind is commonly at this time of the year for Europe; but such trimming gales as would make such a landsman as you stare. If I am as well as when I came, only to miss the cabin dinner once, and to be able to keep my legs upon deck without holding by a rope, I shall be contented; but what I saw some suffer was horrible.

Storer has recovered his strength, and desires to be remembered to you. Poor Lady Holland! She was not dead when our last letters came away, but beyond all hope. I trust we shall meet

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at Christmas, and with that flattering expectation, I am, dear George,

Yours most affectionately and sincerely, etc.

P. S. As you must now be convinced of the ease of getting to Italy, I hope this consideration will diminish the difficulty of leaving it. Mie Mie must have forgotten me; if not, present my respects to her.

The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

DEAR SIR: — I have sent you the prettiest work-bag in the world; as I hope you will think it, because I like it myself, *j'ai bien couru les boutiques* for it, but it cost me neither twenty nor thirty livres. They stood hard for twenty-seven, but I showed them a nice thing with a shining head, in the shape of a louis, and the shining head fascinated them, and they let me have it for what I offered.

I have also bought another thing for six livres, and I beg you will decide on it. I thought Roger [1] and I should have gone to blows about it; he is so *vif*. It is a mould in plaister of the face of Cartouche, taken after his execution by a very famous master. Roger could tell you all about the history of it, but he is in a rage. He said you would have nothing but the heads of illustrious men and women. I told him it was quite

[1] Dr. Roger Gem.

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another thing, and this enraged him still more, — yes, it was, indeed, quite another thing, and he was sure you would not like it; and he talked of the *Grand Diable*, and he *sacré'd*, and stormed like a Bedlamite. Pray, sir, decide, or I shall never have any peace with him; and decide as freely against me as for me, and let him have his triumph, if he deserves it.

No, sir, Bishop South has already done it to my hand in his grammar. Amongst other things, I remember that they talked of the first, second, and third Iliad, etc., for which a boy at Eton would now be whipped. Come, sir! I'll tell you what; I'll lay my best cassock against a dozen of claret that, take any number of men you please, under forty years of age (remember that, under forty, for I will have no antediluvian authorities), who have lived in the world, and are at all conversant with letters, and I shall have nine-tenths of them on my side. I can never give it up. I could go to the stake for it; go triumphantly. Pray let us take the sense of the university; — not that they are the judges whom I most admire, as the majority of them who make up what is called the university have, I believe, never lived in the world. I will refer it to Tom Wharton, if you will, or, rather, to his brother Joe, — to those two, if you please, and the vice-chancellor, for umpire.

I beg pardon for hanging so long upon this

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matter (but you touch me to the quick), when perhaps there were other things to answer; but we will answer them all on Wednesday in the lump, as it is very late, and I must be up early a-hunting to-morrow morning. If you want any commission to be executed at Paris, a young French gentleman of my acquaintance is going there in about a fortnight or three weeks.

You will let me have the *Reveur's* letter again. I should really have done, but you talked of a barrel of oysters; and pray remember that I told you a very pretty way of eating them.

Miss Mary Townshend to George Selwyn.

FROGNAL, Nov. 5, 1778.

DEAR SIR: — You may possibly stay at Paris to receive another mail, but I hope we shall have you here to assist our Parliament in their deliberations. Our camps are all breaking up, and after the summer fatigues people are preparing for their winter amusements, but I hear that most of the militia officers will be confined to their quarters, which will be bad for Mr. Brooks's company. Lady Lincoln is returned, in great affliction, and unfortunately Lord and Lady Hertford set out for Suffolk the day she arrived in town. When I heard of her, she had not been suffered to see the Duke of Newcastle. His expressions of grief are so violent that it was not judged prudent for them to meet till she had in some measure re-

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covered her strength, which has been much impaired by her attendance on Lord Lincoln, and grief for his loss.

M. W. Selwyn has bought the lease of the house near Bexley, which I wanted you to have had. It was disposed of by auction, the late owner being a bankrupt; therefore I could not obtain a delay of the sale, and could not venture to buy it for you without your having seen it. We do not think of removing yet to town. My sister is coming to us on Saturday, and my father seems to like best to have us all around him here. My brother and his family are gone to town, to visit Lord and Lady Courtown,[1] who are come to England to put their sons to Eton, which gives great joy to Mrs. Townshend, as she hopes they will make a long stay.

Charles tells me that your confessor[2] stays the winter at Paris with l'Abbé Raynal. He should bring over the abbé to Protestantism; at least, I want to know whether he has proceeded with a work to which I have seen his name prefixed, "Mémoires Hist. Pol. et Mil. de l'Europe," which he promises to bring down to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle; but what I have seen does not come

[1] James, second Earl of Courtown, father of the present (third) earl, married, in 1762, Mary, daughter and coheir of Richard Powys, Esq., of Hintlesham Hall, in Suffolk. He died March 30, 1810.

[2] Probably Doctor Warner.

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down lower than 1547. It is an amusing book as far as it goes; but while you are at Paris, he will stop all other studies to be thoroughly informed on our finances. I am curious to hear what the new Duke of Queensberry will do with his house over against us.[1] His own is so much pleasanter, both as to prospect and disposition of the rooms, that I do not suppose he will live in it himself, and I feel a little interest that he should not, as there would be brick and mortar without end.

My father and Charles send their love to you. The latter carries this letter to town to-morrow, and if he finds any news there, will send you a packet. Lady Cornwallis expects Lord Cornwallis early in the winter; the commissioners may as well come back with him. The cool-headed Johnstone is already arrived. Believe me to be,

Most affectionately yours.

Charles Townshend, Esq., to George Selwyn.

St. James's Place, 6 Nov., 1778.

Dear Sir: — I came from Frognal this morning, and left all the family well. Our admirals

[1] In Burlington Gardens, the residence of the late Duke of Queensberry. It was in this house (cheered by "the divine looks, the kind favours and expressions of the divine duchess, and the inexpressible goodness of the duke") that Gay, the poet, breathed his last.

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and captains were at court to-day. Keppel did not return from St. James's till I was obliged to go home to dress. Lord Howe only left his name at court, and when asked whether he desired an audience, he answered that he supposed if the king had anything to say to him he would send for him. Governor Johnstone [1] is as mad as a bull. He foams at the mouth, and swears that he will impeach Lord Howe and Sir William for not reducing America. Wedderburn [2] says that he talks in a very manly style, and he is much caressed by the ministers, whom he has abused in so coarse a style to the Americans; you may be sure that he caresses them in his turn. He puts me in mind of a character of King James the First, given by an old Scotch lord at his accession. "Ken you an ape? If I'se hold him, he will bite you; if you hold him, he will bite me."

[1] The celebrated Governor Johnstone, whose name is so intimately connected with the war of independence in America. He was third son of Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall, and sat for some time in Parliament, as member for Cockermouth. In 1765 he was appointed Governor of West Florida, and died on the 8th of January, 1787.

[2] Alexander Wedderburn, the celebrated lawyer, had been appointed attorney-general in July preceding. He had originally practised at the Scotch bar, but subsequently removed to the English courts, and rose, step by step, in his profession, till he was appointed lord chancellor in 1793, in which office he was succeeded by Lord Eldon in 1801. In 1795 he was created Baron Loughborough, and in 1801 Earl of Rosslyn. He died January 3, 1805, at the age of seventy-two, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the side of the body of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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You will have a singular debate upon the first day of the session, though the times will hardly permit one to be merry on the occasion. Tom Brodrick dined with me to-day, as did Doctor Wright, who attended poor Lord Lincoln. He exclaims much against the savage custom in France, called the *droit d'aubaine;*[1] but was extremely pleased with the politeness shown to Lady Lincoln by the Prince de C. Our English are returning home very fast, and the roads are so full of them that they can hardly find room at the inns. You will find the war very unpopular, at least in the part of France through which you are going to travel.

I can give you no satisfaction upon the subject of Lord Deerhurst, and no more of his sister. The Foleys are likely to lose the £6,000 a year which the father set apart for their subsistence. The annuity creditors are going to file a bill in Chancery for it, and promise themselves to succeed. They have not my good wishes, for I cannot help pitying that family; they are two good-humoured men.

Adieu. It grows late, and I must therefore conclude with assuring you that I am, dear sir,

Yours most affectionately,

CHA. TOWNSHEND.

[1] The right of escheatage; or rather the right to the goods of a stranger who might happen to die in France without being naturalised.

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The Rev. Doctor Warner to M. Garenne.

[The editor has been induced to insert the following letter, addressed to the landlord of an hotel at Montreuil-sur-Mer, as a specimen of Doctor Warner's humour, and of the facility with which he trifled in the French language.]

21st November, 1778.

Écoutez, mon hôte. Vous connoissez Monsieur George Selwyn? Si je le connois! vous me direz. Eh bien, il est en route; s'il se couche, ou s'il mange à Montreuil, il descendra infalliblement chez vous. S'il n'y arrête qu'à changer de chevaux, soyez d'intelligence avec votre bon voisin le maître de la poste. Il voyage avec la même berline à l'Anglaise qu'au printemps, mais non pas avec le même prêtre gourmand que vous avez cru postillon. Il a mis présentment dans sa voiture un certain fourbe et imposteur, en peau de léopard, mais il n'est rien moins qu'un léopard. Maître léopard, par exemple, est maigre, vîte, féroce, et ne se plait point au jeu de mots, ni à nul autre jeu que ceux de gueule et de garse; et ce fourbe là est un petit gros pappa, bien lent et oisif, assez bon gueuliste, ça est vrai; mais pour l'autre affaire, c'en est fait pour lui comme pour vous, Monsieur mon hôte. Enfin, c'est un bedaine de doyen, un vrai ragotin, tout pétri de bonnaturel et d'équivoques. À ces marques on ne peut pas se méprendre.

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Eh bien, dites dônc à Monsieur Selwyn que vous croyez qu'il connoisse un petit gueux d'abbé Italien, qu'on nomme le Punaise, et qu'il y a une lettre de très-bonne odeur de la main de ce Punaise (parceque dans ce cas-ci c'est masculin je crois) qui l'attend à Calais, et qu'il préférera au parfum de civette. Ce sont des nouvelles, voyez vous, de très-grande conséquence ; parce que non seulement il n'en sentira minga-minga — mots cabalistiques — de l'ennui du chemin de chez vous jusqu'à chez Monsieur Dessein, mais il en mangera beaucoup mieux de votre soupe excellente, et il en donnera des sourires ; et après avoir un peu rêvé, il vous dira quelques plaisanteries dont vous vous souviendrez tous les jours de votre vie. Il partit de Paris hier, Vendredi le 20 de Novembre à midi précis, et j'ai l'honneur de vous écrire ce bon Samedi le 21 à onze heures, vingt-cinq minutes, trente-sept secondes du matin, quand il pleut à verse, comme il a fait toute la nuit. S'il aura passé, envoyez ceci sous couvert à Monsieur Dessein pour le lui remettre.

Il me tarde furieusement à manger encore de votre fricandeau.

Consummatum est, comme disoit le bon apostre quand il avoit mangé toute la lamproie.

Mais, dites-moi combien de soufflets j'ai donné à Ronsard, puisque le pauvre Capitaine Captieux n'est pas ici à me les dire.

Adieu mon hôte ! Portez vous bien.

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[The following is an exact copy of the address at the back of Doctor Warner's letter.]

À Monsieur,

Monsieur mon Hôte, Garenne de nom, si je ne me trompe, un gros-crevé, bon rieur, le meilleur cuisinier de l'Europe, chez qui descendent tous les grands du monde à son auberge, à un coin, à Montreuil-sur-Mer.

The Rev. Doctor Warner to M. Garenne.

(Translation.)

Attend, landlord. You know Mr. George Selwyn? Do I not know him! you say. Well, he is on the road, and whether he sleeps or whether he eats at Montreuil, he will unquestionably stop at your house. If he should stop, only to change horses, have an understanding with your worthy neighbour, the postmaster.

He travels in the same *berline à l'Anglaise* in which he travelled in the spring, but not with the same greedy priest whom you mistook for a postilion. He has now put into his carriage a certain cheat and impostor, in a leopard's skin. But he is in fact anything but a leopard. Master leopard, for instance, is sharp and ferocious, and takes no pleasure in play upon words, nor in any other play except that of the jaw and the ladies. This cheat is a little fat priest, very slow and idle; a tolerably good jaw-man, it is true, but for the other thing, it

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is all over for him, as well as for you, master landlord. In short, he is a fat deacon; a true stumpy-man, full of good nature and *équivoques*. By these signs you cannot mistake him. Well, then, tell Mr. Selwyn that you believe him to be acquainted with a little shabby Italian abbé, who goes by the name of the Bug, and that there is a letter of very good odour of this Bug (in this instance I think it is masculine) which awaits him at Calais, and which he will prefer to the perfume of civet. It contains news, you must know, of very great importance; for he will not only feel *minga-minga* —cabalistic words—of the tedium of the road from you to M. Dessein, but he will, moreover, partake with much better appetite of your excellent soup, which will draw smiles from him, and then, after having indulged in a short contemplation, he will tell you some jokes which you will remember all the days of your life. He left Paris yesterday, Friday, the 20th of November, at noon precisely, and I have the honour of writing to you this good Saturday, the 21st, at twenty-five minutes, thirty-seven seconds after eleven in the forenoon, whilst it is pouring in torrents, as it has done all night. If he should have passed, send this, under cover, to M. Dessein, that he may give it to him.

I long tremendously to eat again of your *fricandeaux; consummatum est*, as the worthy apostle used to say when he had eaten all the lampreys.

By the bye, tell me how many boxes on the ear

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I gave Ronsard, since the poor Captain Captieux is not here to tell me.

Adieu, my landlord. Keep your health.

To Mr. ——.

Mr. — my landlord, Garenne is his name, unless I am mistaken, a fat-bellied, hearty laugher, the best cook in Europe, at whose house stop all the great people of the world at his hotel, in a corner, at Montreuil-sur-Mer.

The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

[PARIS], November 28, 1778.

DEAR SIR: — I must say, *pour en tirer parti*, that the manner in which you speak of what you are pleased to call my wit, is very flattering. You were sure that it would not hurt me, or I am sure that you would not have spoken of it as you did; *ergo*, you have an opinion of my good humour, as I have of your good nature, be your spirits as they will.

I wonder how you could endure loto,[1] — "*J'en ai un*," — "*J'en ai un*," — and so have I, — *un dégout de toutes les diables*. I send this to Calais as you bid me, but enclose it to Dessein to send it

[1] A game, contrived on nearly the same principle as the French lotteries. It consists of cards, numbered as high as ninety, and of bits of wood, or ivory, bearing corresponding numbers, which are drawn from a bag; and the player whose card is first filled by the corresponding numbers from the bag wins the stake.

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after you, as I doubt not it will kiss your hands in Chesterfield Street, where I flatter myself you are safely arrived.

Yes! war we shall have, to be sure. The Parliament yesterday registered an edict for creating four millions of *rentes viagères*, and this moment invitations to buy them are hawking about the streets; ten per cent. for one life, and eight and a half for two; and his Majesty will graciously condescend to sell so small an annuity as two louis. I called at the Hôtel de Sens, and saw Madame B——, who did not show any raptures at receiving your message, — and as to her commands to England, "she should hold no communication with her enemies." This, however, was wit, but not a bit better than mine.

We have heard nothing of the Duchess of Kingston;[1] therefore she is not come, for she is

[1] Elizabeth Chudleigh, the notorious Duchess of Kingston. After her celebrated trial for bigamy in Westminster Hall, she proceeded to Rome, and thence to St. Petersburg, where she was admitted to the friendship of the famous Catherine. An entertainment which she gave to the empress is said to have been more splendid than any which had hitherto been given in Russia, no less than one hundred and forty servants being in attendance. During her stay in Russia, she purchased an estate in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg, which she called by her maiden name of Chudleigh. Her object seems to have been the prospect of realising a large sum by the manufacture of brandy; but finding herself treated with neglect by the English ambassador and the Russian nobility, she proceeded to France, where she purchased another estate, known by the name of St. Assisé, which had formerly belonged to one of the princes of

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too great a beauty to be hid. I thank you for "Falstaff's being snug in Eastcheap," or I should have been afraid you had not one pleasant idea left, and that you were very bad, — and that would have made me so.

Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

Thursday morning, December 3 [1778].

DEAR SIR: — *Voici encore un grimoire!* Though I cannot decipher it, I think there can be nothing in it but what is good, when I can make out "*Soyez sûr que vous aurez ce printemps notre chère Mie Mie, et qu'elle se porte bien.*" As madam thinks you would be in London by the 25th, I suppose we shall have no more of her letters here, unless you have particularly desired it. I have written to her and to the count, and told him that you would write to him from London soon after the Parliament met, which I doubt not you will remember to do.

I did not write to you by the last post, as this *grimoire* was not come, and because I wrote on Saturday, enclosed to Dessein. Your letter from Boulogne came but the day before, owing to the negligence, I suppose, of the people of the house;

the blood. Some circumstances connected with the purchase of this estate involved her in a suit at law, the news of the unsuccessful result of which so violently agitated her as to cause her death. This remarkable woman died in the month of August, 1788, in the fifty-ninth year of her age.

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that from Calais of Sunday came, as it ought to do, on Tuesday. But, bless me, sir, how can you admit the apprehension of your retreat being cut off! I cannot conceive that there is the smallest chance of it. I dined yesterday with Lady ——. She is very tranquil; reposing all her care and confidence in you; and says as kind things of you as I suppose she wrote to you by the last post. But she is censorious enough upon other people, and wants only some pretensions to religion to make her as complete — an old lady as any I have the honour to know. Our poor good doctor had offended, because Providence has not made him jump about like a jackanapes; because he is *Doctor Tant-pis;* and because he cannot help things painting themselves with a *triste* tint on the retina of his imagination. Mr. Jackanapes had spoken to him about it, but in such a manner as not to offend; and what does the good doctor do, but creep hither, with all the *bonhomie* in the world, to give me also a cue to be cheerful. What good nature! I weighed it out for him without suffering a grain to be lost, and became a *tracassier en biens;* not, I flatter myself, quite without effect. He came in yesterday in the afternoon, before I went away, and nothing could be pleasanter than we all were. The Jackanapes is of course inclined to be flippant and pert. He can't change his nature neither.

A *trésorier des troupes* has broke for a great

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sum, and the circumstance makes a great noise. It is whispered that Panchand is likely to do the same, having had great losses by the Indiamen.

I am impatient to hear that you once more feel yourself comfortable at home, after so much jactation *terrâ marique*, and that you are happy in reflecting upon the success of your expedition, which will be the pleasantest piece of news you can send to,

Yours, etc.,

J. W.

P. S. The good doctor is very much obliged by your kind remembrance of him. Here I have no king's speech, and know nothing about the matter. I really ought to write by this morning's post to the man at Grignan, as I gave him reason to think I should.

The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

PARIS, December 10 [1778].

Joy, joy to you, dear sir, a thousand times! What pleasure should I have missed if the enclosed letter had not come through my hands! I have been all along praying it should be a girl.[1] When the mother, according to laudable custom, shall

[1] Madame Fagniani, it seems, had recently become the mother of a second daughter, which Doctor Warner appears to think likely to render her less averse to the surrender of "Mie Mie" to the charge of Mr. Selwyn.

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become a devotee, and God adore, with the same spirit that she plays the —— (hitch in the rhyme yourself, for I would not say a syllable against her for the world), and should then have had but one daughter, and her unmarried, might not one have feared she would endeavour to wrest your jewel from you; piously thinking it her duty to torment it with good precepts, by way of *dédommaging* herself for having ceased to set bad examples? But now she has got a daughter of her own, and will leave you yours; therefore the day's our own, — *Io, Bacche! Io, triumphe!* I really love the woman. How very kind she is and sympathising, to reiterate in every one of her frequent letters those promises, which must keep your heart in a state to be envied, — that of the sure and sweet expectation of approaching good.

I dined yesterday, where I never dine less than twice a week, with the old lady you left me as a legacy. Before dinner we were all tranquil and harmonious, but in the height of her good humour madam must needs do me the honour to read me a moral essay of her own composition, in the shape of maxims for young married women; taking her eyes ever and anon from the paper, and sometimes the spectacles from her nose, to see how I relished the gobbets as she gave them. I dared not sit in sad civility. No! it was an exclamative one. I was all eye, all ear, all palate, fed heartily, and vowed every morsel was delicious: there was the

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spirit of Rochefoucault, and the philanthropy of the Abbé de St. Pierre. It is really very hard upon me, for I am afraid, when the storm is over, I must have the trouble of copying them for my pains, unless I can prevail upon her to charm and instruct the world by printing. We will pass over the body repast, which, as I heard a gentleman once say, we should take as it were by accident.

Pray, sir, say something civil of poor Roger, that I may show him. It will rejoice him. The poor fellow interests me. Would that his madness were but of a merry kind; but he is really wretched, with a thousand good qualities. I give him six livres and a dinner for a lesson every Thursday; but this history will do for another time.

The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

December 13 [1778].

DEAR SIR: — There are really things which no third person ought to say; but, as you command me (or, if that is not right, desire me, which is the same thing) to tell you everything, I will begin with Wednesday, when the letters came.

I was there at dinner, as I told you in my last, and if I had not been there, I should have been sent for, being more honoured than I desire or deserve. The conference ended with the determination that the baron and I were to be des-

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patched on an embassy to Sir John Lambert the next morning (Thursday), and between ten and eleven was appointed. Thither we repaired; the baron with his *porte-feuille*, in which were the bonds, etc.; and I think I had a glimpse of your letter, which I wonder he did not take care to leave behind, lest Sir John should ask for it, which he did not. On the way to Sir John's the baron complained how severe you had been against him; on which I told him I thought he was wrong, as the expressions were general, and might be equally applicable to anybody else. But what did that signify?

The object of our embassy was to try if it were possible to tempt Sir John to nibble, or to devise any means of raising money in this country; but you will suppose, as was true, that we might as well have taken a turn in the Tuileries. The papers, all but your letter, were read and reread, and Sir John said, sensibly and bluntly, that there was nothing for it, but for the lady to go directly to England. The baron looked very foolish, and said a foolisher thing, — that the respectable dame could never bear the jolting on the *pavé* from hence to Calais. Sir John set up almost a hoot. "My G—, when she is going to Avignon?" "Ay, but there is not so much *pavé*, or not quite so much." "A great deal more," continued Sir John, still more bluntly; "there is but one thing else, that the lady should shut herself up in a

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convent for a year or two; but there is nothing like going to England."

In short, seeing it was a hopeless affair, Sir John did not know what to say, but added very civilly that if it was at all wished by the lady, as we told him it was, he would come the next morning, between eleven and twelve, and talk with her on the subject, though it could answer no purpose but to show his attention and respect. He desired me to be there too, as I suppose he wanted me in quality of a witness. The variety of characters I sustain in this business is diverting: witness for one, spy for another, confidant and secretary for a third, and go-between for all, make up an ensemble not three degrees above the *franc fripon* of a baron. I let the baron go before me, and I stepped back, as if to ask Sir John a piece of news, but it was to beseech him to urge the going to England in the strongest manner, and that I would second him. I added that it might yet be possible, and that now or never was the time. But no sooner had I got into the coach than the baron took me eagerly by both hands, "Mais, mon cher docteur, il faut absolument que le Chevalier Lambert ne presse pas, ni même propose le retour en Angleterre; ce sera un poniard pour cette pauvre dame." "Mais après tout, M. le Baron, j'avois beau dire;" he would not cease till he had made me promise him to see Sir John before the meeting, in order to soften him upon this point. I

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wrote to Sir John accordingly, to desire he would call and take me to the meeting, when we agreed the proposition must be slipped in edgeways, to effect a lodgment, if possible, and then to be played upon her with all its force and weight.

At the meeting, we no sooner entered than I saw the lady was much calmer. The softness of Wednesday had vanished. She was sitting at work between the window and the fire, the baron on the other side, with a table on which were the papers before her; her head dressed very close in a tight little mob, as if prepared for battle. "You see, Sir John, what a condition I am in." Sir John began with a great many very good nothings, — "How sorry he was," — "the Maréchal Biron," etc. At this last she exulted, cocked her eye, and tossed up her right hand, almost to snapping her fingers. "Ay! that they are afraid of; I have there some little power over them, and thence is my chief hope." I sighed and groaned as much as I dared, and muttered something of "extremest necessity." But, of all the schemes we could devise, nothing pleased; at length Sir John, as if with an air of recollection, and in a brisk, cheerful tone, "But, madam, I declare, if I were in your place, I would put an end to all my difficulties at once." At this she nestled, and leant toward him with an eager but complacent attention, which was presently beautifully contrasted by one of the strongest expressions of aversion I had ever

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the fortune to behold. "Madam," he continued, "you are your own mistress, and may go where you please; but, before I went to Avignon, I would step over to Eng—" "Oh, Sir John," — with head turned back, both arms stretched forward, her hands playing quick the forbidding wave, — "don't mention England, for thither I will not go!" and she gave vent to such a tirade, that even Sir John, all banker as he is, without discarding all decency, could not (instead of going so far as the first syllable of the word) have so much as mentioned the first letter of it again. Sir John, I suppose, having thought it his duty to you to make the effort, made it, and was about as well contented with its failure as he would have been with its success.

Sir John then said that he did not know what was to be done, as he supposed she could not be induced to think of going into a convent for a time. Then you came upon the *tapis;* and since you charge me to tell you all, this was the recrimination and abuse which I alluded to. "You were a pretty gentleman, indeed, to give advice about foreign connections: you might look at Milan!" In this she was heartily joined by the baron. And now, like the poor spy, who had a similar charge from the minister, you will kick me down-stairs, and bid me go to the Hague, or to the devil. I defended you, and urged that your connections at Milan were perfectly English, and that their for-

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eignness was a circumstance merely accidental; but, talk reason to a weak woman! you might as well wash a brick! Sir John, I find, has done for himself by his mention of the convent, which she repeated with acrimony. She can't bear also "that *triste* man," our poor dear doctor; so she had now but the *par nobile*, her baron bodily, and baron spiritual, and I wish heartily she would discard them both. We have no post in to-day. To-day! Heavens, what do I talk of? it is four o'clock in the morning. Well, thank heaven, I have now nearly come to the end of my history, and I sincerely wish it were a pleasanter one to you and to me.

As for the baron, the lady is besotted to the fellow, and I am convinced will never be brought alive to England, unless he should desert or die. One day, before the storm came on, I was saying, I know not how introduced, "And you know, madam, you will be in England in the spring?" She immediately tipped me the wink, nodded her head, looked very cunning, and cried significantly, "Ay!" which, if I were to translate it into genteel language, I should say was, "So they may think, but they will be mistaken." 'Tis a miserable affair, and I am sure I cannot see what is to be done. I do not know what you will say at the result of this letter, but I am afraid it will distress you terribly; and I assure you it has distressed me terribly to write it. I do not pretend to more honesty than

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other folks (as your conscientious psalm-singing scoundrels do), or you would never have taken me into your service; yet to sit down premeditatedly to expose a lady who is very civil to me, as I have been necessarily obliged to expose her, — to endeavour to represent her to you at your request, with the utmost fidelity exactly as she is, — to be a spy upon her when I am pretending friendship to her, in return for her civility, is such a rascally double-faced, double-hearted thing, that I abhor myself for it. If by any possible chance she should come to see this letter, I believe I could not survive it; not from her consequence, but my own extreme ignominy. You will not wish me to do anything more in this way, because you would not wish me to do anything that you would scorn to do yourself. If I mention her again it will be only so that it may be read at the market-cross.

I am very sorry for the loss of the Duke of Queensberry's ruffles, as it must be a matter of extreme vexation to you; mais c'est très peu de chose pour monsieur le duc; and if his Grace would honour me with his commands, I doubt not I could find him some elegant ones, with which I hope we should have better luck. I hope poor Pierre will not suffer long under your displeasure for it. There is no parcel left at Sir John's for Lady Midleton; when there is I will take the utmost care of it.

The ridiculous mistake of Como I was led into

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by Roger: you will be so kind as to say something civil to him. I beg also you will have the goodness to tell Lord Ossory that I am very much obliged by his kind inquiry; but don't tell him that I am witty, for my Lord Ossory will take it as you mean it, and I should rather wish that he should take his own time for finding out how stupid a fellow I am, if he has not done it already. And pray, sir, consider whether your judgment may not be called in question for having chosen such a person to be plagued so long with, how much soever he may be

Your devoted, etc.

The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

December 17 [1778].

DEAR SIR:—No post in yesterday! We had one on Monday, but I have received nothing from you since your letter from the House of Commons of Friday, the 4th.

There is a report to-day that Byron and D'Estaing have had an action, which has terminated much in our favour. The Abbé Raynal tells me that he could settle all our political disputes in a trice; but, "he will not go to Versailles; not he!" My English pride was pleased by a circumstance which has made him very happy. A Mr. Trip, of Plymouth, is commissary for the prisoners of war, and upon importing a cargo of them lately, he found a marine officer of the name

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of Raynal. "Sir, are you any relation of the author of the 'Histoire Philosophique?'" "Sir, I am his nephew." "Come to my house, sir." There he treated him with every distinction and civility in his power, in honour of his uncle, of whom he knew nothing but his book. The abbé wrote to Lord Mansfield, with whom he is much acquainted, in favour of his nephew, and had the honour to have him sent home free. But what of that? It was done at the instance of Lord Mansfield, and was the act of a friend to a friend; or, if you please, an argument of the liberality of our country, and its regard for letters. But it is Trip who has won his heart. It was there pure homage to the author; a distinction which the abbé exults in with much honest vanity.

I hope to hear, on Wednesday next, that my long letter of last post has been safely received. I also hope that this lady's affairs will be soon off your hands and spirits, and that you may feel yourself as easy and as happy as I wish you.

WILLIAM FRANCIS RAYNAL.

WILLIAM FRANCIS RAYNAL, formerly so celebrated as a historical and political writer, was born at St. Geniez, in the Rouergue. He was educated among the Jesuits, and entered into their Order. He quitted them, however, while he was

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THOMAS TUNNARD

[illegible] relation of the [illegible] "Sir [illegible] "Come to my house, [illegible] distinction and [illegible] his [illegible] with whom he is [illegible] of his nephew, and had the [illegible] But what of [illegible] of Lord Moos- [illegible] to a friend [illegible] liberality of our [illegible] for [illegible]. But it is Trip [illegible] It was there pure homage [illegible] which the abbe exalts [illegible]

[illegible] Wednesday next, that my [illegible] has been [illegible] received. [illegible] will be seen off [illegible] and that you may feel [illegible] as easy and as happy as I wish you.

WILLIAM FRANCIS RAYNAL.

[illegible] Francis Raynal, formerly so cele- [illegible] historical and political writer, was [illegible] in the Rotterdam. He was [illegible] the jesuits, and entered into their [illegible] them, however, where he was

William Raynal.

Photo-etching from an engraving by N. D. Launay.

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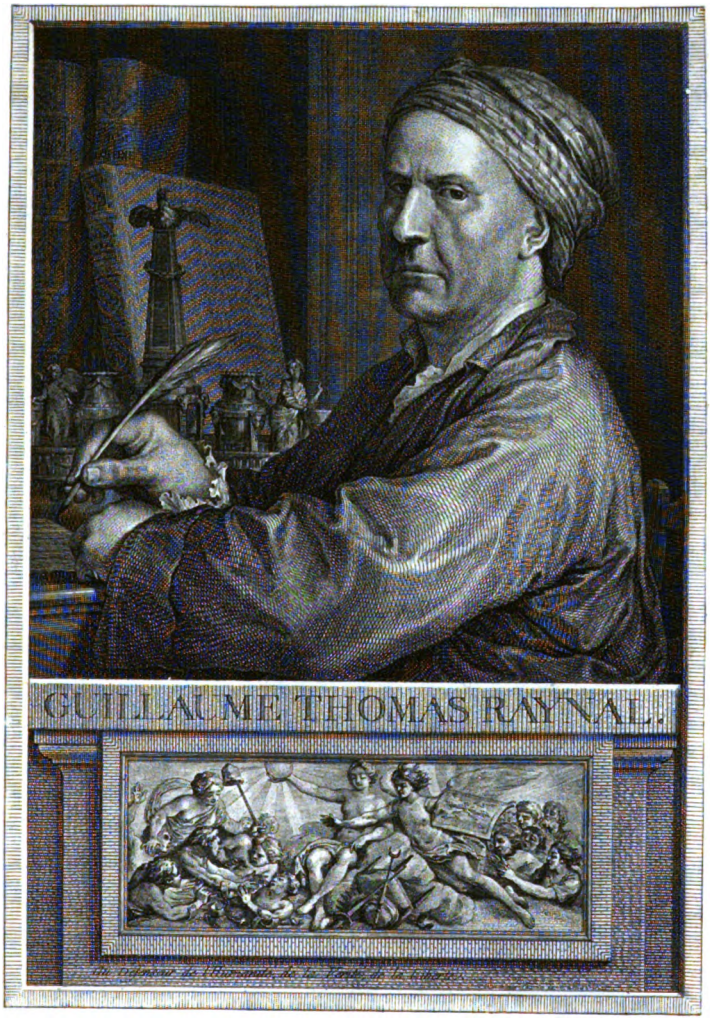

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still young, and fixing his residence in the French capital, soon found himself famous as a writer and a wit. Under the French monarchy, he rendered himself exceedingly obnoxious to the state by the boldness with which he advocated the cause of civil and religious freedom; indeed the effects produced by his writings in France — his powerful reasonings, set off by all the allurements and graces of style — have been numbered among the leading causes which fomented the French Revolution. Shortly after the date of Doctor Warner's letter, the abbé paid a visit to England. He passed several months in London, where his society was eagerly sought; though it has been asserted that he was too loquacious to be considered an agreeable companion. It was during this visit that a high compliment was paid to him by the English Parliament. The House of Commons having been made aware during a debate that Raynal was in the gallery, their deliberations were stopped till the House had ordered him an honourable situation. Among other men of celebrity, to whom the Abbé Raynal was introduced during his visit to England, was Doctor Johnson. "I now recollect," says Hannah More, "with melancholy pleasure, a little anecdote of Doctor Johnson, indicating a zeal for religion, which one cannot but admire, however characteristically rough. When Raynal was introduced to him, upon the abbé's advancing to shake his hand, the

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doctor drew back, and put his hands behind him; and afterward replied, to the expostulation of a friend, 'Sir, I will not shake hands with an infidel!'" In February, 1787, Lord Gardenstone, in his "Travelling Memorandums," observes: "At Toulon I had the good fortune to be further acquainted with the celebrated Abbé Raynal. At the age of seventy-four, he has for some years lived with an extraordinary abstinence of diet. He drinks no fermented liquors, and subsists altogether on cow's milk and bread. By this regimen he enjoys perfect health and high spirits. He talks incessantly, but is constantly entertaining, often instructive; and in conversation he expresses himself with the same propriety and perspicuity as he does in his writings." At the breaking out of the French Revolution, the abbé was among the foremost to condemn the effects of those lawless principles and tenets which he had formerly advocated with such zeal and success. Terrified at the frightful results of his writings, in May, 1791, being then in his eightieth year, he presented himself at the bar of the National Assembly, and sternly and fearlessly remonstrated with that dreaded tribunal, on the rash and iniquitous course which they were pursuing. The line of argument which he adopted was sufficiently curious. One of his principal charges against the Assembly was, "that they had literally followed his principles; that they had reduced to

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practice the reveries and abstracted ideas of a philosopher, without having previously adapted and accommodated them to men, times, and cirstances." For himself, he said that he had advanced to the close of life, and that it mattered little to him what pains and penalties they might inflict on him. For his conduct on this occasion he narrowly escaped the vengeance of Robespierre. He was, indeed, stripped of his property; and it was probably only in consideration of his great age that he was allowed to escape with his life. Having had timely notice from the Parliament that it was expedient for his own safety that he should quit Paris, he proceeded to the dominions of the King of Prussia, who conversed with him alone for two hours, and treated him with great kindness, notwithstanding that he had been formerly attacked by the abbé with some severity in his writings. From the Empress Catherine also he received marks of regard. The Abbé Raynal died at Passy, on the 6th of March, 1796, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He had walked to Paris about a week before he died; caught a cold, which was followed by a catarrh; and kept his bed for some days. On the day of his death he got up, and dressed and shaved himself. At six in the evening he retired to bed, heard a newspaper read, and made some comments on its contents. At ten o'clock he died.

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In his prosperous days, the abbé had been a munificent benefactor of several literary and scientific institutions, which makes it to be the more regretted that the last years of his long life should have been clouded by poverty, if not by actual want.

The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

PARIS, Dec. 20 [1778].

DEAR SIR: — It appears to me absolutely necessary to your happiness that you should have Mie Mie; and were there a question or difficulty about it that any exertion in my power might have a tendency to remove, that exertion would be made with as much eagerness as if I were obtaining something for myself. But, happily, everything is as fair as heart can wish; for, that she will be given up in the spring, I am as much convinced as that the spring will come. It does not seem to me to be in human nature, or at least in the nature of the characters you have to deal with, to harbour the idea of such extreme cruelty (where, too, they must feel every opposite sentiment to revenge), as to deceive you in such earnest, hearty, and repeated promises. "No, no! *vous aurez l'enfant*, as sure as you and the *enfant* live."

Yesterday, the 19th, the day (month) after the delivery at Milan,[1] the beauteous Majesty of France underwent the pangs, which are not turned into joy

[1] Of Madame Fagniani.

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to-day.[1] If "every woman would be queen,"[2] here is something to cure them of their nonsense, if their nonsense were not incurable. The agony of her grief that it is not a dauphin has thrown her into such strong convulsions that her life is thought to be in danger. She had a fine time, as the goodies say, and it is a fine child; I hope the fine woman will do well, and have a dauphin another time. There was a bonfire and some sky-rockets in the Place de Grêve, which, though I mortally hate a mob, I suffered Roger to drag me into the midst of, as he said it was absolutely necessary for a stranger. But the whole thing was wretched and poor; and being once so wet and bemired that I could not be worse, I tramped about to other places. The Palais Bourbon, which they say made a fine appearance, was too far, but the Palais Royal was the prettiest thing I saw; the lamps well disposed, over and against the portal, and round the inside of the first court. The public offices, such as the Hôtel des Fermes, the post-office, and some of the financiers, or, as Boileau calls them, "Com-

[1] On the 19th of December, 1778, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was delivered of a daughter, which was christened the same evening by the name of Maria Theresa Charlotta.

[2] Men, some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake;
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife,
But every woman would be queen for life.
— *Pope, Moral Essays.*

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mis engraissés des malheurs de la France" (under the best of all possible kings), gave some of their tallow. But scarce a candle, even of the diminutive size that is burnt to the lousiest saint in the calendar, was to be seen amongst the lean and little folks, unless it were at a chandler's or an oil-man's, to excite his neighbours. I had my account of the queen's state from the lady where I dined to-day, who seemed to have it from good authority, and therefore I suppose it may be depended upon.

I am much obliged to you for your kind and condescending offer, but I have nothing that I would think of troubling you about, unless indeed you would be so good as to send me "Anticipation." I know the writer, Dick Tickell; a very clever lad, grandson of Addison's Tickell,[1] and son of the eternal Bavard I told you of, who, at twelve o'clock at night, said he would divide what he had to say upon the subject into four heads, and speak largely to each; when his guests, one of whom was an intimate friend of mine, jumped up, — "Will you, by G—!" took away the candles, and left him in the dark.

I need not tell you that we are impatient for your answer to the letter of the 12th. Fie upon it; your letters of the 1st and 4th of December have but this moment come to hand, with some

[1] Thomas Tickell, a poet of considerable note in his day, and the intimate friend of Addison, died at Bath, on the 23d of April, 1740.

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from other people. Amongst them was one from Minifie, who also rejoices in the girl.[1] "It is a circumstance," he says, "that takes off that malevolent insinuation that she was going to give a foreign education to the only daughter of the family." All well, he says.

Luckily, there is little in your letters but what is answered by the enclosed; and what is not shall be answered next post, for I have not another minute's time at present.

[Richard Tickell, whose poem, "Anticipation," is referred to in this letter, was afterward celebrated, not only for his literary works, but for his wit, his convivial qualities, and conversational talent. He was brother-in-law to Richard Brinsley Sheridan, having married Mary, sister to the beautiful Miss Linley, Sheridan's first wife. His poem, "Anticipation," here alluded to, is far from being devoid either of wit or keen satire; and, indeed, was considered by Lord North's ministry as so serviceable to their party that it procured for the author the appointment of a commissioner in the stamp office. In one of the fits of despondency, to which he was subject, Tickell, on the 4th of November, 1793, threw himself from the window of his bedroom in Hampton Court Palace, and was killed on the spot. Mathias says of him: "He was the happiest of any occasional writer of his day; happy alike in

[1] Madame Fagniani's second child.

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the subject and in the execution of it. I mention with pleasure 'Anticipation,' the 'Wreath of Fashion,' etc., and I wish to preserve the name and remembrance of such a man as Mr. Tickell. Poets and ingenious men, who write on occasional subjects with great ability, are too often lost in the most undeserved oblivion. But we must recollect that even such a poem as the 'Absalom and Achitophel' of Dryden himself (perhaps his greatest production), was but occasional and written for a party."]

The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

December 23 [1778].

DEAR SIR: — I have always regarded the Queen of France [Marie Antoinette] as one of the first objects of desire; but, to regard things in that light, must not one be without certain lights, and hoodwink imagination of one eye? For when the candle enters, one is cured; and her *bulletinistes* are bringing in the candle with a vengeance, to show all her civilised subjects the way to every delicate idea. How would the gallant Spaniard of old (who, when there was a question of a present of stockings, thought it an indelicacy, almost an impiety, that it should be supposed a queen should have legs even) tremble at the public display of the necessities of her nature! "Bulletin (premier) du 21 à 8 heures du matin. Hier dans la matinée le pouls de la reine devint un peu vif, et la tête

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fut un peu étonnée. Le repos absolu et quelques heures de sommeil calmèrent cette petite émotion accidentelle. Il s'établit dans l'après midi une moiture générale qui a continué. Le pouls est devenu plus souple et plus calme. Les suites de couche vont bien ; les urines passent facilement. Le ventre est souple, n'est point douloureux. Cette nuit la reine a eu le sommeil le plus tranquille."

I have been with old Polignac, and told him what you said. He is very grateful, but he thinks M. de Verdières ought not to be considered as a prisoner, as he was not taken in arms, and wishes you to urge it. The old soldier, courtier, and count is very indignant that the Abbé Raynal should have his nephew sent home free. I modestly insinuated that he was only one of those few superior beings to whom God had given talents, and a heart to entitle him to all the respect, gratitude, and love of mankind, for promoting their interests whilst he instructed and delighted them. But I did not battle it with him, nor add that I hoped philosophy was bringing about the time when a mercenary, liveried cut-throat, a wretch who waited but the command to "dash the children, and rip up the women with child," would be abhorred as he deserved, and when every man who could dig would spurn with indignation a trade as mean as it is horrible. *Oh! le chapitre impayable de la guerre!* which I have before me. "La

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famine et la peste nous viennent de la Providence, mais la guerre, qui réunit tous les maux, nous vient de l'imagination de 3 ou 400 personnes répandues sur la surface de ce globe, sous les noms de princes ou de ministres." You say you do not read, or I would not quote.

The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

PARIS, December 28 [1778].

DEAR SIR: — Tuesday's letters are not arrived yet, and consequently we do not know what you will say to us, or what we shall say to you, but we are in very good spirits. You will see by the enclosed that Saturday was the day for the illumination, — when it was general, — and that the princess, if not destined by providence to mount a foreign throne, will be the ornament and edification of the court.

I dined that day with the doctor[1] (who is much obliged by your frequent and kind mention of him), at Chaillot, whence we beheld the Ecole Militaire and the Invalides, finely illuminated; and, on our return, got into a crowd of forty thousand *badauds*, who were exclaiming, in a very cold frosty night, at the *superbe* and *magnifique* display at the Palais Bourbon. The whole front of the palace and garden was occupied by a framework, forming two grand portals, and a long row

[1] Doctor Gem.

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of obelisks and flower-pots, stuck with lamps, or something that burnt more vividly, and made the Seine all gold. It is said to have cost fifteen thousand livres. The Palais Royal was no otherwise adorned than on the preceding Saturday, but the front of the Opéra was set thick with different coloured lamps. There was a *feu d'artifice* in the Place de Grêve, and some more rockets, but there was nothing comparable to the Palais Bourbon, which was really a very clever thing in its way, and such a scene as I think there is in Tasso.

Diderot[1] has just published a very clever book, with which I am exceedingly pleased, "La Vie de Sénèque;" one volume, 519 pages; but I cannot find a page *de trop*. The Abbé de la Grange,[2] Baron d'Olbach's man, had almost translated Seneca's works, when he died; the baron finished the translation; Nageon benoted it; and

[1] Denis Diderot, whose writings are still celebrated, was the son of a cutler, at Langues, and was born in 1713. "The Life of Seneca," here alluded to, was his last literary labour. He died on the 31st of July, 1784, in his seventy-second year.

[2] The Abbé de la Grange was born at Paris, in 1738. Though his parents were extremely poor, they contrived to have him educated at the College of Beauvais, where he is said to have repaired every morning with a piece of dry bread for his day's support. He was taken much notice of by the professors of the college, and subsequently became tutor to the Baron d'Olbach's son. In 1768 he published a translation of Lucretius, with notes; in 1769, a "History of the Antiquities of Greece," and at the time of decease, which took place in 1775, in his thirty-eighth year, was employed in translating Seneca, which work he left unfinished at his death.

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both joined in requesting Diderot to give this life, which he has done indeed *con amore*.

Many happy years to you, dear sir, and in the company you most wish!

J. Crauford, Esq., to George Selwyn.

GRAFTON STREET, Monday [Circ. 1779].

DEAR GEORGE: — I lost £1,300 last night, a thousand of which I owe to Kenney. I have lost a great deal more than what I won from you, and had lost between three and four thousand before I won anything from you. This being the case, you may guess my situation with regard to money. I really am reduced to great difficulties. Can you pay me the whole or any part of what you owe me? If you cannot pay me, I must get out of the scrape I am in as I best can, but I beg you will not let me remain under any uncertainty with regard to what I am to expect from you. I am, dear George,

Yours very sincerely,

J. CRAUFORD.

Endorsed, "Fish Crauford."

J. Crauford, Esq., to George Selwyn.

DEAR GEORGE: — I am going to my brother's, and will meet you at White's at one o'clock, if I do not call upon you before that time. I am extremely sorry to see you distressed about this money, but the part of it which concerns me

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shall be no distress to you. If my brother makes any difficulty, I will consent to any arrangement that shall be most agreeable to you. I am, dear George,

Yours very sincerely,

J. CRAUFORD.

Endorsed, "Fish Crauford."

The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

Sunday evening, January 3 [1779].

DEAR SIR: — I received on Thursday last your letter of Christmas day, and return you many thanks for it, as I have nobody but you who can give me any authentic news. I should wish to know if Palliser is hallooed on by the first lord of the admiralty, at the instigation of somebody still higher, to tear Keppel: there are people here who think so.

Lord Fitzwilliam has been ungracious again. He received your loto-box, and sent it back the next day, with a note that it was larger than he thought, and that he could not find room for it in his trunks or in his chaise; but I shall get it conveyed in a fortnight or three weeks by another hand. I am glad you received Minifie's letter about Mie Mie, and wish that mine on the subject had not miscarried, as it enclosed an agreeable letter from Milan. What words, in the name of wonder, could I drop to cause alarm? They must have strangely contradicted my ideas.

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No post in to-day. Clear weather and sharp frost. I have seen Colebroke, as you will find by his letter; and also Verneaux, who says the work is happily advancing. I despatch these small matters first, lest they might be overlooked in the dust that will be raised in the following chapter of

THE BARON.

The letters of the post preceding Christmas day, by which you wrote your long letter to the lady, were not received here till the Tuesday following, the 29th. On Wednesday morning the baron came to fetch me to dinner, — to fetch me to be baited as usual. I have no longer any remorse, as your reasoning and their treatment have composed me upon that head, and I see I have only to turn my back to be abused as much as you are, and with as much justice. My only vexation now is to be obliged to appear so ugly in your eyes, as I must do by writing such disagreeable things. I cannot please you by doing it, and the devil of it is that you would not be pleased with me if I did not do it. I wish you had given me leave to be off at once, for I have had the fairest opportunity never to enter their doors again; indeed, to have acted consistently, I should have done it, and was withheld only by your request.

Well, then, the baron came to fetch me, and he was in more than ordinary spirits. He has many

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times taken great pains to assure me that there was nothing improper in his attachment, which was nothing but mere virtuous friendship; and, what is a great deal worse, the lady has likewise taken the same pains. In answer, I ought to have told her what *la fille extrêmement basanée et d'ailleurs fort resemblante à Louis XIV.* said to Madame de Maintenon in the convent of Moret, — "*La peine que prend une dame de votre élévation de me dire que je ne suis pas fille du roi me persuade que je le suis.*" But the baron, I say, was in more than ordinary spirits: he had been that morning to Sir John's *et tout va bien*, notwithstanding such letters from you, — such letters as no mortal had ever seen, or could conceive possible. Notwithstanding the trouble the lady has taken to wrap up her venom as decently as she could, you will see by her answer how heinously she took your letter. As soon as I had well sat down, she read the answer to me standing in the middle of the room, as erect as the stiff-kneed corporal when he read the sermon, and finished with an apparent satisfaction at the performance. I said I thought it a mighty good letter, if there had been occasion for it. Oh, indeed! she had been very mild; and yet she thought she would give you to understand that no creature upon earth had ever been treated as she had been, or had received it with so much temper. Such a cruel, such a monstrous, such

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an unpardonable letter! such words, and such strokes under them! You must have taken too much wine! you must have been out of your senses! you had called her by the very worst of names! However, no letter was produced; and, conscious how shamefully she misrepresented it, I saw she did not mean that I should see it. I could not ask for it in plain terms. "I was very sorry, but I could not conceive but that —" "Ah, well," she exclaimed loudly (with a hand waved upon me forbiddingly, and ready to stop my mouth, had her voice been insufficient), "I must say, as I have always said behind your back, that it is very laudable in you; but there are things — no, no! it is impossible to palliate this; and dinner has been waiting;" and here she rang the bell.

We dined in tolerable peace, and when everything was removed, began again; when, upon my repeating my surprise and my persuasion that something must have been misapprehended, the baron jumped up, and fetched me the letter from his *porte-feuille*, which I saw she did not like. However, she did not take it from me, and I read it through. I was instantly beginning my comment, when she stopped me short by declaring she would hear nothing. You had said "*notre ami le baron*," with a stroke under it, and something of *donner dedans*." Here was the offence. "Such insinuations upon a man of quality and honour!

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Why, you would make him out to be no better than a sharper. It was not to be forgiven, and you would soon have cause to wish that instead of writing this letter, you had been otherwise employed."

I stared, and repeated, "Otherwise employed?" when the baron opened with, "*Oui, mon cher docteur, je vous ai dit ce matin que j'ai pris mon parti, et le voici;*" and, of all things in the world, he produced — what are you prepared to hear? a challenge to you! It was to go by to-morrow morning's post, enclosed to a friend to deliver into your hands. Now, sir, do not suppose I am so ridiculous as to imagine that such a thing from such a wretch would have given you any disquiet, or that you would not have treated it, as all the world would say you ought, with utter contempt; but still, from however contemptible a hand, such things are very disagreeable to receive, and therefore, for your sake, I was desirous it should not go. I exclaimed, "My G—! you will not be so imprudent?" "Yes, most certainly." I took my leave directly; for I saw if we began to argue we should begin to flame, and I must necessarily preclude myself from ever seeing them again.

It had all the appearance to me that they were earnest in the intention. They had once before been playing this game, when I saw it was a game, and a poor mean game upon me it was; but I did not know how to do better than to give in to it, and

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let them play it. It was on the day when I desired you to excuse my telling you all that passed. He was then resolved, he said, to call you to account for your reflections, in the prior letter, upon "foreign connections," which he insisted upon taking to himself, and soon after left the room, to give me an opportunity to beg her ladyship would make him think better of it, which she graciously, and too readily for a good actress, undertook. But things now wore a different face.

I went immediately to S——. It wanted but ten minutes of five when I was there, and he was not at home. I had an appointment *chez moi* at five. I told his chief clerk that I had business of the utmost importance; and as I must see him that night, I desired he would call upon me, or send to me when he came home. Hearing nothing of him, in two hours I went again. He had been in, and had gone out. I went again and again; and the fourth time, tired and peevish, I left a note, which, as I have seen or heard nothing of him since, I suppose affronted him; but which, however, he obeyed. This morning I went to wish the lady *la bonne année*, as I had not seen her since it was begun. She had somebody with her, an Englishman, whom I did not know, which prevented me talking to her of her private concerns, if any of her concerns can be private. The baron had got the earache, and was in his own room. I went up to him and asked him if he had sent the letter.

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"No." S—— had knocked the baron up at one in the morning, and made such pressing instances, that he prevailed upon him not to send it; and therefore, he added, he should stay till you came into this country in the spring. But if this woman is not irreclaimably lost to all common sense, we shall soon make him cease such impertinent nonsense. This, sir, is all I know of the matter, but you must not seem to know anything of it, or the next question will be of cutting my throat too.

Madam did not ask me to dinner. If she had, I could not have stayed, being engaged to old Lady Lambert, *qui m'a fêté à merveille*, and who has besought me to come often. You see what she is at: with an old catlike malignity to enjoy the story of another. I was with our poor doctor [1] on Friday morning, and put to him precisely your question, "What do you think of all this, my good doctor?" The doctor answered me as readily as he answers anything, and exceedingly in character: "I think," he said, without any mincing (his patience and his great good nature quite worn to the stumps with such absurdity being persevered in), "that she is unhappy and lost, and it is no matter how much she suffers."

I told Sir John of Lord Edgecombe's [2] maxim,

[1] Doctor Gem.

[2] Richard, third Baron Edgecombe, lord lieutenant of the county of Cornwall, and a rear-admiral. He was younger brother of Richard, second Baron Edgecombe, the early friend

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which you see is just calculated for his meridian, and he enjoyed it so much that I believe it will get me another dinner. Good night, sir, — good morning, I mean.

Madame du Deffand to George Selwyn.

PARIS [1779].

Voilà, monsieur, votre passeport! c'est Madame de Cambis qui a pris les soins qu'il falloit pour le faire expédier. Vous auriez pu vous en passer, le ministre a dit que les Anglais pouvaient arriver, séjourner et partir, sans crainte d'éprouver aucune difficulté; cependant je suis bien aise que vous en ayez un: on ne sait pas quels événemens peuvent arriver, et quels changemens ils pourraient produire: hâtez vous de faire usage de ce passeport. Je me fais un extrême plaisir de vous revoir. J'écouterai tous les secrets que vous voudrez bien me confier avec l'intérêt de la plus sincère amitié. Mandez moi le jour que vous partirez et combien vous croirez en mettre dans la route.

J'ai fait savoir à Milady Carlisle que nous vous reverrions bientôt. Elle en est charmé. Nous ferez peut-être diversion à ses chagrins — elle a beaucoup d'inquiétude de son fils et de son frère. Vous savez que la flotte de celui-ci a été dispersée,

of George Selwyn, Horace Walpole, and Gilly Williams. In 1781 he was created Viscount Mount-Edgecombe and Valletort, and in 1789 Earl of Mount-Edgecombe. He died on the 4th of February, 1795.

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et il n'y a pas d'apparence que la negociation de son fils ait aucun succès.

Vous avez su notre combat du 27 Juillet, qui n'a produit rien du tout. Plusieurs s'attendent à un second, beaucoup d'autres croient qu'il n'y en aura plus. Vous savez sans doute que votre flotte des Indes est arrivée, et a apporté de grandes richesses. Voilà les nouvelles publiques.

Les particulières qui me regardent sont que je m'ennuie à la mort ! amis, connaissances, tous sont à la campagne ; Madame de Cambis m'était restée jusqu'à hier, qu'elle est parti pour Passy, et où vraisemblablement elle sera encore quand vous arriverez. Elle a été très satisfaite de ce que je lui ai dit que vous m'aviez écrit pour elle. Elle a mis tout l'empressement possible aux soins, qu'il n'était en mon pouvour de prendre pour avoir ce passeport.

Cette lettre partira demain 22. Je ne sais combien elles sont en route, mais si ce n'est que quinze jours, vous la recevrez le 6, et je pourrai avoir votre réponse le 21 ou le 22. Ce que j'aimerais le mieux, ce serait que vous me l'apportassiez vous même.

Adieu, mon cher Lindor ; au plaisir de vous revoir.

(Translation.)

PARIS [1779].

Herewith you will receive your passport. Madame de Cambis took all the necessary care

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to get it despatched. You might have done without it, as the minister said that Englishmen might come over, sojourn, and start off, without fear of any difficulty. I am glad, however, that you have got one, as we cannot tell what may happen, and what changes may take place. Hasten to make use of this passport. I anticipate with joy the pleasure of seeing you again. I shall listen with the interest of the most sincere friendship to any secrets you may be pleased to confide to me; let me know the day of your departure, and the time you expect to be on the road.

I have informed Lady Carlisle[1] that we should soon see you again. She is delighted. Perhaps you will be able to divert her from her troubles; she is very uneasy on account of her son, and of her brother.[2] You know that the fleet under the latter has been dispersed, and there is no appearance of her son's negotiation being crowned with success.

You have heard of our battle on the 27th July, which was productive of no result whatever. Many persons look for a second one; many others think no more will take place. Doubtless, you

[1] Isabella, daughter of William, fourth Lord Byron, married, in June, 1743, Henry, fourth Earl of Carlisle, by whom she was the mother of George Selwyn's friend. She married secondly, on the 11th of December, 1759, Sir William Musgrave, Bart., of Hayton Castle, in Cumberland, and died in 1795.

[2] The celebrated Admiral Byron, who at this period was serving on the coast of America.

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are aware that your Indian fleet is arrived, bringing considerable treasure. So much for public news.

The private news respecting myself is, that I am wearied to death; friends, acquaintances, all are in the country. Madame de Cambis remained till yesterday, when she started for Passy, where she is still likely to be on your arrival. She was highly pleased when I told her that you had written to me for her. She undertook with the greatest readiness all the steps which it was out of my power to take to procure this passport. This letter will start to-morrow, 22d. I know not how long they are on the road, but if it is only a fortnight, you will receive it on the 6th, and I can get your answer on the 21st or 22d. But what would please me most would be your bringing it yourself.

Good-bye, my dear Lindor; may I soon have the pleasure of seeing you.

The Earl of Carlisle to George Selwyn.

January 9, 1779.

My dear George: — Gregg will very easily prove to you that I have no other part to take. Nothing but necessity could make me think of it, and I do assure you it requires all the philosophy I am master of, to look forward to it with any resolution. It will fall harder on Lady Carlisle than myself. I can spend the whole day in this

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room without feeling the length of it, but if I am taken out of it, my spirits sink; and when I ought to be of use to her, I can only add to the melancholy of the situation and season.

There was another scheme which I have sometimes thought of, and then rejected. Supposing we remain here till the end of March. The house in town cannot be parted with before that time. Two or three months in town cannot be so injurious as six to my fortune. When we are upon the spot the house may be given up; a cheaper taken, and an alteration in my establishment take place. It will be almost impossible to leave St. James's Place without visiting it again. This has been one of the reasons for delaying to talk to Lady Carlisle upon this subject. Give me your opinion upon this.

I am rejoiced to find Mie Mie is recovered, and that you have reason to entertain hopes she may be left with you. As you seem to think the stay of the parents will be but short, I cannot conceive that they would wish you to flatter yourself upon that point, unless they both agreed with you in inclination, and in their ideas that the family would consent to the arrangement. I hope very soon therefore to congratulate you upon the certainty of an event which will contribute so much to your peace of mind. All the children are well, as is Lady Carlisle. I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately, etc.

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The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

10th January [1779].

DEAR SIR: — I received your letter of the 29th December and New-year's day both together on Thursday last. No post in to-day. The sharp frost still continues, but the Seine is not yet *arrêtée*, though full of shoals of ice.

This Baron Hounnuyhm (or how do they spell it) is but a Yahoo. We thought so once, but now we know it. Mademoiselle Power was at Rome when he and his gray mare were there, and he pretended to be introduced as a German baron to the Pretender's German spouse,[1] but was repulsed with ignominy, as not being a gentleman, in the German acceptation, and consequently no baron. It seems that they exposed themselves there shockingly.

Your idea of the *noblesse d'âme* of the Faux-bourg St. Germain is admirable. I shall get a work-bag for Lady Caroline sent very soon, I believe, and the loto-box speedily to follow it. Why, sir, how the time runs away! Here is the 10th of January, and you will be here presently — nay, in the lady-like locution, you are here, you

[1] Louisa Maximiliana, Princess of Stolberg Gœdern, was born at Mons in 1752, and at an early age became the wife of Prince Charles Edward, commonly called the young Pretender. She subsequently became the wife of the celebrated Alfieri, and died on the 29th of January, 1824.

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have been to Lyons, and you have got your Mie Mie, a million times more surely, in my opinion, than she has her £1,200. And that you may do with her as you wish, after her being entered in the convent, *par manière d'acquit*, appears to me no less sure from the whole spirit and the manner in which she is given up to you. I should wish to kiss your hands in London before you set off, as I want to be at home the latter part of April, for various concerns. By midsummer day, I could wait upon you here to accompany you and your precious ward to England, if you wish it; and if you would like to have anybody with you from thence to Lyons, Roger has authorised me to offer his best services to you, and to tell you that he should be happy to wait upon you.

I believe I shall have a great favour to beg of you, sir, when you are coming: that you would suffer a lovely little girl of a particular friend of mine to be brought here, under Mrs. Webb's wing, to be put to school. She is a charming child, and will be an agreeable companion to Mrs. Webb, and I flatter myself no disagreeable one to you. But when I talk of my coming home it is with this restriction, that when the time draws near, if — what I hope in God will not happen — you should be taken ill and cannot perform the journey, I will make my own business give way, and remain here to wait upon Mrs. Webb (if you think it should

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be necessary, to give the better expression of your great care and solicitude) to Lyons; nay, if I am come home, I will set off with her again directly, in case any such unfortunate accident should happen.

I shall thank you much for a few papers, and the magazine with the delicate amours of the noble lord, which must be very diverting. Here is an ugly piece of news come to town to-day, that we have lost a large man-of-war, by bad weather, between Calais and Gravelines[1] — I hope this is not true. I have no other news. The queen is charming well, and I think to go to see her soon. The Abbé de l'Epée, the deaf and dumb doctor, tells me he hopes he shall have a royal establishment for his institution; it has been talked of, and a prospectus of it printed, which he showed me. I am much obliged by the news you have had the kindness to write me.

Everything is for you, sir, and you must be the happiest man alive. The marquis will stay three weeks, and see Mie Mie in the convent; and Mie Mie will stay in the convent perhaps three weeks after he is gone, — and then — Matson — hoy! Matson — hoy! — Where you will live "Persarum rege beatior" — *qui je vous souhaite. Ainsi soit-il!* Amen!

[1] The editor can discover no record of an English man-of-war having been lost as here stated.

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The Rev. Doctor Warner to George Selwyn.

January 17 [1779].

DEAR SIR: — I give you joy; and I give myself joy, that everything I have to tell you is on the pleasant side of the question. Indeed, it is high time, as the other side was *poussé au bout;* and one more such expression as that in your letter of last Tuesday night, which I received to-day, would have knocked me up. But things are now in a very good train, and in better hands. If I see them wrong, it is because I am blinded by a most severe cold, with a head aching ready to split; and in this condition I have been forced to undergo a most *ennuyeuse* visit at Chaillot, from which I could not get back till between nine and ten o'clock, and am fitter to go to bed for a week than to sit down to write.

I give you joy of the warm indignation which your friends here testify at the treatment you have received, and which you properly style a most unexampled outrage and enormity, though the expression seems to me to be too weak, and yet I cannot find a stronger. For the perfect safety both of the honour and the persons of all my friends, I hope they will never be challenged by a more respectable character than the baron. Early on Thursday morning I sent a note to the Comte de Sarsfield to beg half an hour of his time, though I took above an hour, and made him fully *au fait* of the history, which was to be terminated by the

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perusal of your answer to the baron. This I put into his hands. He read about half of it, and then laid it down upon the table, saying, "I am clearly of opinion that this letter ought not to be delivered." I rejoiced at this, as his opinion perfectly coincided with mine, though I had not presumed to mention it before he had given his. "Such a rascal as this," he said, "would put it in the *Courier de l'Europe;*" adding, "that you should not send him any letter, but treat him with the utter contempt he deserved. There would be ways enough," he said, "to prevent his attempting to show you any personal insolence."

I then touched upon how desirable it would be that Maréchal de Biron's opinion should be taken, if possible; not by way of opinion, for his, the comte's, was perfectly sufficient, but because it would serve the purpose of cutting off the hopes of supply in that quarter. He agreed in this, and lamented that he had not visited the maréchal all this winter, and could not go to him. However, he added that it would not be half so good as interesting in the affair either our minister or some person of the greatest *éclat*, who should send a letter, not by post but by express, to the ministry here, and particularly to the Maréchal de Biron, who would do the thing at once, and drive away the rascal. He particularly mentioned the Duke of Northumberland. Nay, so strenuous was he in this advice, that he was for having me send it

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immediately by a messenger, which I could evade only by observing that, as the post, which travels night and day, had gone off that morning, he would not be in time for the packet of Saturday, and as there was no passage but by the packet, he could not be with you sooner than this letter. He took down the rascal's name and will inquire about him, and let you known what he can learn.

I then went to our doctor. He had lately had a rencontre with the maréchal at Chaillot, who recognised him as an old acquaintance, and was very gracious to him; the most propitious thing in the world! "Now, my dear doctor, go to him; think how you will serve and delight two people who are very worthy of being served." The doctor hesitated. I hugged him and cried, "It will do, it will do! If you deliberate, I am sure of your conclusion; but do not give me your answer now; sleep upon it, as the more time you take, the firmer you will be in it." The doctor did not deny me, and I was happy. By eight o'clock on Friday morning he had copies of the letters, accompanied with a pressing note. The doctor and I met at dinner to-day at Chaillot. He took me into another room; told me he had considered the matter, and that he thought it better to begin, as he had done, with M. du Fouard, a surgeon of the first eminence, at Paris, his particular friend, surgeon to the maréchal, whom he sees almost every day. Upon the late rencontre at Chaillot, the

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maréchal had said to him, "You have a very good friend in my surgeon, who is continually speaking of you, and with great respect." For these reasons the doctor thought it better to begin with Du Fouard, as he has done, but has not yet heard from him in consequence. Perhaps the doctor was right, but I cannot say I relished it; especially as I fear the doctor has made a hysteron-proteron of the affair, and put the cart before the horse.

However, sir, you owe the doctor a great obligation, as you will see; for he has acted, I am sure, to the best of his judgment, and has gone very much out of his way to do you this favour; being, as you know, a "sly, slow thing, with circumspective eyes," who dreads broils and bickerings like poison. But he has acted here without any mincing or timidity, having boldly bid Fouard tell the maréchal that it is at his express desire he mentions the subject, and that if he should signify any wish to see him, he would be happy to wait on him.

I need not tell you that your letter to the baron lies upon my table. I was very happy that it came with an *if*, and not with an order to be delivered, as the comte, the doctor, and the baronet banker, who have all seen it, are so very clear that it ought not to be delivered. I give you joy, sir, that there is no attempt where only you are vulnerable. If there had, it could have been only such an attempt as another aged person once made, when "*telum imbelle sine ictu conjecit;*"

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but even this would have alarmed and pained your imagination, aimed at a part where you are not only vulnerable, but so tremblingly alive and tender. No, it is as I conjectured.

I give you joy, sir, that your loto-box is received, and by the two prettiest and civilest of creatures, Mrs. Gibbs and Miss Stevens, the ladies you saw and talked with at Turin. I have promised for you that you will go and see them at Mr. Boone's, Nassau Street, Soho Square. Won't you go? Nay, if you hesitate about it, I can send you there in a twinkling. They will so talk to you about Panthemont! Oh, ho! the chairman will now be sent every morning till they arrive. They have a little Boone there, who was with little Mie Mie somewhere else, and talks of her continually. But now really, sir, will you go and see them, or not? If you should happen to go, pray mention that I say the handsomest of them.

I have a letter by this post which makes it certain that I shall now have the favour I ask of you, which I have already mentioned, of taking a sweet little girl under Mrs. Webb's wing. I have time to answer nobody's letters but yours. I can absolutely do nothing in the world for this unhappy lady; one's head is so full when one's hands are not. *Elle a absolument gaté, frustré, abimé tout mon séjour ici;* and Roger is in such a rage that he is ready to beat me.

END OF VOLUME III.

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